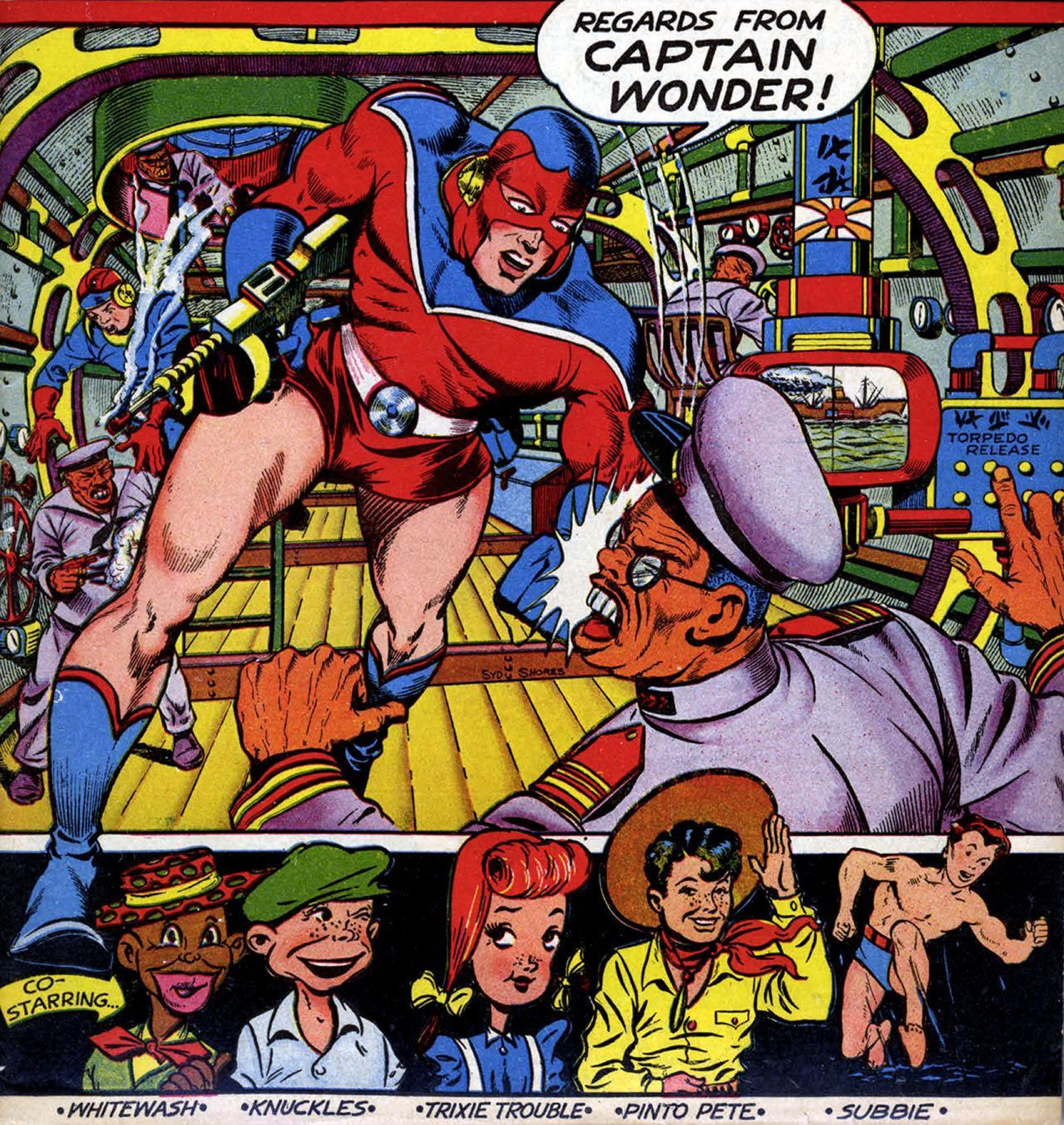
KID KOMICS

No. 1

10c • FEBRUARY


REGARDS FROM CAPTAIN WONDER!
TORPEDO RELEASE
SYD SHORES
CO-STARRING...
•WHITEWASH•
•KNUCKLES•
•TRIXIE TROUBLE•
•PINTO PETE•
•SUBBIE•

KID KOMICS

STAN LEE
EDITORIAL AND ART DIRECTOR

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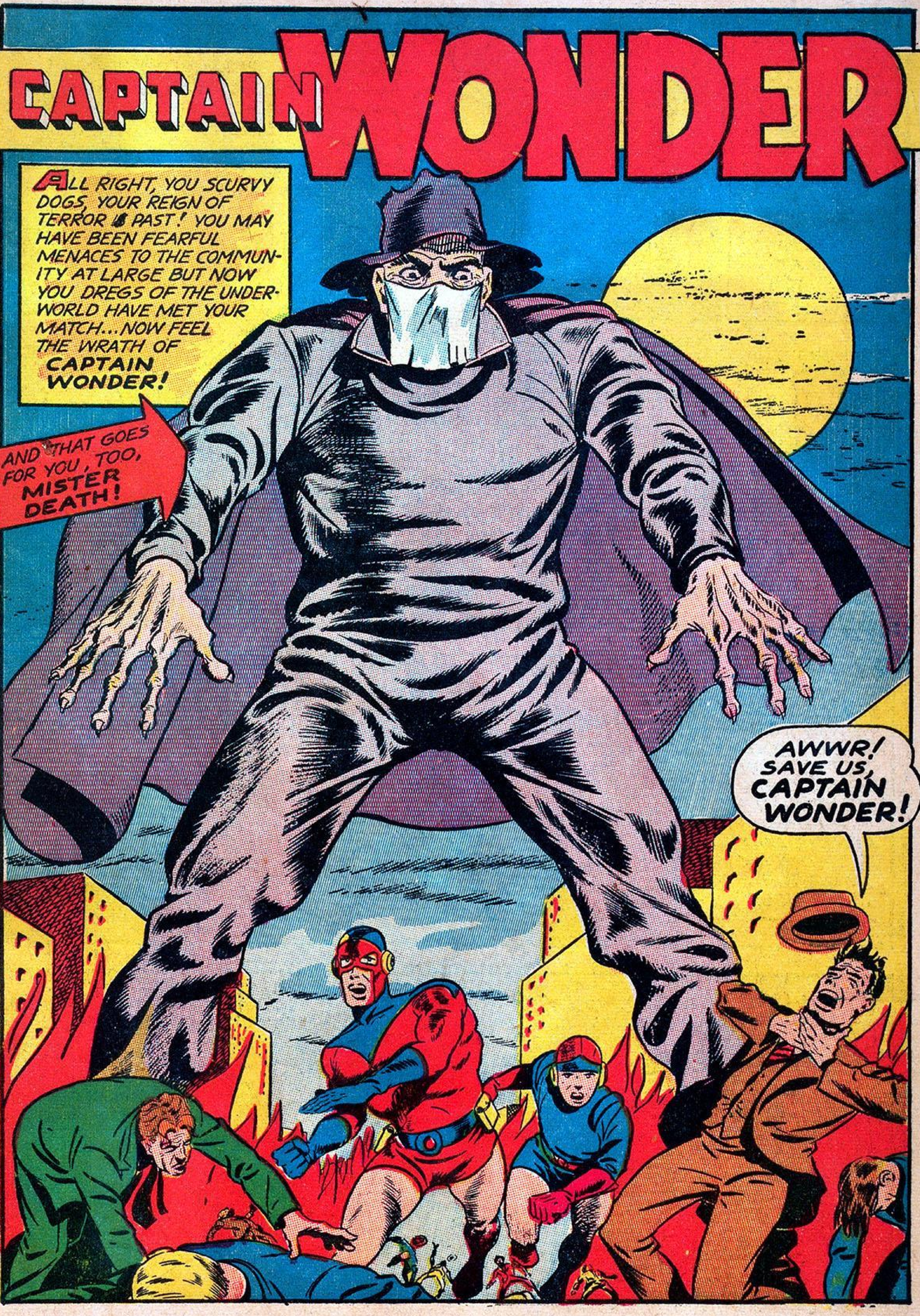
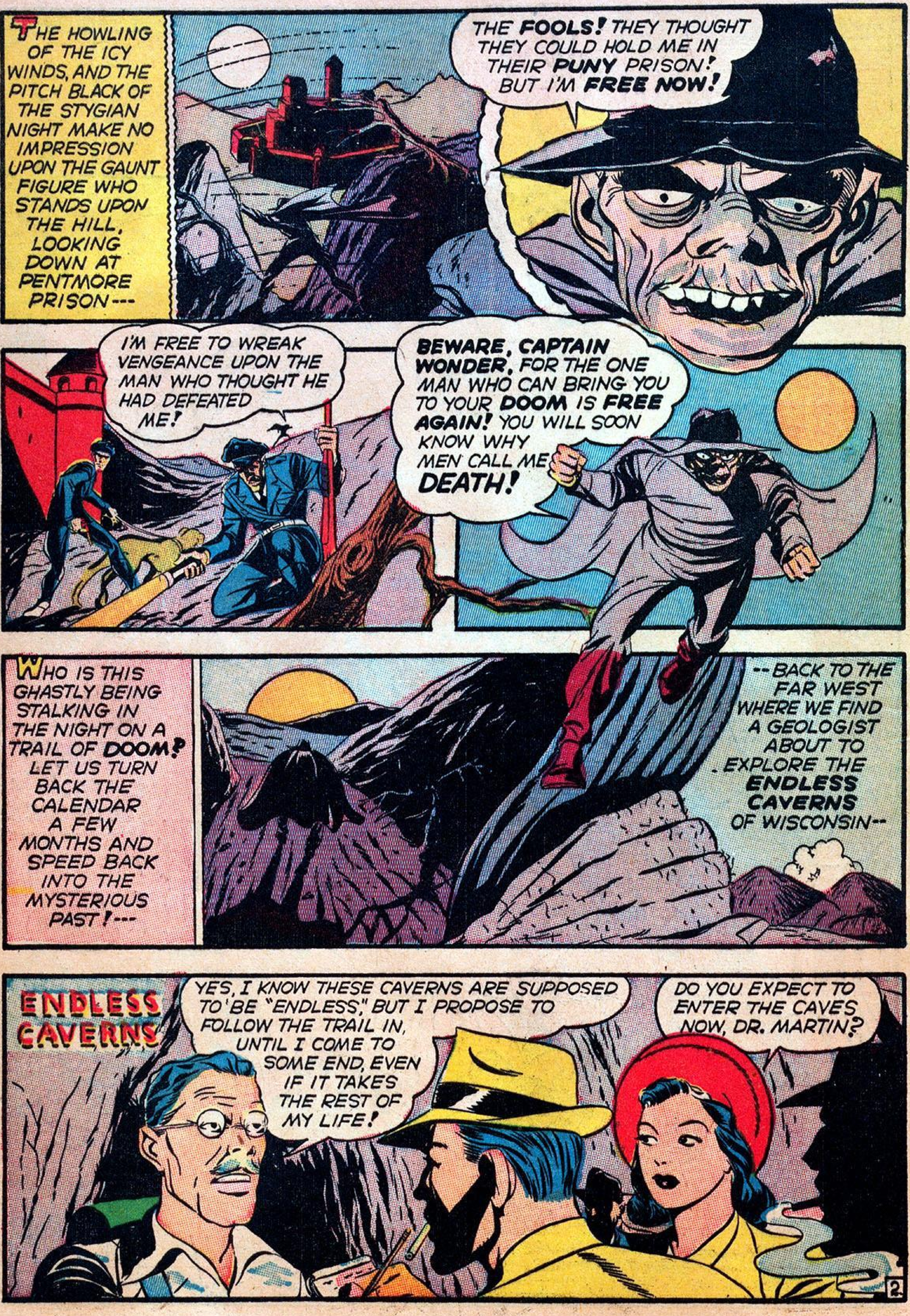
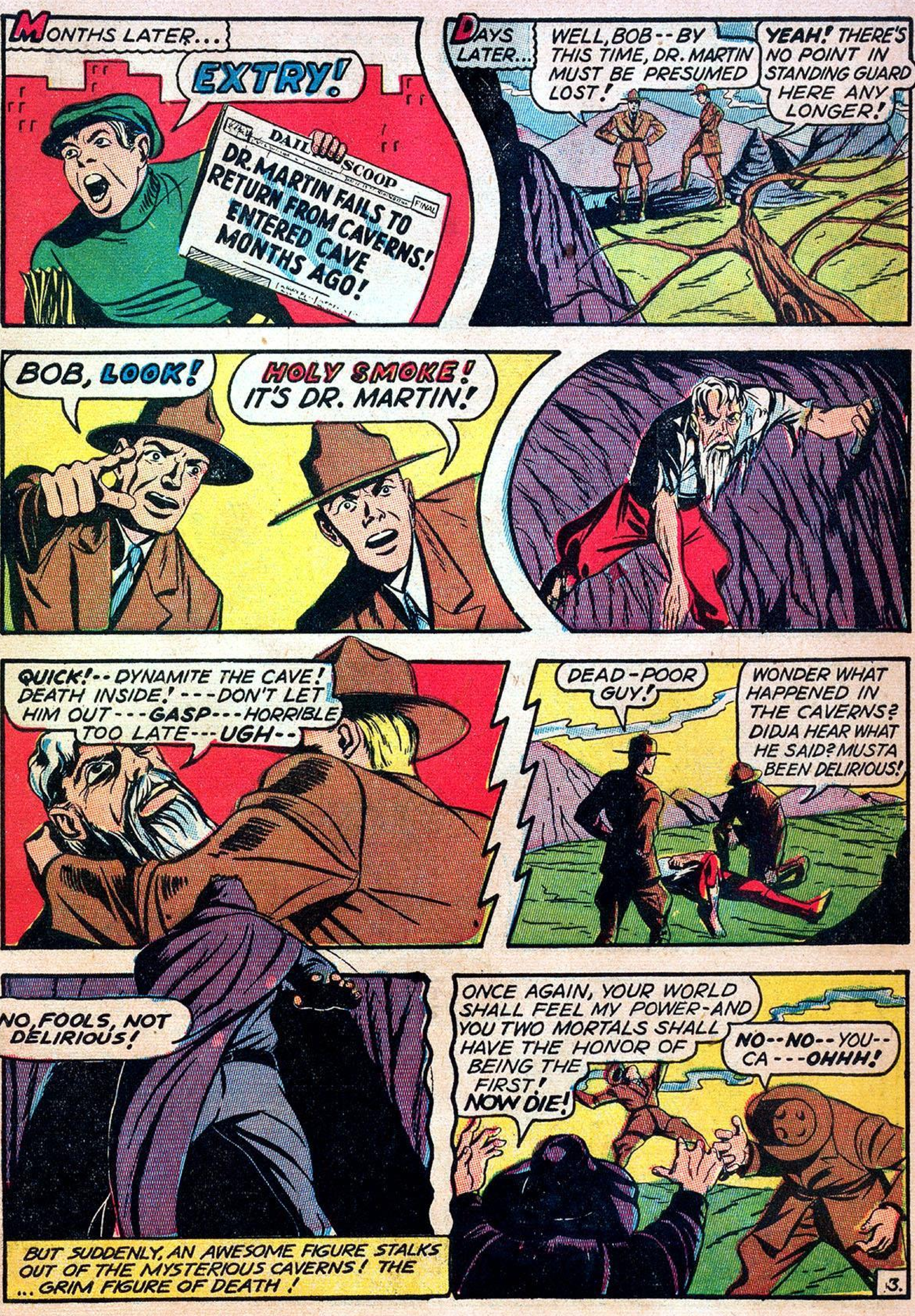
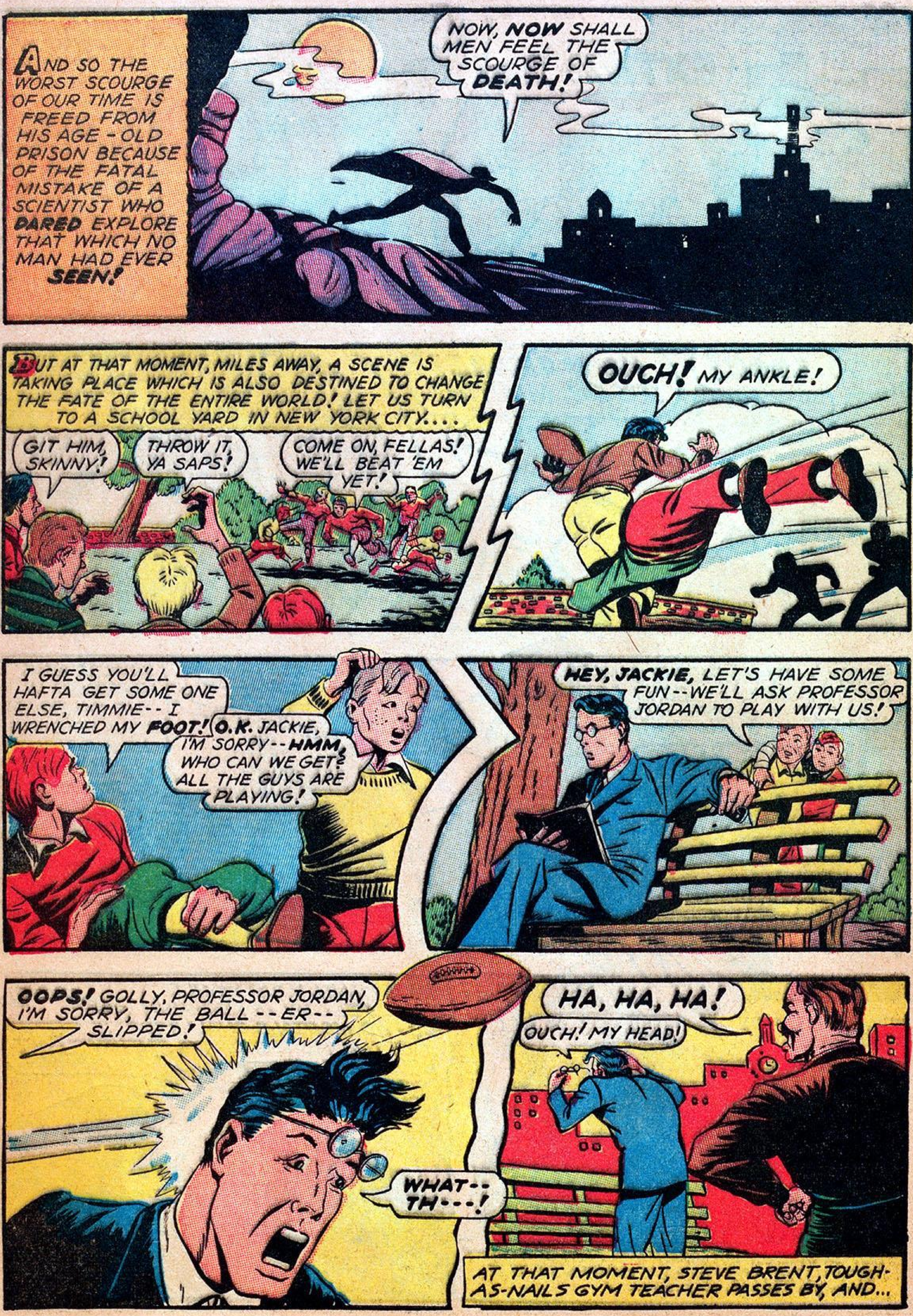
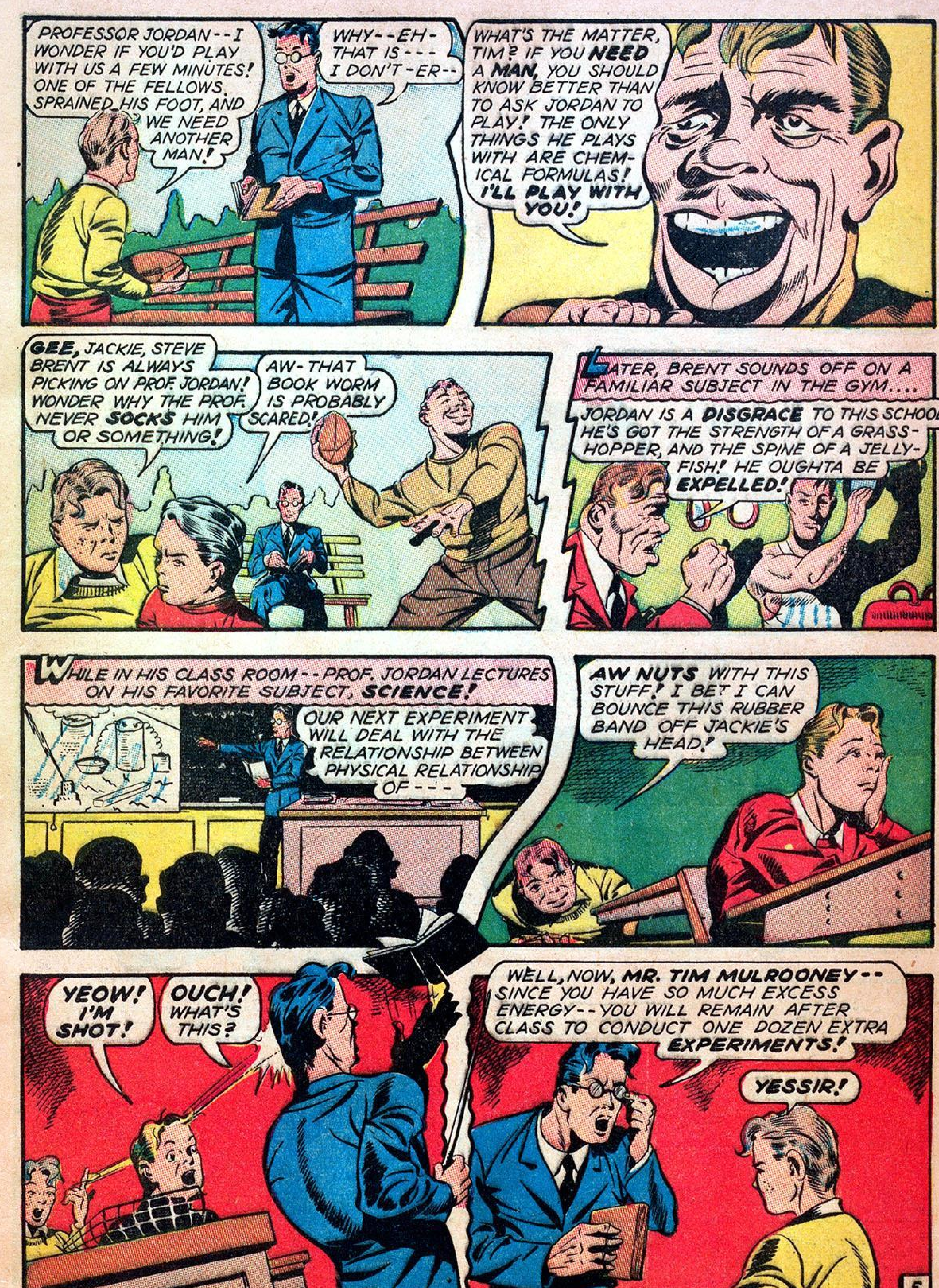
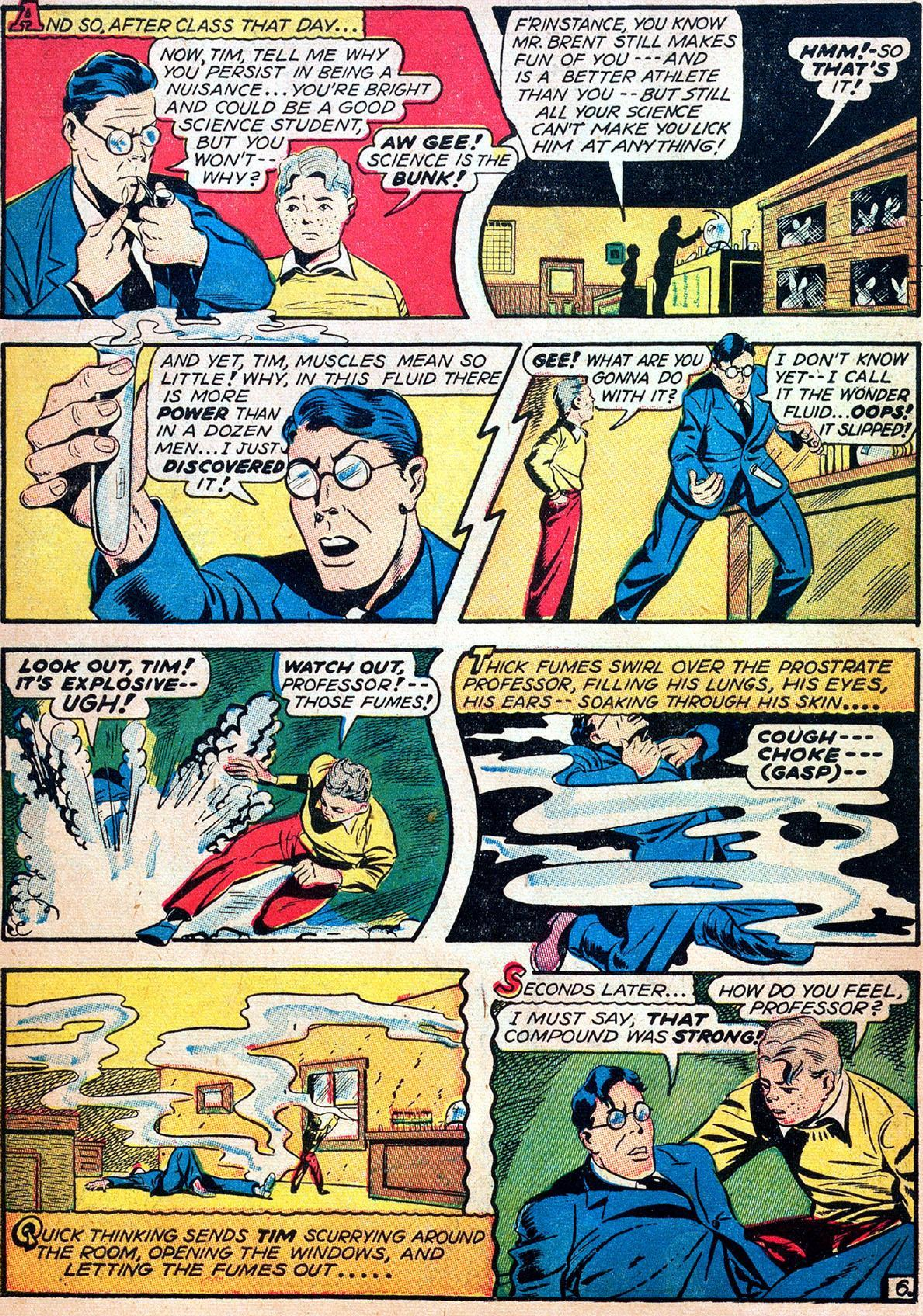

CAPTAIN WONDER
ALL RIGHT, YOU SCURVY DOGS, YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS PAST! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN FEARFUL MENACES TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE BUT NOW YOU DREGS OF THE UNDERWORLD HAVE MET YOUR MATCH... NOW FEEL THE WRATH OF CAPTAIN WONDER!
AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, MISTER DEATH!
AWWR! SAVE US, CAPTAIN WONDER!

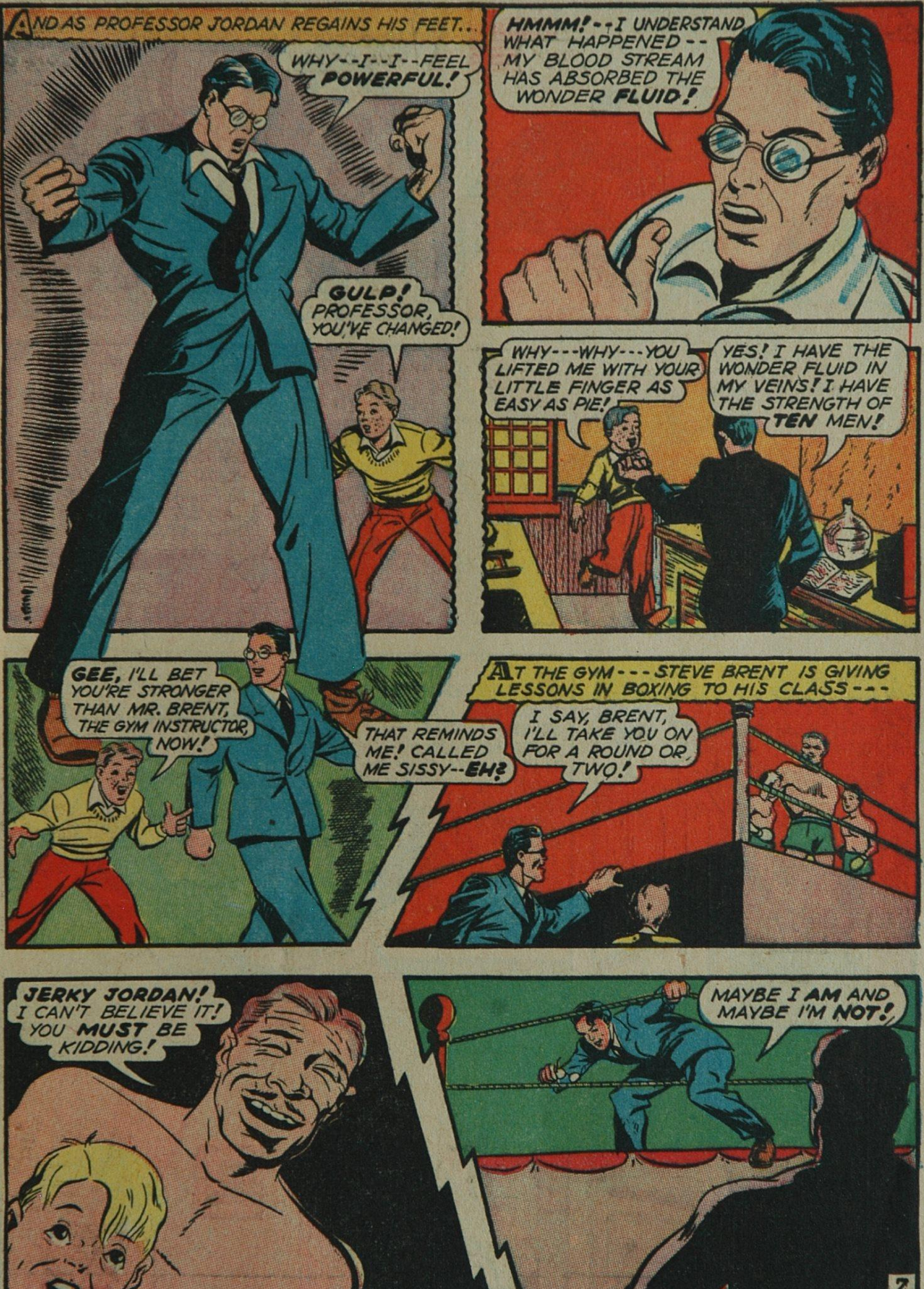

THE HOWLING OF THE ICY WINDS, AND THE PITCH BLACK OF THE STYGIAN NIGHT MAKE NO IMPRESSION UPON THE GAUNT FIGURE WHO STANDS UPON THE HILL, LOOKING DOWN AT PENTMORE PRISON---
THE **FOOLS!** THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD HOLD ME IN THEIR **PUNY** PRISON! BUT I'M **FREE NOW!**
I'M FREE TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE HAD DEFEATED ME!
BEWARE, CAPTAIN WONDER, FOR THE ONE MAN WHO CAN BRING YOU TO YOUR **DOOM** IS **FREE AGAIN!** YOU WILL SOON KNOW WHY MEN CALL ME **DEATH!**
WHO IS THIS GHASTLY BEING STALKING IN THE NIGHT ON A TRAIL OF **DOOM?** LET US TURN BACK THE CALENDAR A FEW MONTHS AND SPEED BACK INTO THE MYSTERIOUS PAST!---
--BACK TO THE FAR WEST WHERE WE FIND A GEOLOGIST ABOUT TO EXPLORE THE **ENDLESS CAVERNS** OF WISCONSIN--
ENDLESS CAVERNS
YES, I KNOW THESE CAVERNS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE "ENDLESS," BUT I PROPOSE TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL IN, UNTIL I COME TO SOME END, EVEN IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!
DO YOU EXPECT TO ENTER THE CAVES NOW, DR. MARTIN?

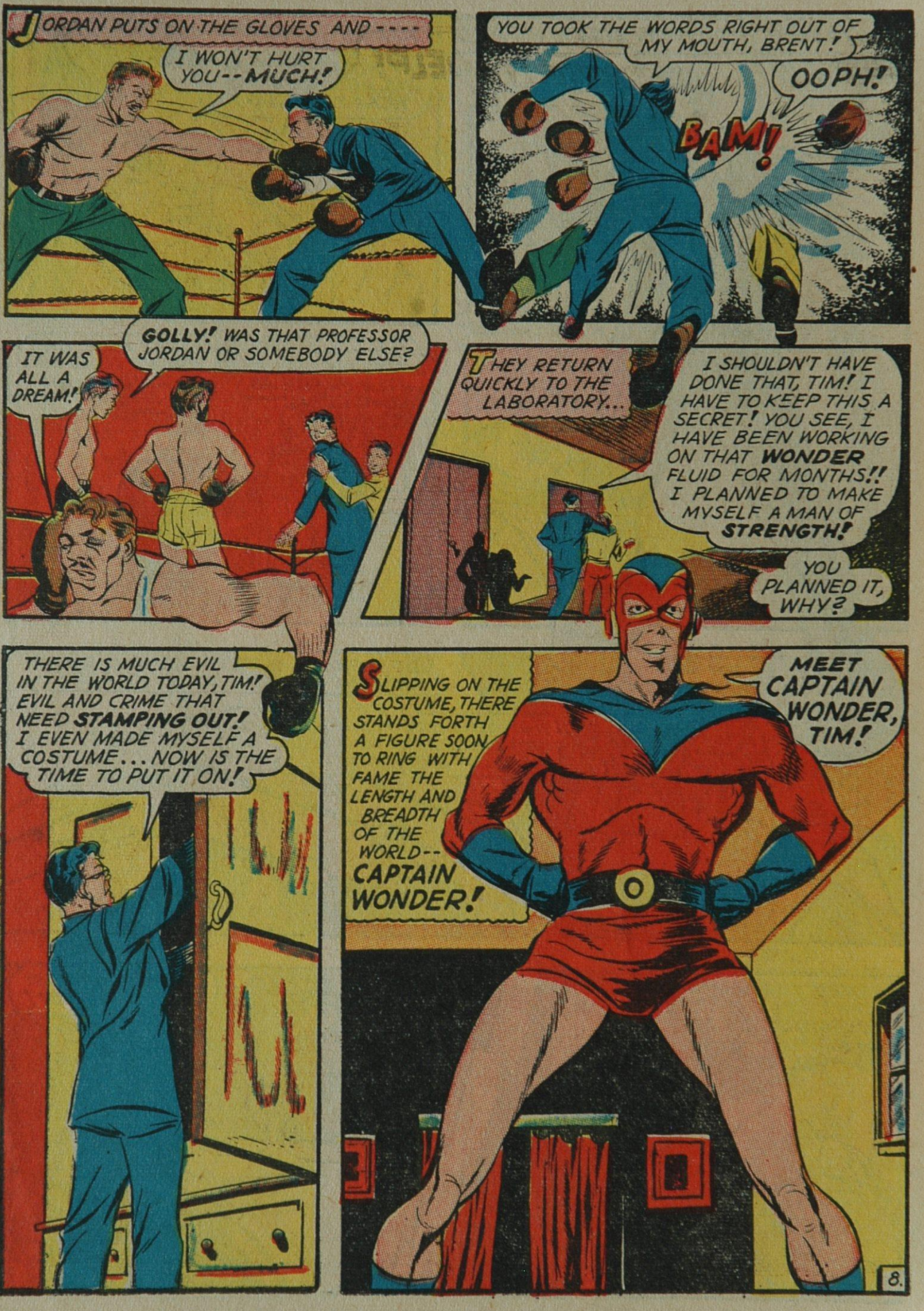

MONTHS LATER...
EXTRY!
DAILY SCOOP
FINAL
DR. MARTIN FAILS TO RETURN FROM CAVERNS! ENTERED CAVE MONTHS AGO!
DAYS LATER...
WELL, BOB -- BY THIS TIME, DR. MARTIN MUST BE PRESUMED LOST!
YEAH! THERE'S NO POINT IN STANDING GUARD HERE ANY LONGER!
BOB, LOOK!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S DR. MARTIN!
QUICK! -- DYNAMITE THE CAVE! DEATH INSIDE! --- DON'T LET HIM OUT --- GASP --- HORRIBLE TOO LATE --- UGH --
DEAD - POOR GUY!
WONDER WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CAVERNS? DIDJA HEAR WHAT HE SAID? MUSTA BEEN DELIRIOUS!
NO, FOOLS, NOT DELIRIOUS!
BUT SUDDENLY, AN AWESOME FIGURE STALKS OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS CAVERNS! THE ... GRIM FIGURE OF DEATH!
ONCE AGAIN, YOUR WORLD SHALL FEEL MY POWER - AND YOU TWO MORTALS SHALL HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST! NOW DIE!
NO -- NO -- YOU -- CA --- OHHH!

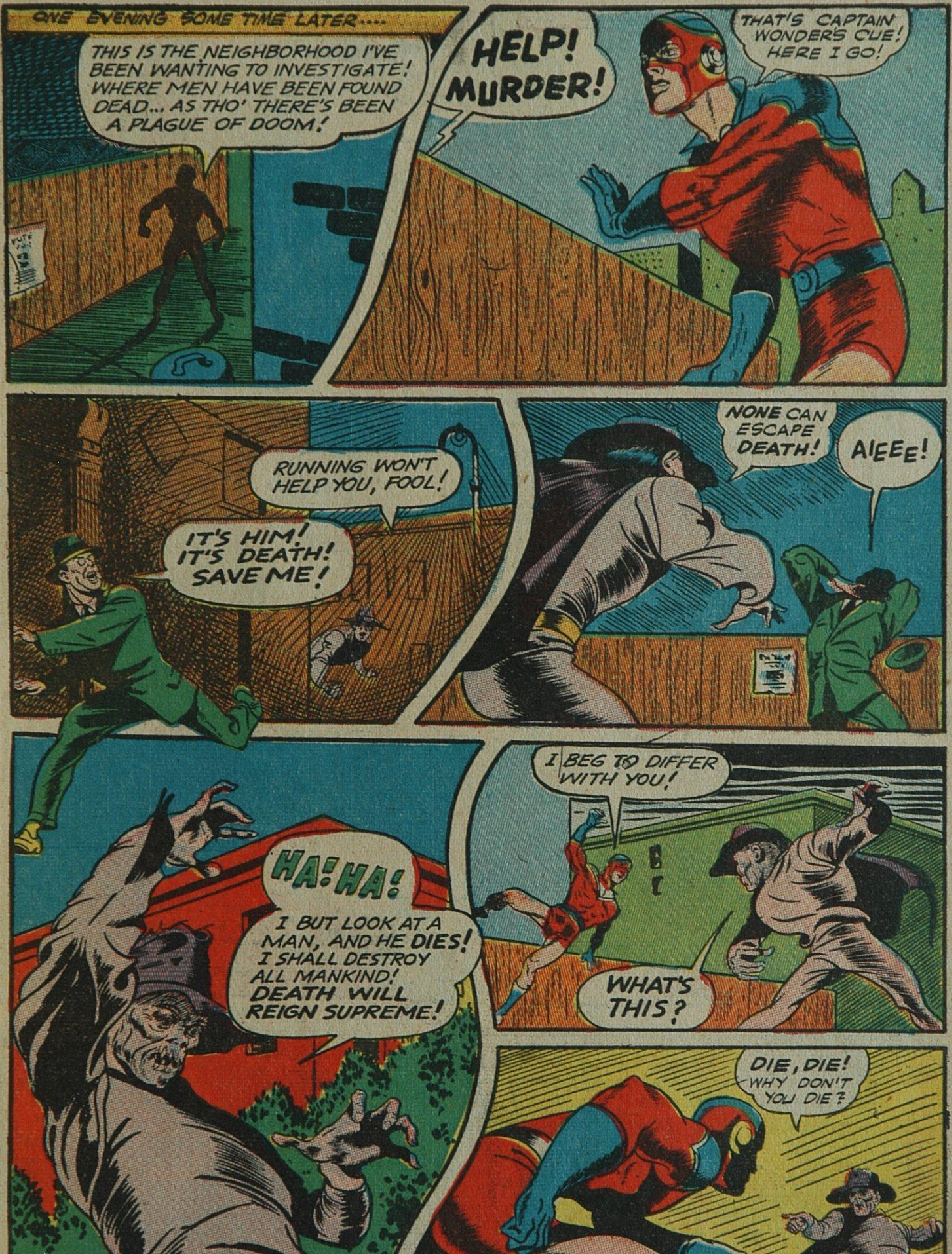

AND SO THE WORST SCOURGE OF OUR TIME IS FREED FROM HIS AGE-OLD PRISON BECAUSE OF THE FATAL MISTAKE OF A SCIENTIST WHO **DARED** EXPLORE THAT WHICH NO MAN HAD EVER **SEEN!**
NOW, **NOW** SHALL MEN FEEL THE SCOURGE OF **DEATH!**
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, MILES AWAY, A SCENE IS TAKING PLACE WHICH IS ALSO DESTINED TO CHANGE THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE WORLD! LET US TURN TO A SCHOOL YARD IN NEW YORK CITY....
GIT HIM, SKINNY!
THROW IT, YA SAPS!
COME ON, FELLAS! WE'LL BEAT 'EM YET!
OUCH! MY ANKLE!
I GUESS YOU'LL HAFTA GET SOME ONE ELSE, TIMMIE-- I WRENCHED MY **FOOT!**
O.K. JACKIE, I'M SORRY--**HMM,** WHO CAN WE GET? ALL THE GUYS ARE PLAYING!
HEY, JACKIE, LET'S HAVE SOME FUN--WE'LL ASK PROFESSOR JORDAN TO PLAY WITH US!
OOPS! GOLLY, PROFESSOR JORDAN, I'M SORRY, THE BALL--ER--SLIPPED!
WHAT--TH---!
HA, HA, HA!
OUCH! MY HEAD!
AT THAT MOMENT, STEVE BRENT, TOUGH-AS-NAILS GYM TEACHER PASSES BY, AND...

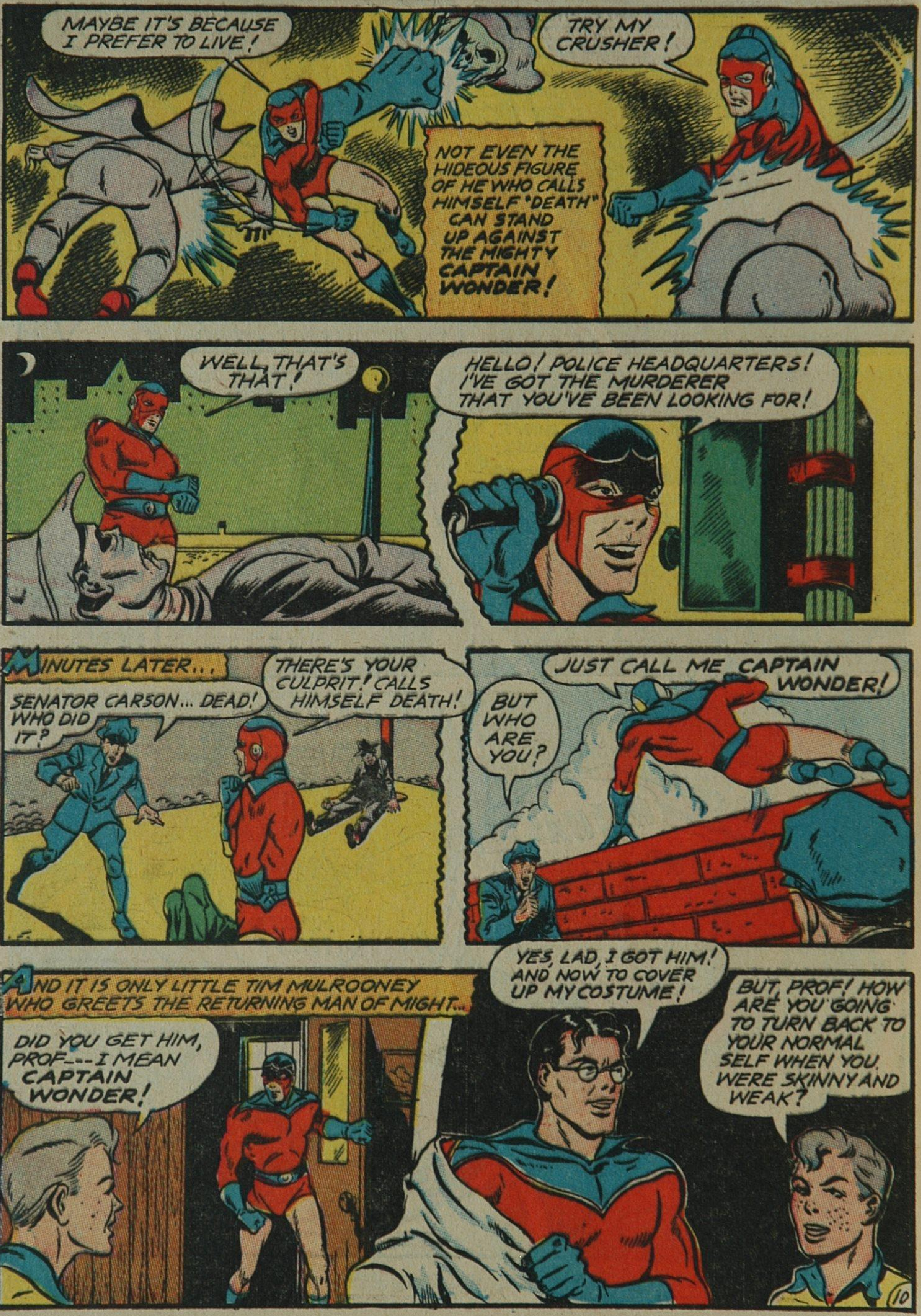

PROFESSOR JORDAN--I WONDER IF YOU'D PLAY WITH US A FEW MINUTES! ONE OF THE FELLOWS SPRAINED HIS FOOT, AND WE NEED ANOTHER MAN!
WHY--EH-THAT IS--- I DON'T-ER--
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TIM? IF YOU NEED A MAN, YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK JORDAN TO PLAY! THE ONLY THINGS HE PLAYS WITH ARE CHEMICAL FORMULAS! I'LL PLAY WITH YOU!
GEE, JACKIE, STEVE BRENT IS ALWAYS PICKING ON PROF. JORDAN! WONDER WHY THE PROF. NEVER SOCKS HIM OR SOMETHING!
AW-THAT BOOK WORM IS PROBABLY SCARED!
LATER, BRENT SOUNDS OFF ON A FAMILIAR SUBJECT IN THE GYM....
JORDAN IS A DISGRACE TO THIS SCHOOL! HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A GRASSHOPPER, AND THE SPINE OF A JELLYFISH! HE OUGHTA BE EXPELLED!
WHILE IN HIS CLASS ROOM--PROF. JORDAN LECTURES ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT, SCIENCE!
OUR NEXT EXPERIMENT WILL DEAL WITH THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP OF---
AW NUTS WITH THIS STUFF! I BET I CAN BOUNCE THIS RUBBER BAND OFF JACKIE'S HEAD!
YEOW! I'M SHOT!
OUCH! WHAT'S THIS?
WELL, NOW, MR. TIM MULROONEY--SINCE YOU HAVE SO MUCH EXCESS ENERGY--YOU WILL REMAIN AFTER CLASS TO CONDUCT ONE DOZEN EXTRA EXPERIMENTS!
YESSIR!

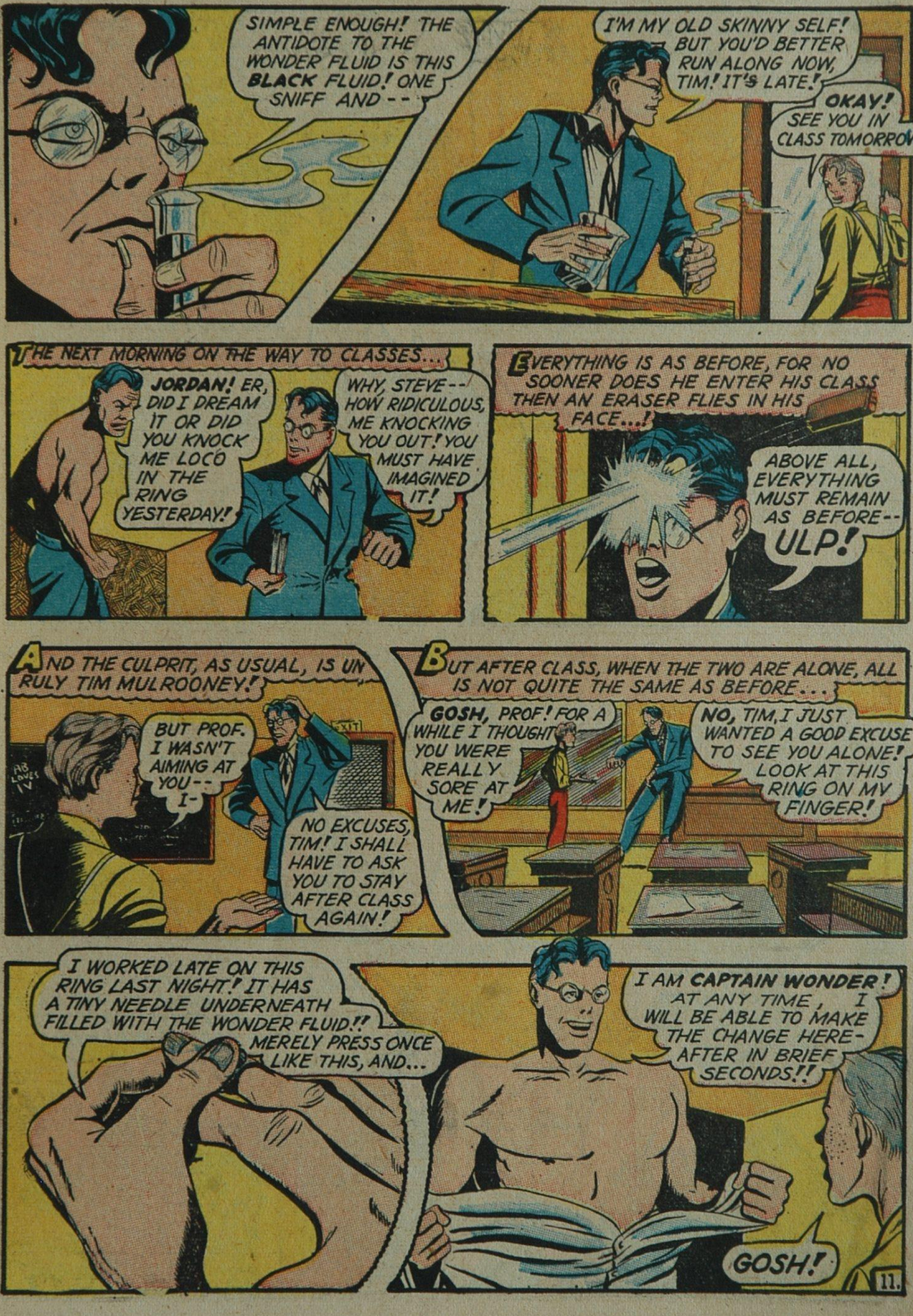

AND SO, AFTER CLASS THAT DAY...
NOW, TIM, TELL ME WHY YOU PERSIST IN BEING A NUISANCE... YOU'RE BRIGHT AND COULD BE A GOOD SCIENCE STUDENT, BUT YOU WON'T-- WHY?
AW GEE! SCIENCE IS THE **BUNK!**
F'RINSTANCE, YOU KNOW MR. BRENT STILL MAKES FUN OF YOU---AND IS A BETTER ATHLETE THAN YOU--BUT STILL ALL YOUR SCIENCE CAN'T MAKE YOU LICK HIM AT ANYTHING!
HMM!-SO THAT'S IT!
AND YET, TIM, MUSCLES MEAN SO LITTLE! WHY, IN THIS FLUID THERE IS MORE **POWER** THAN IN A DOZEN MEN... I JUST **DISCOVERED** IT!
GEE! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH IT?
I DON'T KNOW YET--I CALL IT THE WONDER FLUID... **OOPS!** IT SLIPPED!
LOOK OUT, TIM! IT'S EXPLOSIVE-- UGH!
WATCH OUT, PROFESSOR!-- THOSE FUMES!
THICK FUMES SWIRL OVER THE PROSTRATE PROFESSOR, FILLING HIS LUNGS, HIS EYES, HIS EARS-- SOAKING THROUGH HIS SKIN....
COUGH--- CHOKE--- (GASP)--
QUICK THINKING SENDS **TIM** SCURRYING AROUND THE ROOM, OPENING THE WINDOWS, AND LETTING THE FUMES OUT....
SECONDS LATER...
HOW DO YOU FEEL, PROFESSOR?
I MUST SAY, **THAT** COMPOUND WAS **STRONG!**

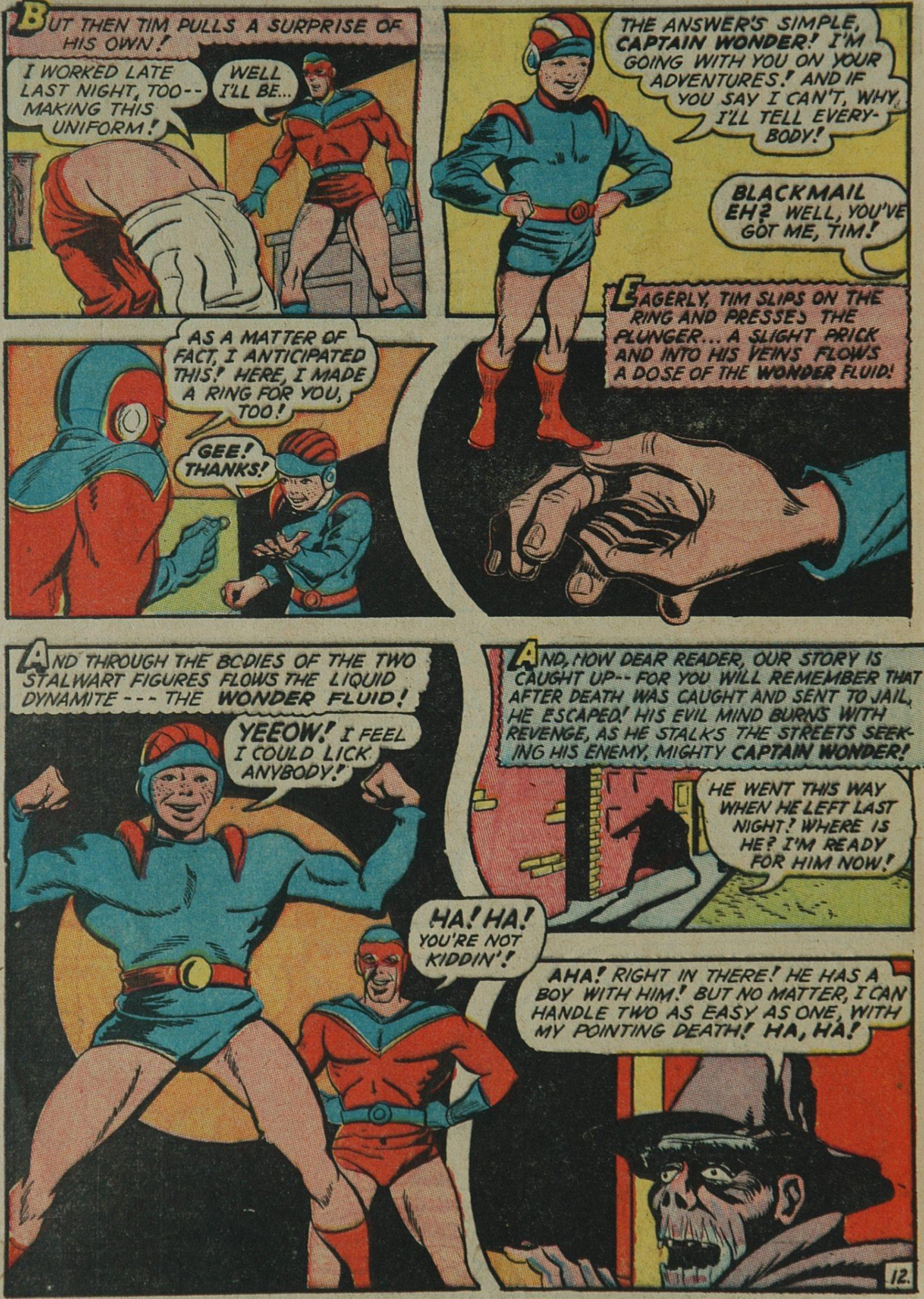

AND AS PROFESSOR JORDAN REGAINS HIS FEET...
WHY--I--I--FEEL POWERFUL!
GULP! PROFESSOR, YOU'VE CHANGED!
HMMM!--I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED--MY BLOOD STREAM HAS ABSORBED THE WONDER FLUID!
WHY---WHY---YOU LIFTED ME WITH YOUR LITTLE FINGER AS EASY AS PIE!
YES! I HAVE THE WONDER FLUID IN MY VEINS! I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN!
GEE, I'LL BET YOU'RE STRONGER THAN MR. BRENT, THE GYM INSTRUCTOR, NOW!
THAT REMINDS ME! CALLED ME SISSY--EH?
AT THE GYM---STEVE BRENT IS GIVING LESSONS IN BOXING TO HIS CLASS---
I SAY, BRENT, I'LL TAKE YOU ON FOR A ROUND OR TWO!
JERKY JORDAN! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MUST BE KIDDING!
MAYBE I AM AND MAYBE I'M NOT!

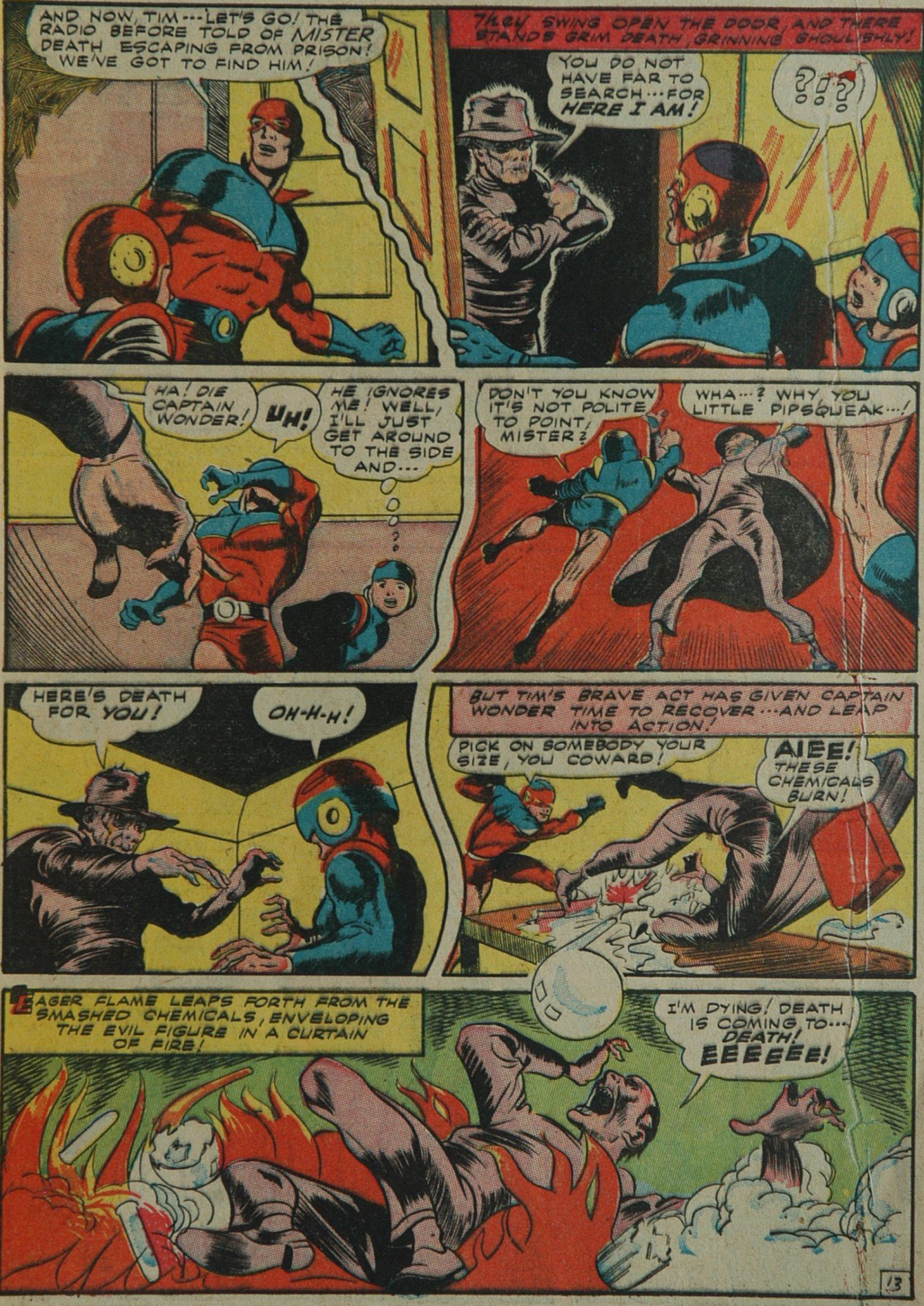

JORDAN PUTS ON THE GLOVES AND----
I WON'T HURT YOU--**MUCH!**
YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, BRENT!
OOPH!
BAM!
GOLLY! WAS THAT PROFESSOR JORDAN OR SOMEBODY ELSE?
IT WAS ALL A DREAM!
THEY RETURN QUICKLY TO THE LABORATORY...
I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, TIM! I HAVE TO KEEP THIS A SECRET! YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THAT **WONDER** FLUID FOR MONTHS!! I PLANNED TO MAKE MYSELF A MAN OF **STRENGTH!**
YOU PLANNED IT, WHY?
THERE IS MUCH EVIL IN THE WORLD TODAY, TIM! EVIL AND CRIME THAT NEED **STAMPING OUT!** I EVEN MADE MYSELF A COSTUME... NOW IS THE TIME TO PUT IT ON!
SLIPPING ON THE COSTUME, THERE STANDS FORTH A FIGURE SOON TO RING WITH FAME THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE WORLD-- **CAPTAIN WONDER!**
MEET CAPTAIN WONDER, TIM!

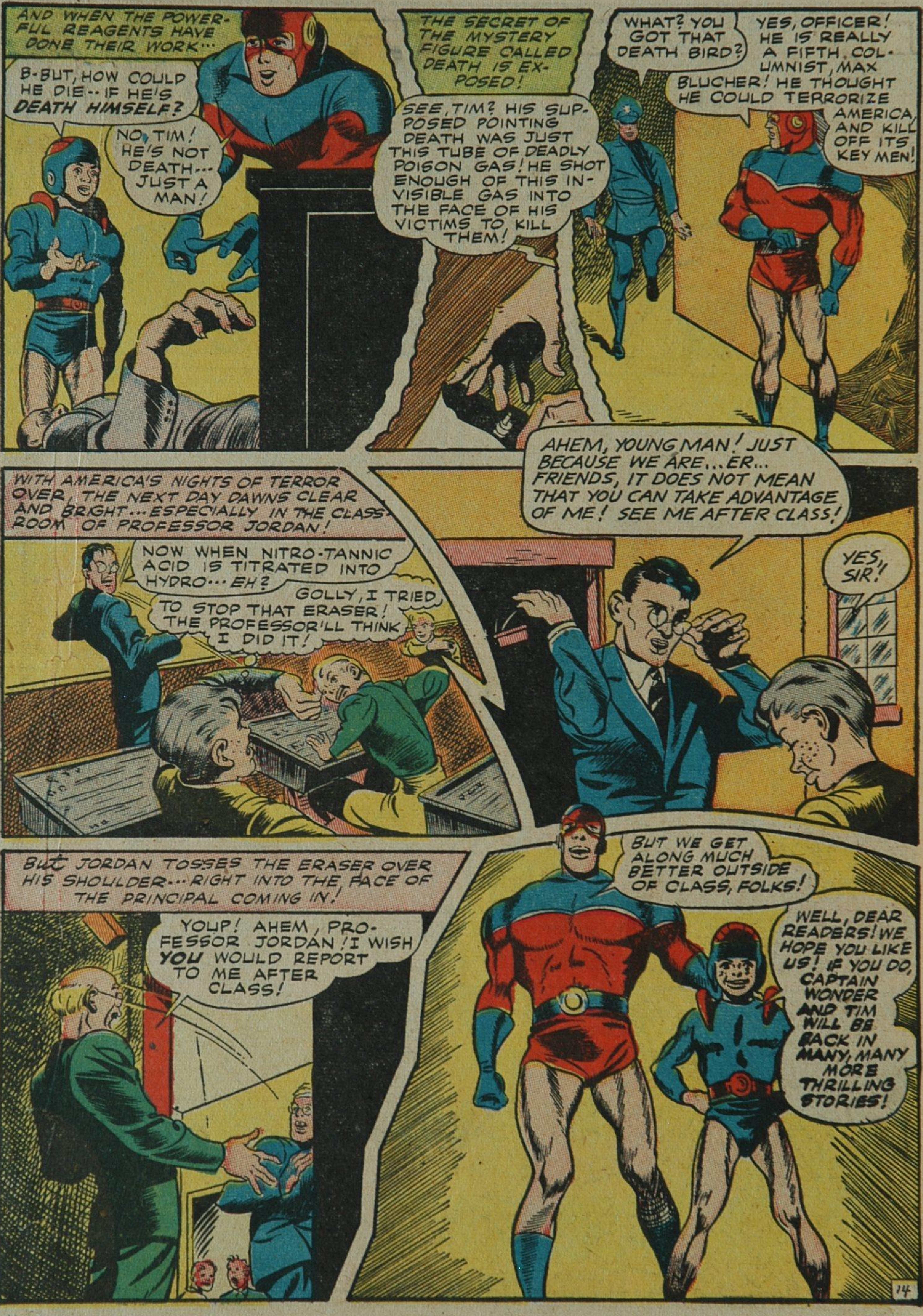

ONE EVENING SOME TIME LATER....
THIS IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD I'VE BEEN WANTING TO INVESTIGATE! WHERE MEN HAVE BEEN FOUND DEAD... AS THO' THERE'S BEEN A PLAGUE OF DOOM!
HELP! MURDER!
THAT'S CAPTAIN WONDER'S CUE! HERE I GO!
RUNNING WON'T HELP YOU, FOOL!
IT'S HIM! IT'S DEATH! SAVE ME!
NONE CAN ESCAPE DEATH!
AIEEE!
HA! HA!
I BUT LOOK AT A MAN, AND HE DIES! I SHALL DESTROY ALL MANKIND! DEATH WILL REIGN SUPREME!
I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU!
WHAT'S THIS?
DIE, DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE?


MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I PREFER TO LIVE!
TRY MY CRUSHER!
NOT EVEN THE HIDEOUS FIGURE OF HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF "DEATH" CAN STAND UP AGAINST THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN WONDER!
WELL, THAT'S THAT!
HELLO! POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I'VE GOT THE MURDERER THAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
MINUTES LATER...
THERE'S YOUR CULPRIT! CALLS HIMSELF DEATH!
SENATOR CARSON... DEAD! WHO DID IT?
JUST CALL ME CAPTAIN WONDER!
BUT WHO ARE YOU?
AND IT IS ONLY LITTLE TIM MULROONEY WHO GREETS THE RETURNING MAN OF MIGHT...
DID YOU GET HIM, PROF---I MEAN CAPTAIN WONDER!
YES, LAD, I GOT HIM! AND NOW TO COVER UP MY COSTUME!
BUT, PROF! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TURN BACK TO YOUR NORMAL SELF WHEN YOU WERE SKINNY AND WEAK?


SIMPLE ENOUGH! THE ANTIDOTE TO THE WONDER FLUID IS THIS **BLACK** FLUID! ONE SNIFF AND--
I'M MY OLD SKINNY SELF! BUT YOU'D BETTER RUN ALONG NOW, TIM! IT'S LATE!
OKAY! SEE YOU IN CLASS TOMORROW!
THE NEXT MORNING ON THE WAY TO CLASSES...
JORDAN! ER, DID I DREAM IT OR DID YOU KNOCK ME LOCO IN THE RING YESTERDAY!
WHY, STEVE-- HOW RIDICULOUS, ME KNOCKING YOU OUT! YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT!
EVERYTHING IS AS BEFORE, FOR NO SOONER DOES HE ENTER HIS CLASS THEN AN ERASER FLIES IN HIS FACE...!
ABOVE ALL, EVERYTHING MUST REMAIN AS BEFORE-- **ULP!**
AND THE CULPRIT, AS USUAL, IS UNRULY TIM MULROONEY!
EXIT
HB LOVES IV
BUT PROF. I WASN'T AIMING AT YOU-- I-
NO EXCUSES, TIM! I SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STAY AFTER CLASS AGAIN!
BUT AFTER CLASS, WHEN THE TWO ARE ALONE, ALL IS NOT QUITE THE SAME AS BEFORE...
GOSH, PROF! FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY SORE AT ME!
NO, TIM, I JUST WANTED A GOOD EXCUSE TO SEE YOU ALONE! LOOK AT THIS RING ON MY FINGER!
I WORKED LATE ON THIS RING LAST NIGHT! IT HAS A TINY NEEDLE UNDERNEATH FILLED WITH THE WONDER FLUID!! MERELY PRESS ONCE LIKE THIS, AND...
I AM **CAPTAIN WONDER**! AT ANY TIME, I WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE THE CHANGE HEREAFTER IN BRIEF SECONDS!!
GOSH!


BUT THEN TIM PULLS A SURPRISE OF HIS OWN!
I WORKED LATE LAST NIGHT, TOO-- MAKING THIS UNIFORM!
WELL I'LL BE...
THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE, CAPTAIN WONDER! I'M GOING WITH YOU ON YOUR ADVENTURES! AND IF YOU SAY I CAN'T, WHY, I'LL TELL EVERYBODY!
BLACKMAIL EH? WELL, YOU'VE GOT ME, TIM!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I ANTICIPATED THIS! HERE, I MADE A RING FOR YOU, TOO!
GEE! THANKS!
EAGERLY, TIM SLIPS ON THE RING AND PRESSES THE PLUNGER... A SLIGHT PRICK AND INTO HIS VEINS FLOWS A DOSE OF THE WONDER FLUID!
AND THROUGH THE BODIES OF THE TWO STALWART FIGURES FLOWS THE LIQUID DYNAMITE --- THE WONDER FLUID!
YEEOW! I FEEL I COULD LICK ANYBODY!
HA! HA! YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'!
AND, NOW DEAR READER, OUR STORY IS CAUGHT UP-- FOR YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT AFTER DEATH WAS CAUGHT AND SENT TO JAIL, HE ESCAPED! HIS EVIL MIND BURNS WITH REVENGE, AS HE STALKS THE STREETS SEEKING HIS ENEMY, MIGHTY CAPTAIN WONDER!
HE WENT THIS WAY WHEN HE LEFT LAST NIGHT! WHERE IS HE? I'M READY FOR HIM NOW!
AHA! RIGHT IN THERE! HE HAS A BOY WITH HIM! BUT NO MATTER, I CAN HANDLE TWO AS EASY AS ONE, WITH MY POINTING DEATH! HA, HA!


AND NOW, TIM---LET'S GO! THE RADIO BEFORE TOLD OF MISTER DEATH ESCAPING FROM PRISON! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!
THEY SWING OPEN THE DOOR, AND THERE STANDS GRIM DEATH, GRINNING GHOULISHLY!
YOU DO NOT HAVE FAR TO SEARCH---FOR HERE I AM!
?!?
HA! DIE CAPTAIN WONDER!
UH!
HE IGNORES ME! WELL, I'LL JUST GET AROUND TO THE SIDE AND---
??
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT POLITE TO POINT, MISTER?
WHA---? WHY YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK---!
HERE'S DEATH FOR YOU!
OH-H-H!
BUT TIM'S BRAVE ACT HAS GIVEN CAPTAIN WONDER TIME TO RECOVER---AND LEAP INTO ACTION!
PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR SIZE, YOU COWARD!
AIEE! THESE CHEMICALS BURN!
EAGER FLAME LEAPS FORTH FROM THE SMASHED CHEMICALS, ENVELOPING THE EVIL FIGURE IN A CURTAIN OF FIRE!
I'M DYING! DEATH IS COMING TO--- DEATH! EEEEEEE!

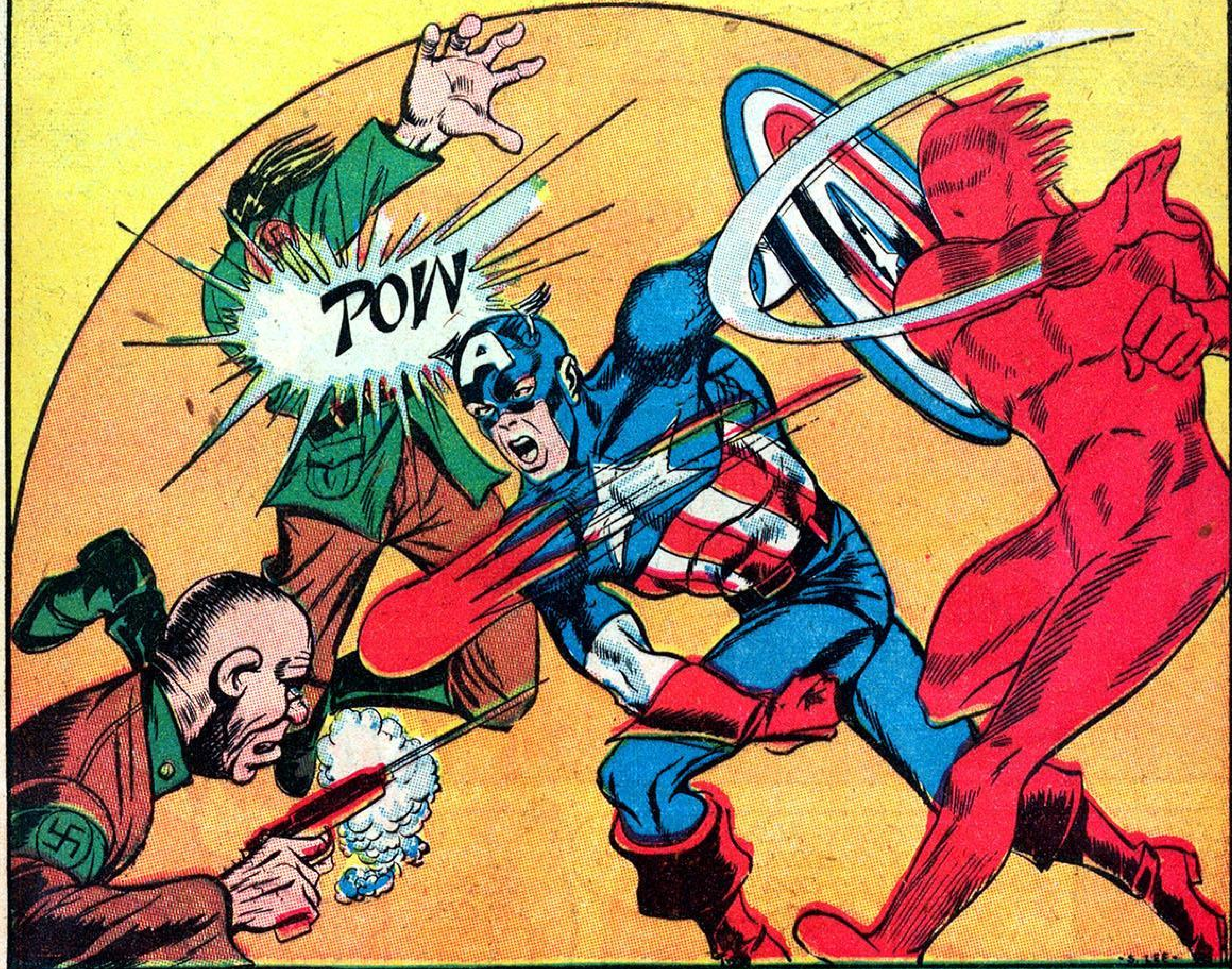

AND WHEN THE POWERFUL REAGENTS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK...
B-BUT, HOW COULD HE DIE--IF HE'S DEATH HIMSELF?
NO, TIM! HE'S NOT DEATH...JUST A MAN!
THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERY FIGURE CALLED DEATH IS EXPOSED!
SEE, TIM? HIS SUPPOSED POINTING DEATH WAS JUST THIS TUBE OF DEADLY POISON GAS! HE SHOT ENOUGH OF THIS INVISIBLE GAS INTO THE FACE OF HIS VICTIMS TO KILL THEM!
WHAT? YOU GOT THAT DEATH BIRD?
YES, OFFICER! HE IS REALLY A FIFTH COLUMNIST, MAX BLUCHER! HE THOUGHT HE COULD TERRORIZE AMERICA, AND KILL OFF ITS KEY MEN!
WITH AMERICA'S NIGHTS OF TERROR OVER, THE NEXT DAY DAWNS CLEAR AND BRIGHT...ESPECIALLY IN THE CLASSROOM OF PROFESSOR JORDAN!
NOW WHEN NITRO-TANNIC ACID IS TITRATED INTO HYDRO...EH?
GOLLY, I TRIED TO STOP THAT ERASER! THE PROFESSOR'LL THINK I DID IT!
AHEM, YOUNG MAN! JUST BECAUSE WE ARE...ER...FRIENDS, IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME! SEE ME AFTER CLASS!
YES, SIR!
BUT JORDAN TOSSES THE ERASER OVER HIS SHOULDER...RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF THE PRINCIPAL COMING IN!
YOUP! AHEM, PROFESSOR JORDAN! I WISH YOU WOULD REPORT TO ME AFTER CLASS!
BUT WE GET ALONG MUCH BETTER OUTSIDE OF CLASS, FOLKS!
WELL, DEAR READERS! WE HOPE YOU LIKE US! IF YOU DO, CAPTAIN WONDER AND TIM WILL BE BACK IN MANY, MANY MORE THRILLING STORIES!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

COMIC MAGAZINE

Welcomes

THE HUMAN TORCH



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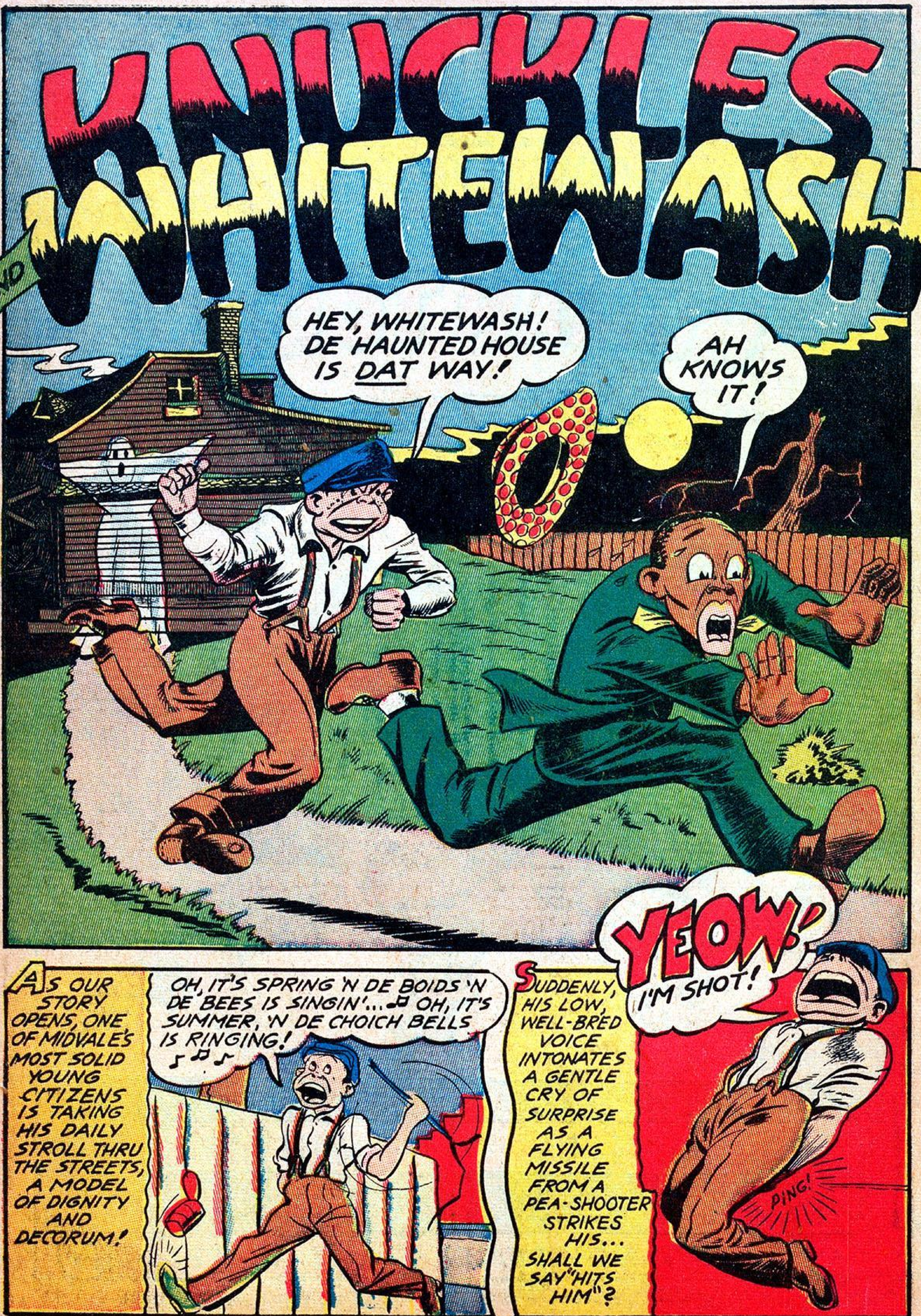
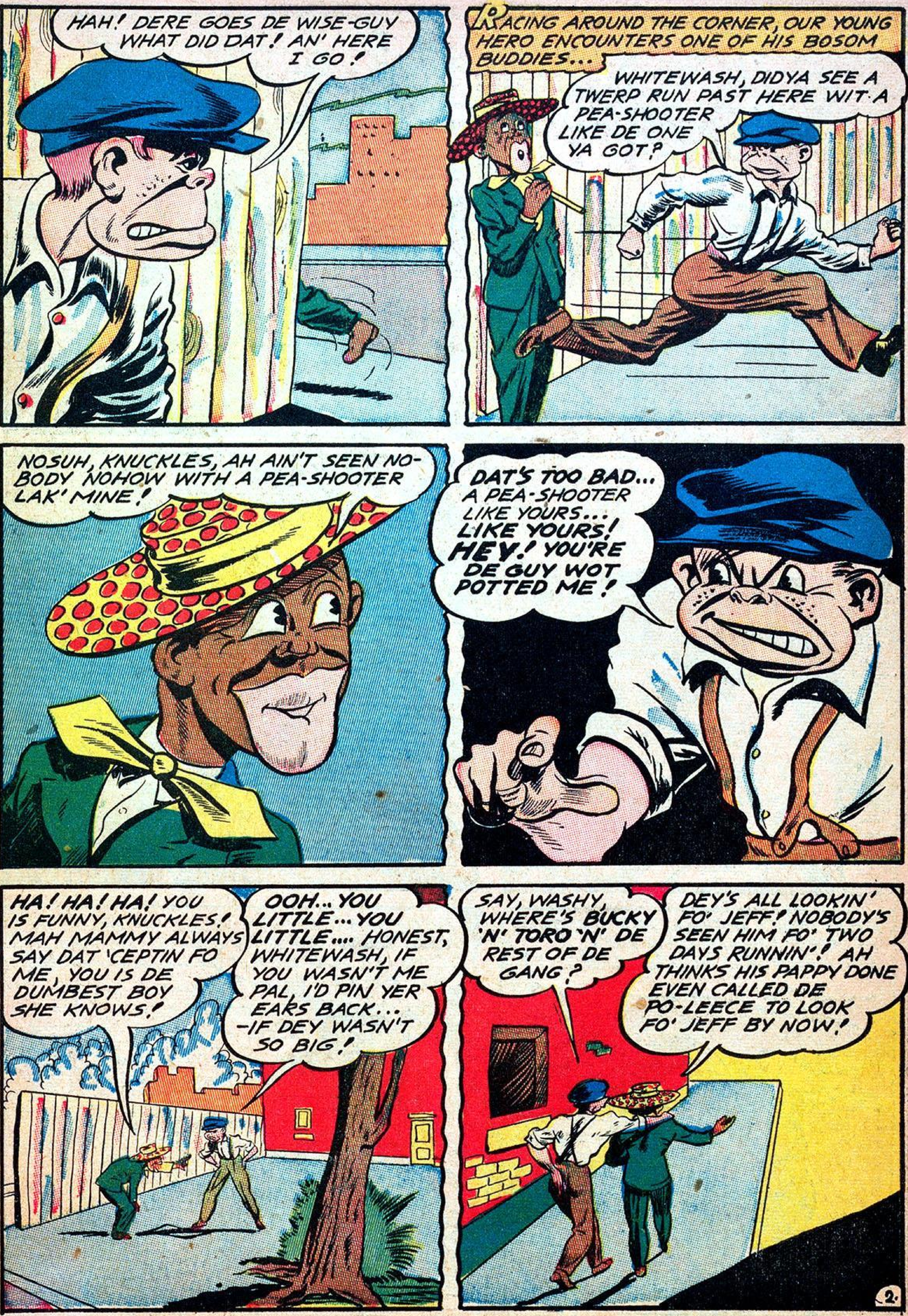
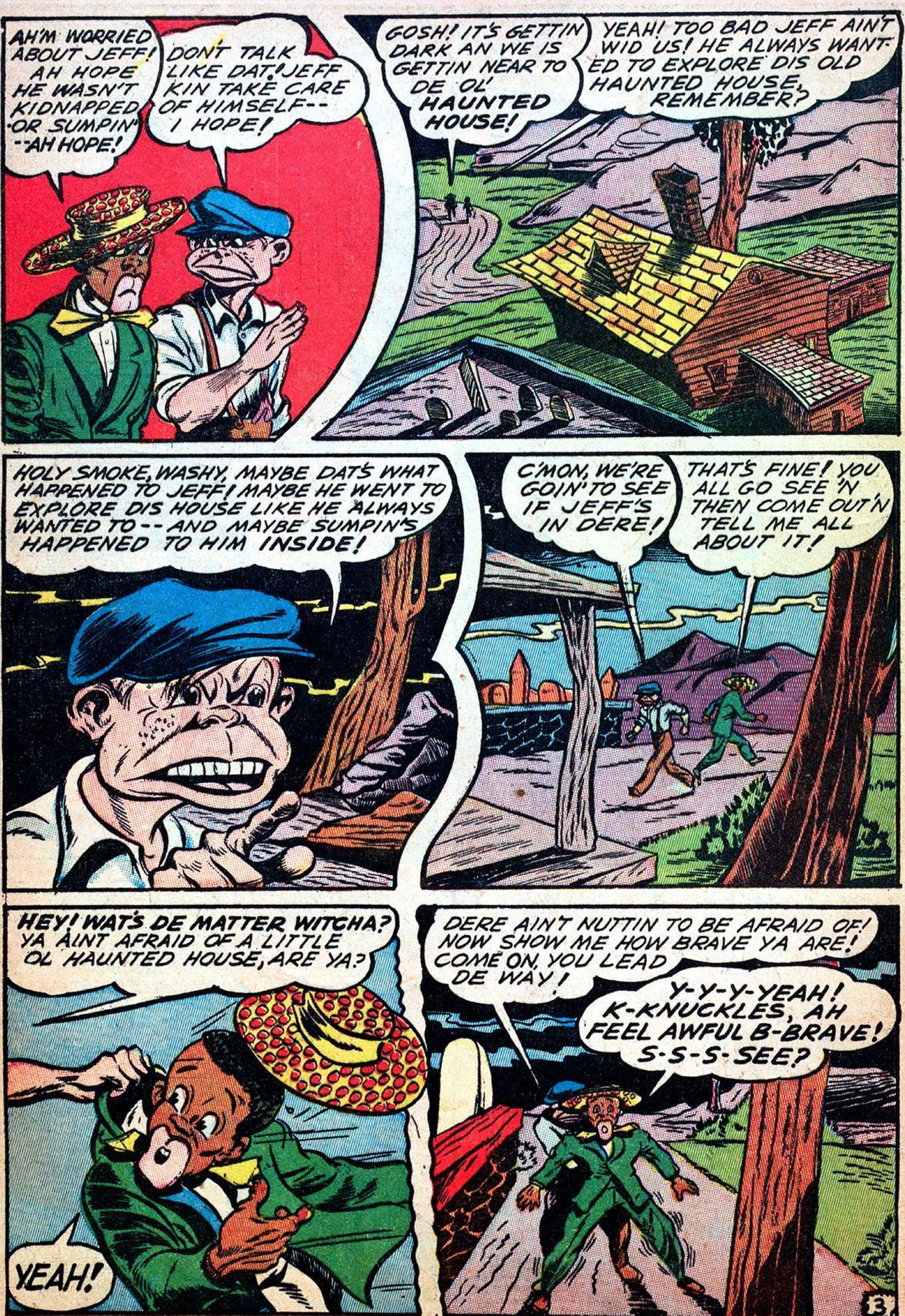
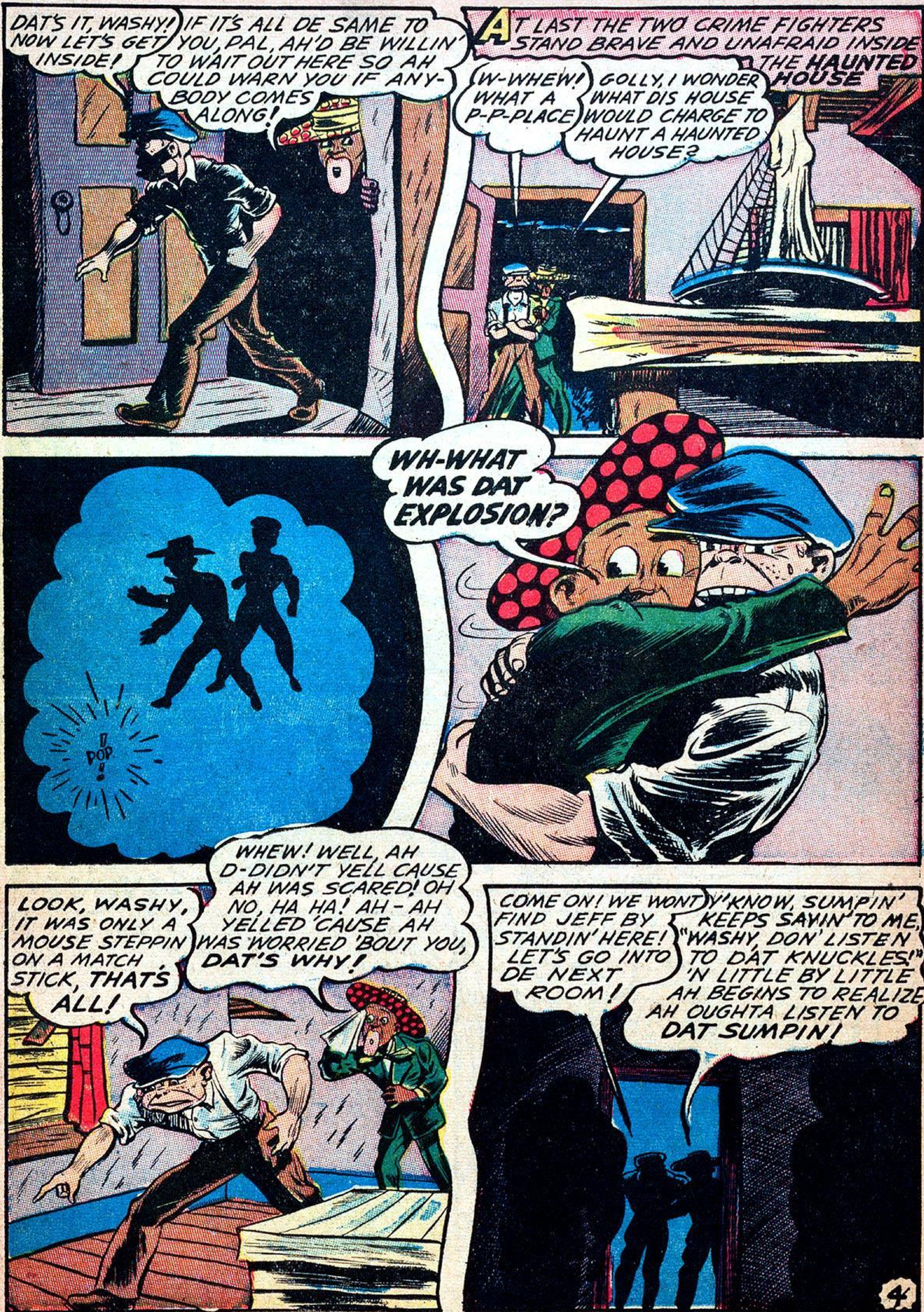
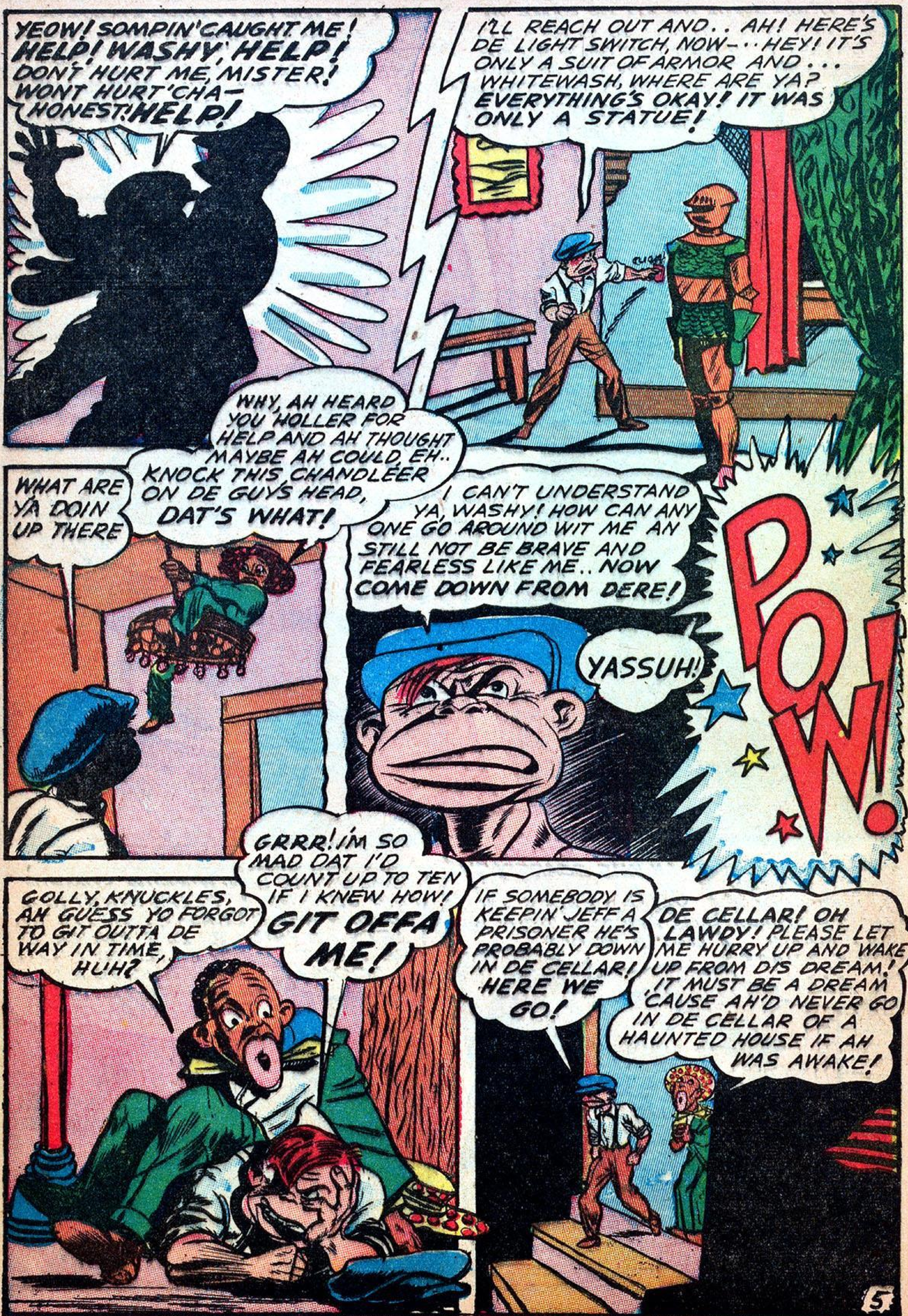
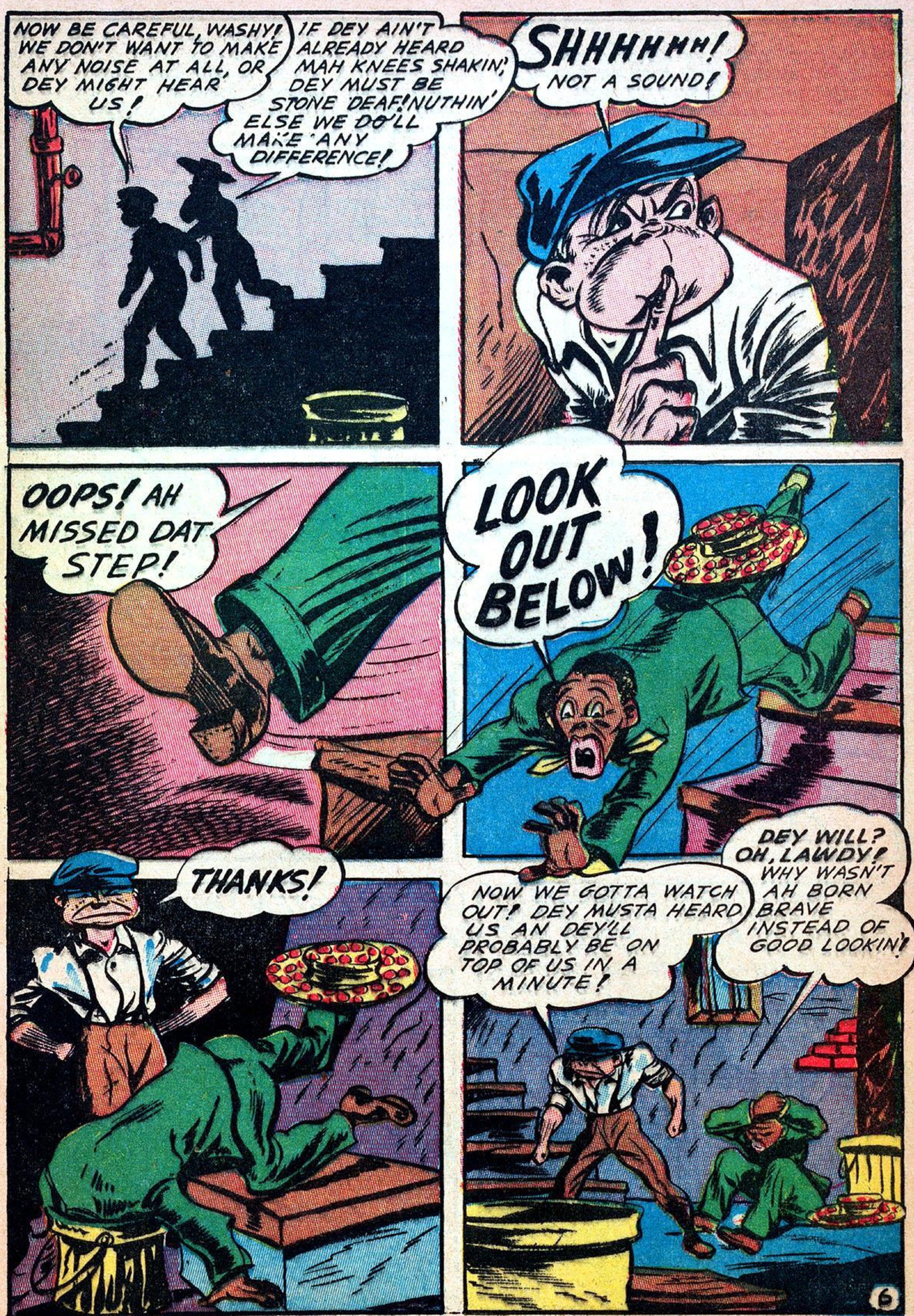

KNUCKLES AND WHITEWASH
HEY, WHITEWASH! DE HAUNTED HOUSE IS DAT WAY!
AH KNOWS IT!
AS OUR STORY OPENS, ONE OF MIDVALE'S MOST SOLID YOUNG CITIZENS IS TAKING HIS DAILY STROLL THRU THE STREETS, A MODEL OF DIGNITY AND DECORUM!
OH, IT'S SPRING 'N DE BOIDS 'N DE BEES IS SINGIN'... ♫ OH, IT'S SUMMER, 'N DE CHOICH BELLS IS RINGING! ♪♫♪
SUDDENLY, HIS LOW, WELL-BRED VOICE INTONATES A GENTLE CRY OF SURPRISE AS A FLYING MISSILE FROM A PEA-SHOOTER STRIKES HIS... SHALL WE SAY "HITS HIM"?
YEOW! I'M SHOT!
PING!

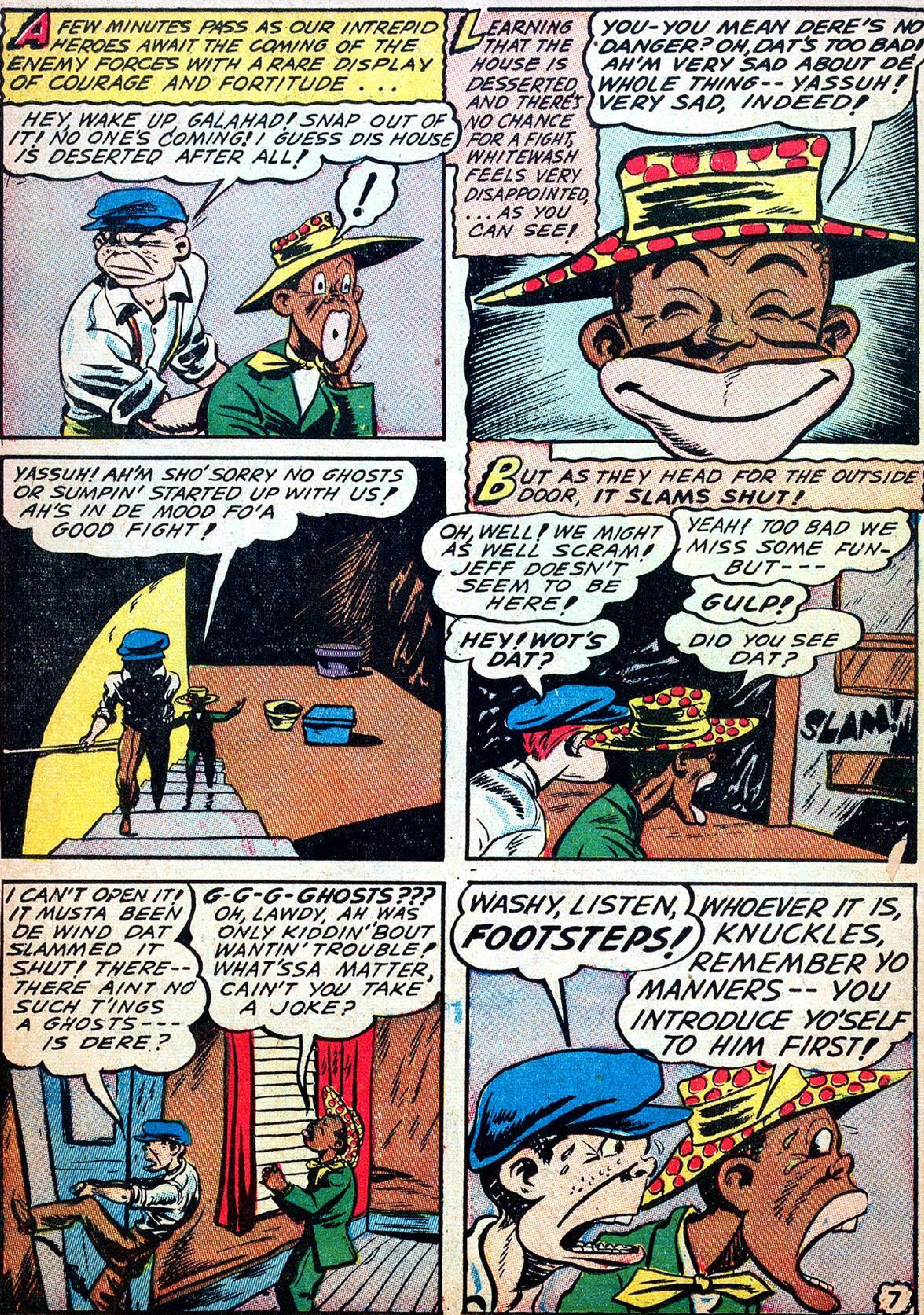

HAH! DERE GOES DE WISE-GUY WHAT DID DAT! AN' HERE I GO!
RACING AROUND THE CORNER, OUR YOUNG HERO ENCOUNTERS ONE OF HIS BOSOM BUDDIES...
WHITEWASH, DIDYA SEE A TWERP RUN PAST HERE WIT A PEA-SHOOTER LIKE DE ONE YA GOT?
NOSUH, KNUCKLES, AH AIN'T SEEN NOBODY NOHOW WITH A PEA-SHOOTER LAK' MINE!
DAT'S TOO BAD... A PEA-SHOOTER LIKE YOURS... LIKE YOURS! HEY! YOU'RE DE GUY WOT POTTED ME!
HA! HA! HA! YOU IS FUNNY, KNUCKLES! MAH MAMMY ALWAYS SAY DAT 'CEPTIN FO ME, YOU IS DE DUMBEST BOY SHE KNOWS!
OOH... YOU LITTLE... YOU LITTLE.... HONEST, WHITEWASH, IF YOU WASN'T ME PAL, I'D PIN YER EARS BACK... -IF DEY WASN'T SO BIG!
SAY, WASHY, WHERE'S BUCKY 'N' TORO 'N' DE REST OF DE GANG?
DEY'S ALL LOOKIN' FO' JEFF! NOBODY'S SEEN HIM FO' TWO DAYS RUNNIN'! AH THINKS HIS PAPPY DONE EVEN CALLED DE PO-LEECE TO LOOK FO' JEFF BY NOW!

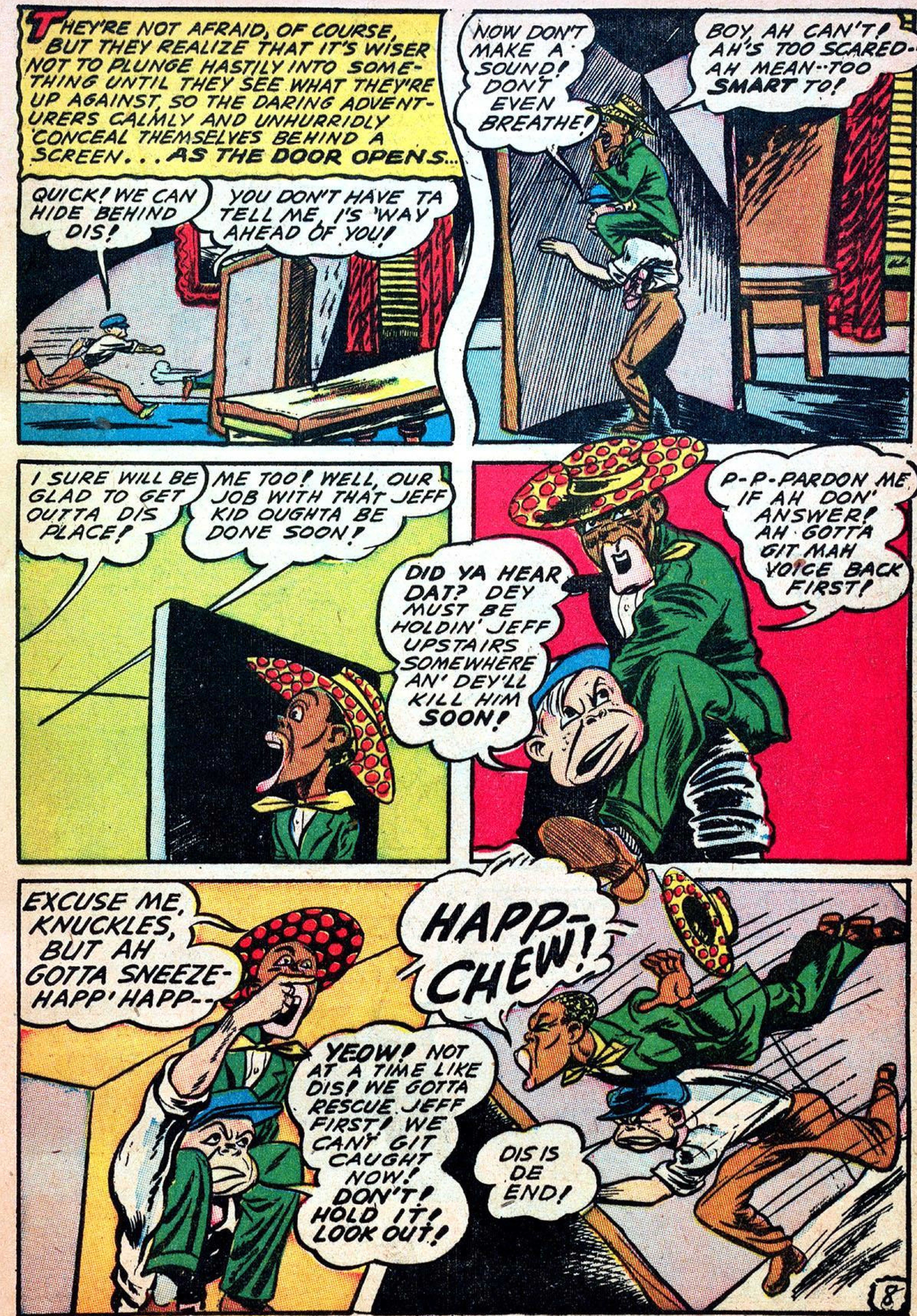

AH'M WORRIED ABOUT JEFF! AH HOPE HE WASN'T KIDNAPPED OR SUMPIN' --AH HOPE!
DONT TALK LIKE DAT! JEFF KIN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF-- I HOPE!
GOSH! IT'S GETTIN DARK AN WE IS GETTIN NEAR TO DE 'OL' HAUNTED HOUSE!
YEAH! TOO BAD JEFF AIN'T WID US! HE ALWAYS WANTED TO EXPLORE DIS OLD HAUNTED HOUSE, REMEMBER?
HOLY SMOKE, WASHY, MAYBE DAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO JEFF! MAYBE HE WENT TO EXPLORE DIS HOUSE LIKE HE ALWAYS WANTED TO -- AND MAYBE SUMPIN'S HAPPENED TO HIM INSIDE!
C'MON, WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE IF JEFF'S IN DERE!
THAT'S FINE! YOU ALL GO SEE 'N THEN COME OUT 'N TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
HEY! WAT'S DE MATTER WITCHA? YA AINT AFRAID OF A LITTLE OL HAUNTED HOUSE, ARE YA?
YEAH!
DERE AINT NUTTIN TO BE AFRAID OF! NOW SHOW ME HOW BRAVE YA ARE! COME ON, YOU LEAD DE WAY!
Y-Y-Y-YEAH! K-KNUCKLES, AH FEEL AWFUL B-BRAVE! S-S-S-SEE?

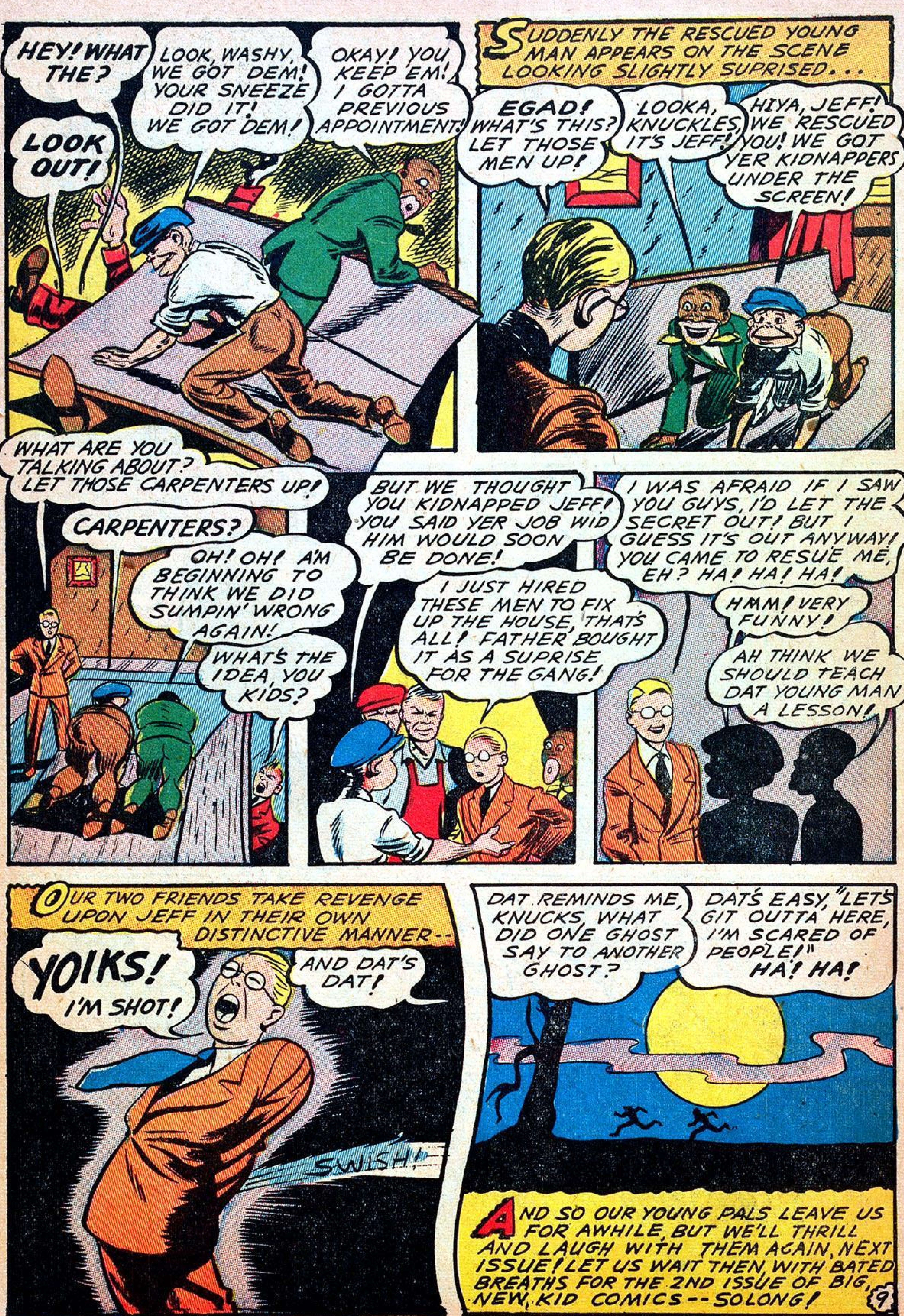

DAT'S IT, WASHY! NOW LET'S GET INSIDE!
IF IT'S ALL DE SAME TO YOU, PAL, AH'D BE WILLIN' TO WAIT OUT HERE SO AH COULD WARN YOU IF ANYBODY COMES ALONG!
AT LAST THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS STAND BRAVE AND UNAFRAID INSIDE THE HAUNTED HOUSE
W-WHEW! WHAT A P-P-PLACE
GOLLY, I WONDER WHAT DIS HOUSE WOULD CHARGE TO HAUNT A HAUNTED HOUSE?
POP!
WH-WHAT WAS DAT EXPLOSION?
LOOK, WASHY, IT WAS ONLY A MOUSE STEPPIN ON A MATCH STICK, THAT'S ALL!
WHEW! WELL, AH D-DIDN'T YELL CAUSE AH WAS SCARED! OH NO, HA HA! AH-AH YELLED 'CAUSE AH WAS WORRIED 'BOUT YOU, DAT'S WHY!
COME ON! WE WONT FIND JEFF BY STANDIN' HERE! LET'S GO INTO DE NEXT ROOM!
Y'KNOW, SUMPIN' KEEPS SAYIN' TO ME, "WASHY, DON' LISTEN TO DAT KNUCKLES!" 'N LITTLE BY LITTLE AH BEGINS TO REALIZE AH OUGHTA LISTEN TO DAT SUMPIN!


YEOW! SOMPIN' CAUGHT ME! HELP! WASHY, HELP! DON'T HURT ME, MISTER! WONT HURT 'CHA— HONEST! HELP!
I'LL REACH OUT AND.. AH! HERE'S DE LIGHT SWITCH, NOW–..HEY! IT'S ONLY A SUIT OF ARMOR AND... WHITEWASH, WHERE ARE YA? EVERYTHING'S OKAY! IT WAS ONLY A STATUE!
WHAT ARE YA DOIN UP THERE
WHY, AH HEARD YOU HOLLER FOR HELP AND AH THOUGHT MAYBE AH COULD, EH.. KNOCK THIS CHANDLEER ON DE GUY'S HEAD, DAT'S WHAT!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YA, WASHY! HOW CAN ANY ONE GO AROUND WIT ME AN STILL NOT BE BRAVE AND FEARLESS LIKE ME.. NOW COME DOWN FROM DERE!
YASSUH!
POW!
GOLLY, KNUCKLES, AH GUESS YO FORGOT TO GIT OUTTA DE WAY IN TIME, HUH?
GRRR! I'M SO MAD DAT I'D COUNT UP TO TEN IF I KNEW HOW! GIT OFFA ME!
IF SOMEBODY IS KEEPIN' JEFF A PRISONER HE'S PROBABLY DOWN IN DE CELLAR! HERE WE GO!
DE CELLAR! OH LAWDY! PLEASE LET ME HURRY UP AND WAKE UP FROM DIS DREAM! IT MUST BE A DREAM 'CAUSE AH'D NEVER GO IN DE CELLAR OF A HAUNTED HOUSE IF AH WAS AWAKE!

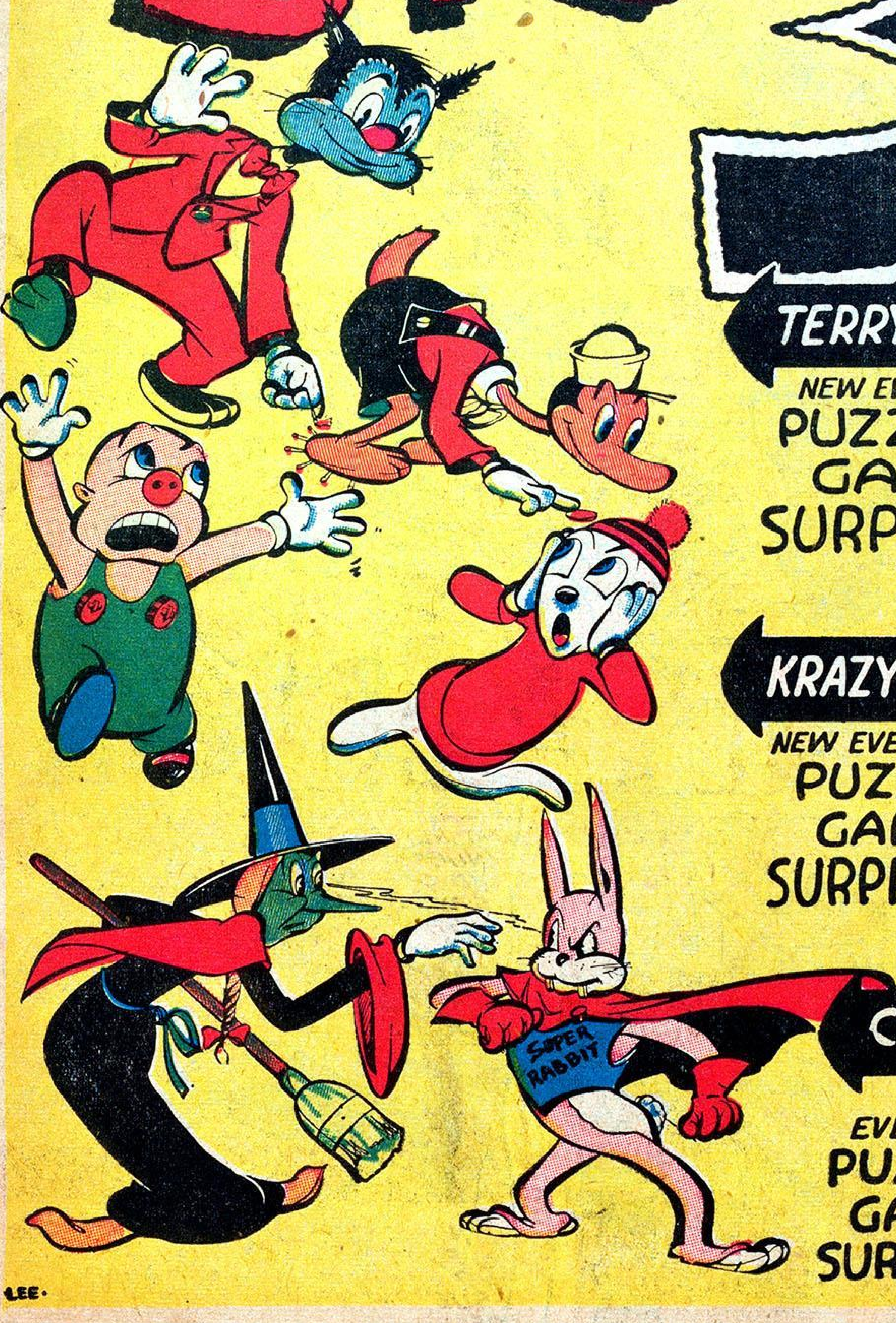

NOW BE CAREFUL, WASHY! WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY NOISE AT ALL, OR DEY MIGHT HEAR US!
IF DEY AIN'T ALREADY HEARD MAH KNEES SHAKIN', DEY MUST BE STONE DEAF! NUTHIN' ELSE WE DO'LL MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!
SHHHHHH! NOT A SOUND!
OOPS! AH MISSED DAT STEP!
LOOK OUT BELOW!
THANKS!
NOW WE GOTTA WATCH OUT! DEY MUSTA HEARD US AN DEY'LL PROBABLY BE ON TOP OF US IN A MINUTE!
DEY WILL? OH, LAWDY! WHY WASN'T AH BORN BRAVE INSTEAD OF GOOD LOOKIN'!


A FEW MINUTES PASS AS OUR INTREPID HEROES AWAIT THE COMING OF THE ENEMY FORCES WITH A RARE DISPLAY OF COURAGE AND FORTITUDE . . .
HEY, WAKE UP, GALAHAD! SNAP OUT OF IT! NO ONE'S COMING! I GUESS DIS HOUSE IS DESERTED AFTER ALL!
!
LEARNING THAT THE HOUSE IS DESSERTED, AND THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR A FIGHT, WHITEWASH FEELS VERY DISAPPOINTED, . . . AS YOU CAN SEE!
YOU-YOU MEAN DERE'S NO DANGER? OH, DAT'S TOO BAD! AH'M VERY SAD ABOUT DE WHOLE THING-- YASSUH! VERY SAD, INDEED!
YASSUH! AH'M SHO' SORRY NO GHOSTS OR SUMPIN' STARTED UP WITH US! AH'S IN DE MOOD FO'A GOOD FIGHT!
BUT AS THEY HEAD FOR THE OUTSIDE DOOR, IT SLAMS SHUT!
OH, WELL! WE MIGHT AS WELL SCRAM! JEFF DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HERE!
YEAH! TOO BAD WE MISS SOME FUN-BUT---
GULP!
HEY! WOT'S DAT?
DID YOU SEE DAT?
SLAM!
I CAN'T OPEN IT! IT MUSTA BEEN DE WIND DAT SLAMMED IT SHUT! THERE-- THERE AINT NO SUCH T'INGS A GHOSTS--- IS DERE?
G-G-G-GHOSTS??? OH, LAWDY, AH WAS ONLY KIDDIN' 'BOUT WANTIN' TROUBLE! WHAT'SSA MATTER, CAIN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE?
WASHY, LISTEN, FOOTSTEPS!
WHOEVER IT IS, KNUCKLES, REMEMBER YO MANNERS -- YOU INTRODUCE YO'SELF TO HIM FIRST!


THEY'RE NOT AFRAID, OF COURSE, BUT THEY REALIZE THAT IT'S WISER NOT TO PLUNGE HASTILY INTO SOMETHING UNTIL THEY SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST, SO THE DARING ADVENTURERS CALMLY AND UNHURRIDLY CONCEAL THEMSELVES BEHIND A SCREEN. . . AS THE DOOR OPENS. . .
QUICK! WE CAN HIDE BEHIND DIS!
YOU DON'T HAVE TA TELL ME, I'S 'WAY AHEAD OF YOU!
NOW DON'T MAKE A SOUND! DON'T EVEN BREATHE!
BOY, AH CAN'T! AH'S TOO SCARED-- AH MEAN--TOO SMART TO!
I SURE WILL BE GLAD TO GET OUTTA DIS PLACE!
ME TOO! WELL, OUR JOB WITH THAT JEFF KID OUGHTA BE DONE SOON!
DID YA HEAR DAT? DEY MUST BE HOLDIN' JEFF UPSTAIRS SOMEWHERE AN' DEY'LL KILL HIM SOON!
P-P-PARDON ME IF AH DON' ANSWER! AH GOTTA GIT MAH VOICE BACK FIRST!
EXCUSE ME, KNUCKLES, BUT AH GOTTA SNEEZE- HAPP' HAPP--
YEOW! NOT AT A TIME LIKE DIS! WE GOTTA RESCUE JEFF FIRST! WE CAN'T GIT CAUGHT NOW! DON'T! HOLD IT! LOOK OUT!
HAPP-CHEW!
DIS IS DE END!


HEY! WHAT THE?
LOOK OUT!
LOOK, WASHY, WE GOT DEM! YOUR SNEEZE DID IT! WE GOT DEM!
OKAY! YOU KEEP 'EM! I GOTTA PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT!
SUDDENLY THE RESCUED YOUNG MAN APPEARS ON THE SCENE LOOKING SLIGHTLY SUPRISED...
EGAD! WHAT'S THIS? LET THOSE MEN UP!
LOOKA, KNUCKLES, IT'S JEFF!
HIYA, JEFF! WE RESCUED YOU! WE GOT YER KIDNAPPERS UNDER THE SCREEN!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? LET THOSE CARPENTERS UP!
CARPENTERS?
OH! OH! A'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE DID SUMPIN' WRONG AGAIN!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU KIDS?
BUT WE THOUGHT YOU KIDNAPPED JEFF! YOU SAID YER JOB WID HIM WOULD SOON BE DONE!
I JUST HIRED THESE MEN TO FIX UP THE HOUSE, THAT'S ALL! FATHER BOUGHT IT AS A SUPRISE FOR THE GANG!
I WAS AFRAID IF I SAW YOU GUYS, I'D LET THE SECRET OUT! BUT I GUESS IT'S OUT ANYWAY! YOU CAME TO RESUE ME, EH? HA! HA! HA!
HMM! VERY FUNNY!
AH THINK WE SHOULD TEACH DAT YOUNG MAN A LESSON!
OUR TWO FRIENDS TAKE REVENGE UPON JEFF IN THEIR OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER--
YOIKS! I'M SHOT!
AND DAT'S DAT!
SWISH!
DAT REMINDS ME, KNUCKS, WHAT DID ONE GHOST SAY TO ANOTHER GHOST?
DAT'S EASY, "LETS GIT OUTTA HERE, I'M SCARED OF PEOPLE!" HA! HA!
AND SO OUR YOUNG PALS LEAVE US FOR AWHILE, BUT WE'LL THRILL AND LAUGH WITH THEM AGAIN, NEXT ISSUE! LET US WAIT THEN, WITH BATED BREATHS FOR THE 2ND ISSUE OF BIG, NEW, KID COMICS--SOLONG!

The BIG 3



TERRY-TOONS

NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

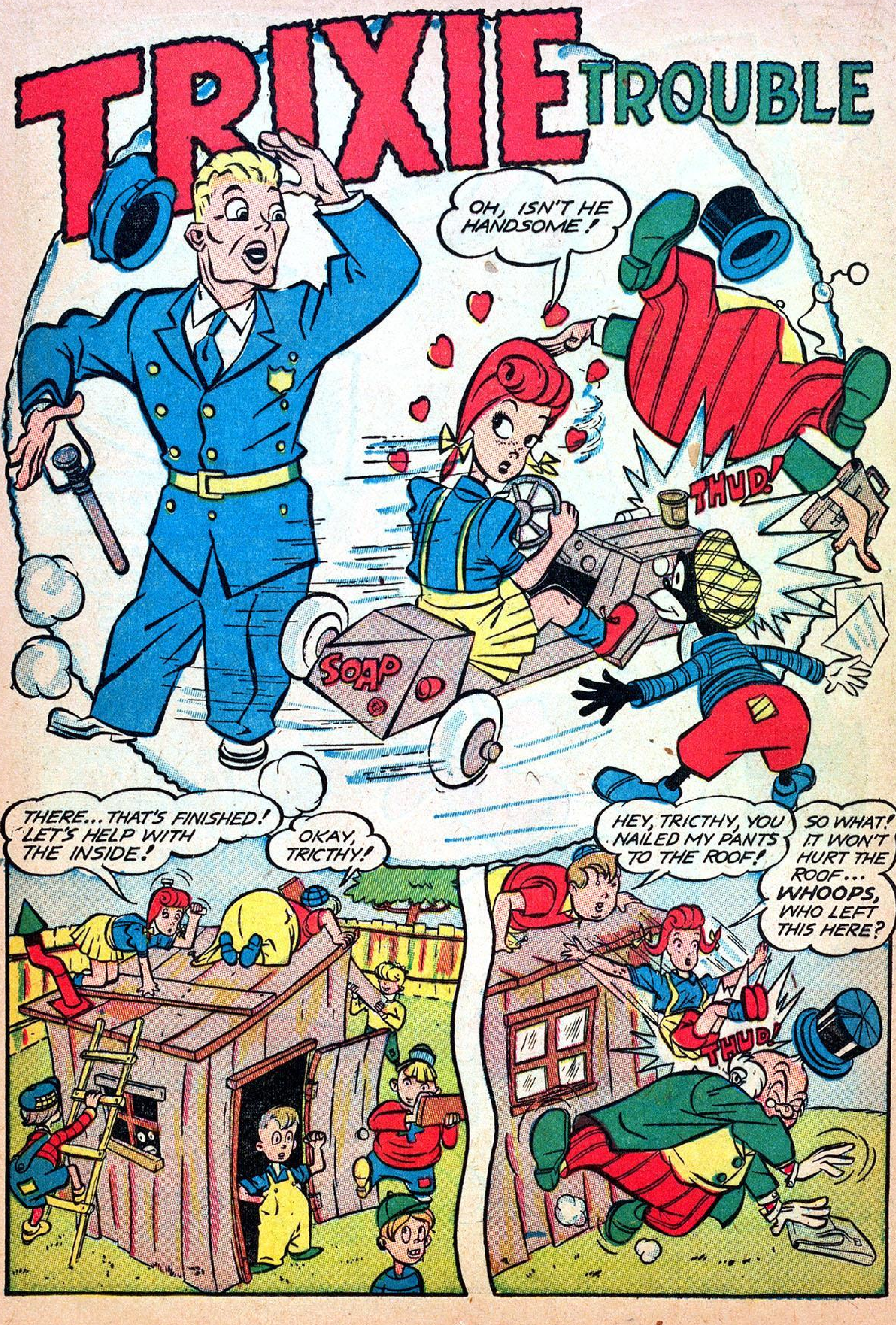
KRAZY KOMICS

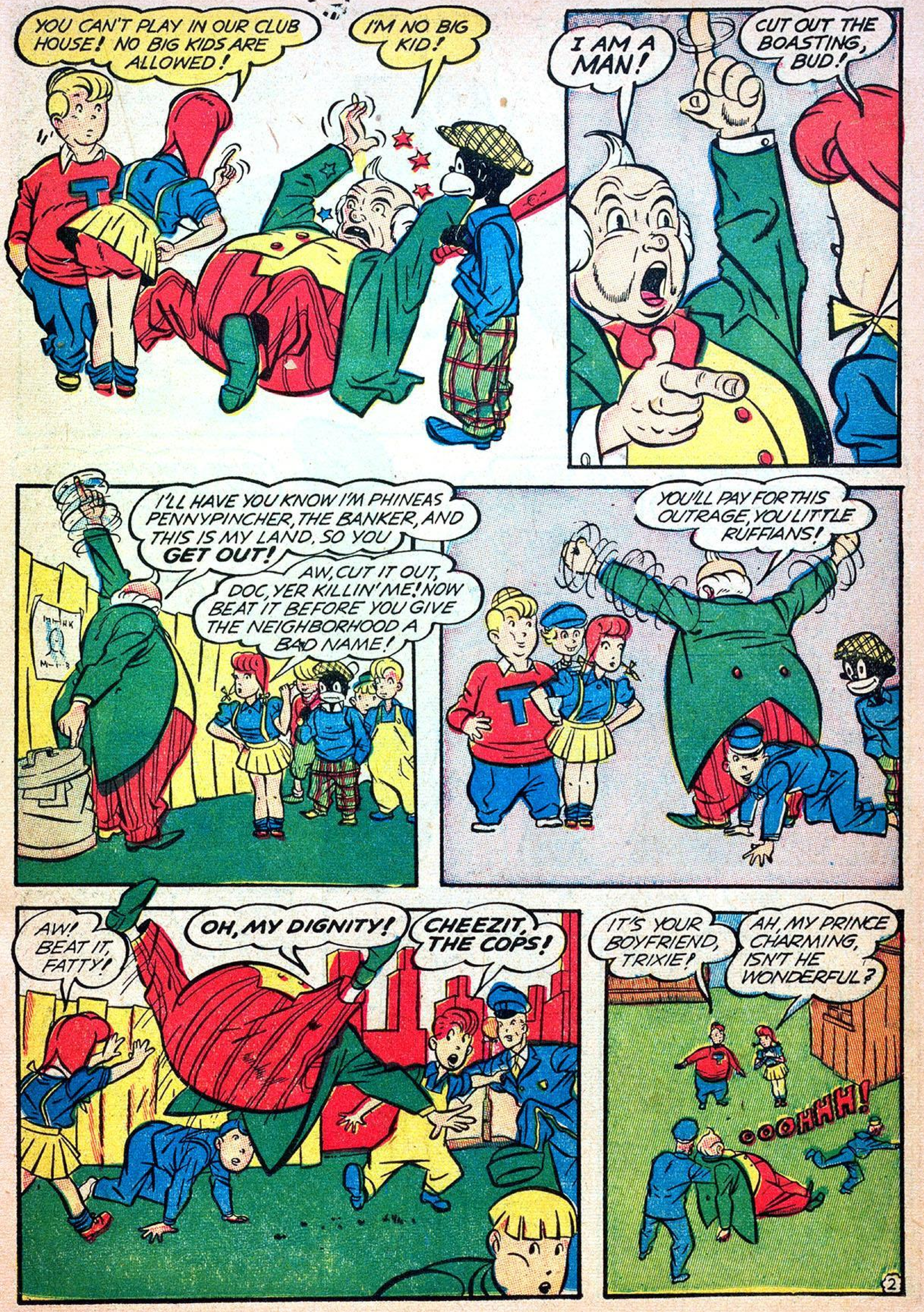
NEW EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

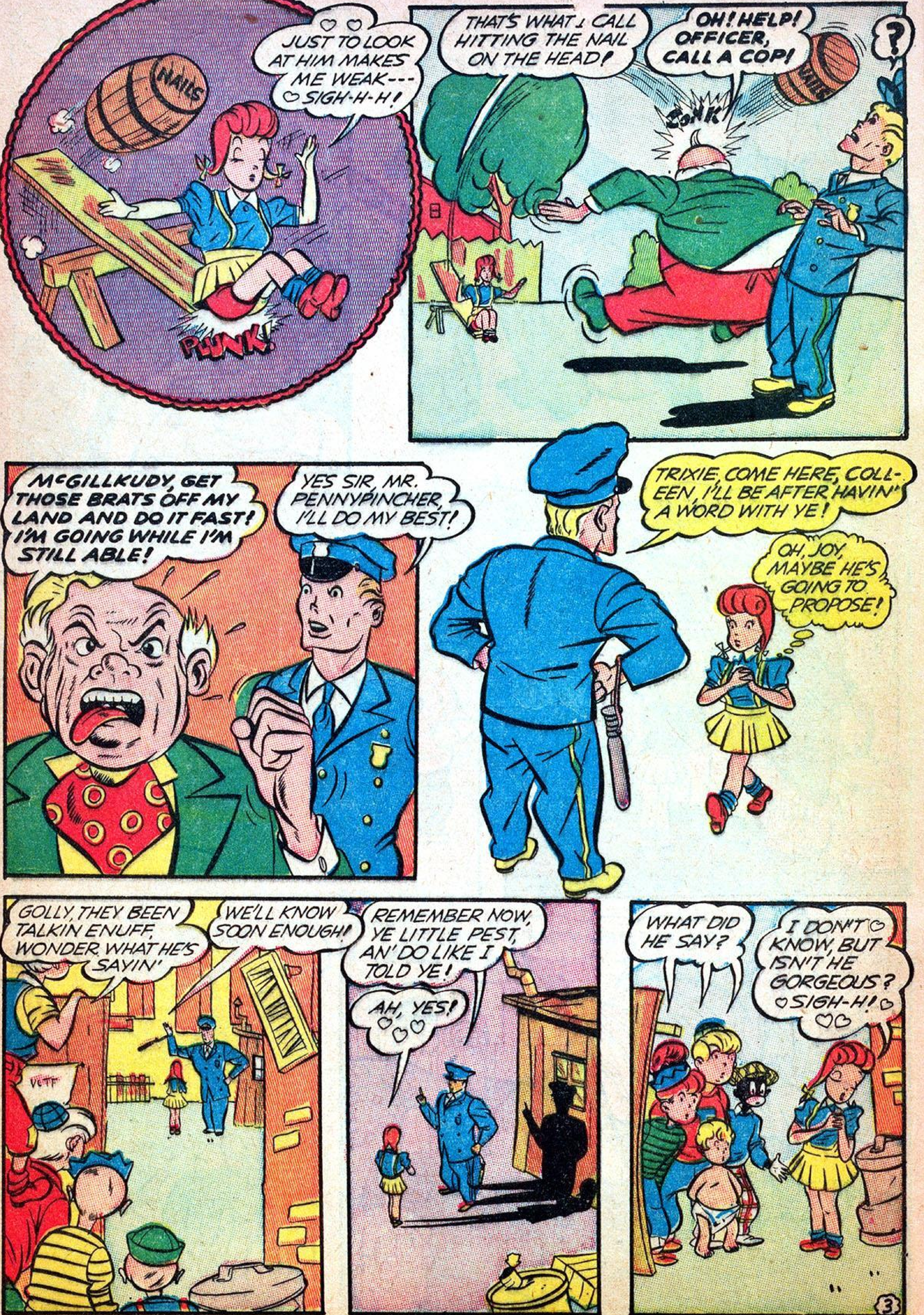
COMEDY

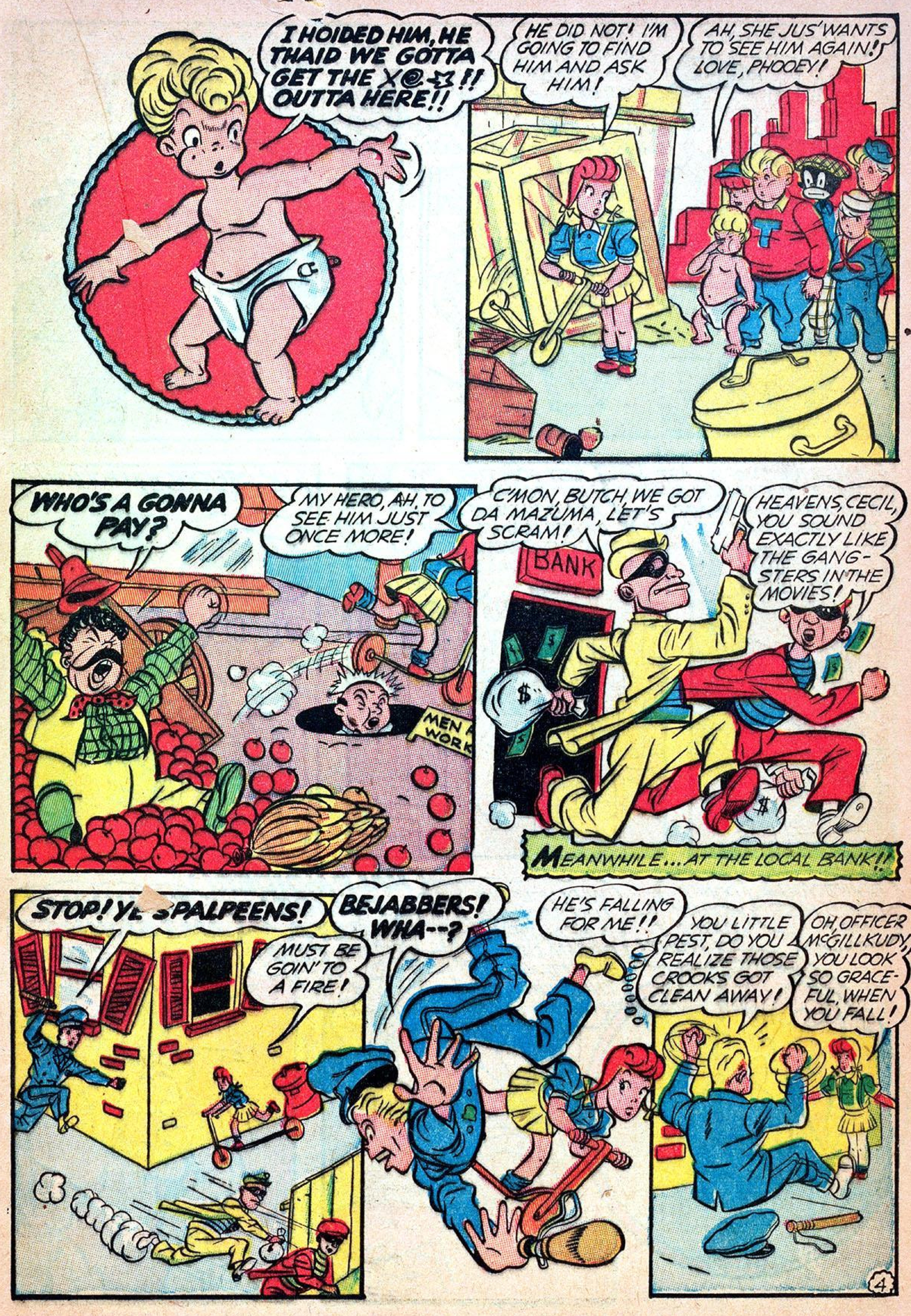
NEW
EVERY MONTH
PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

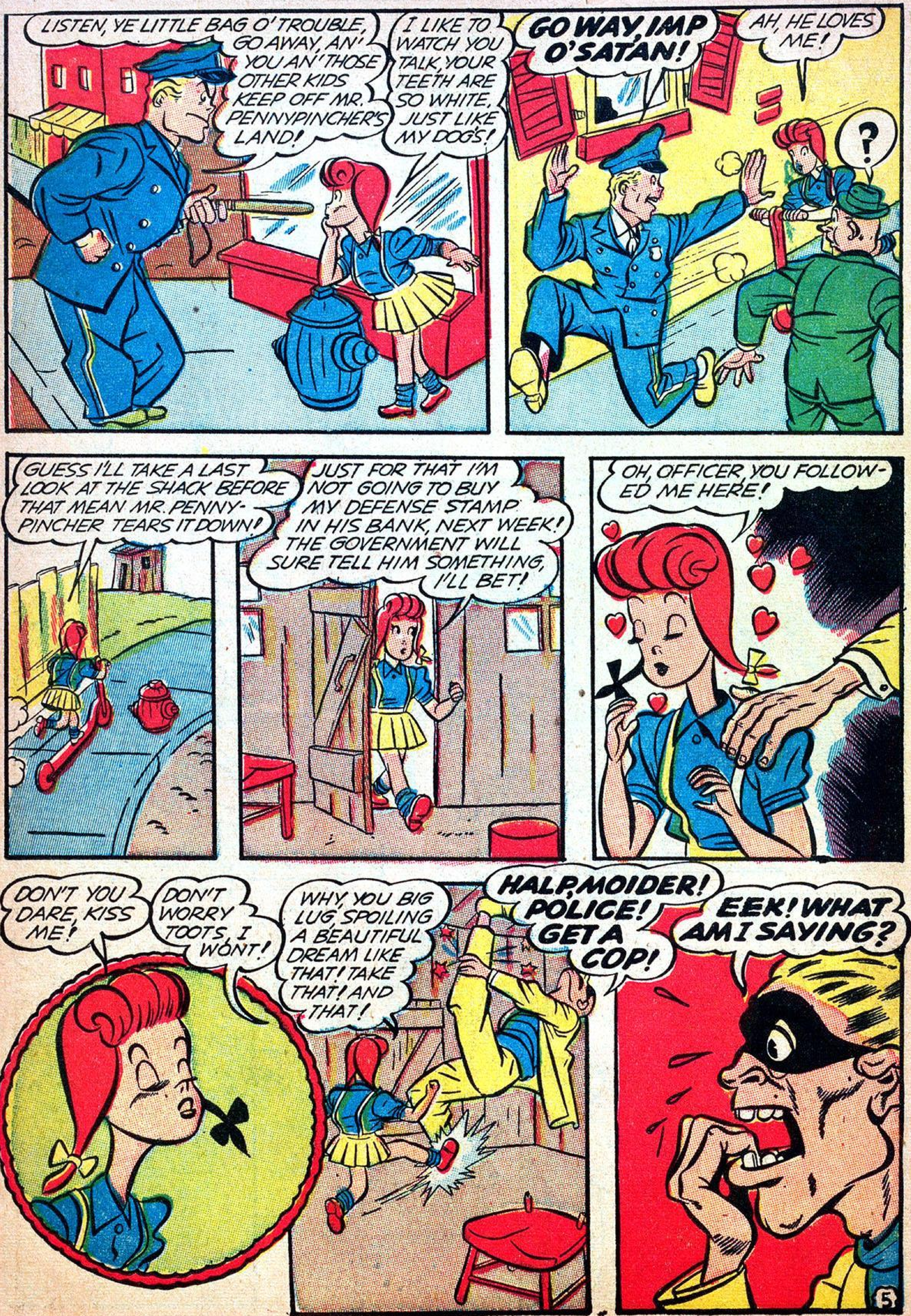
TRIXIE TROUBLE

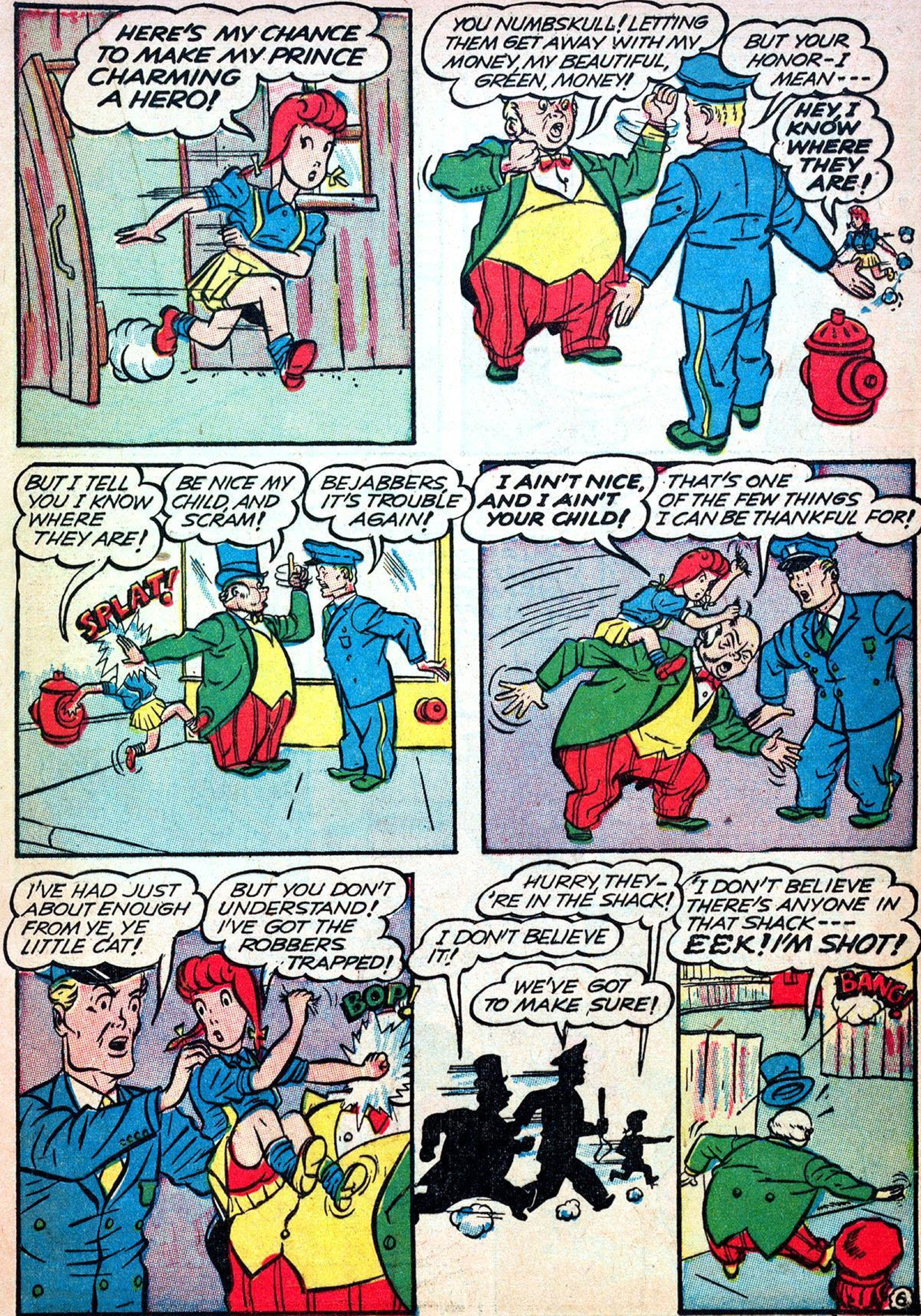

OH, ISN'T HE HANDSOME!
THUD!
SOAP
THERE... THAT'S FINISHED! LET'S HELP WITH THE INSIDE!
OKAY, TRICTHY!
HEY, TRICTHY, YOU NAILED MY PANTS TO THE ROOF!
SO WHAT! IT WON'T HURT THE ROOF... **WHOOPS,** WHO LEFT THIS HERE?
THUD!

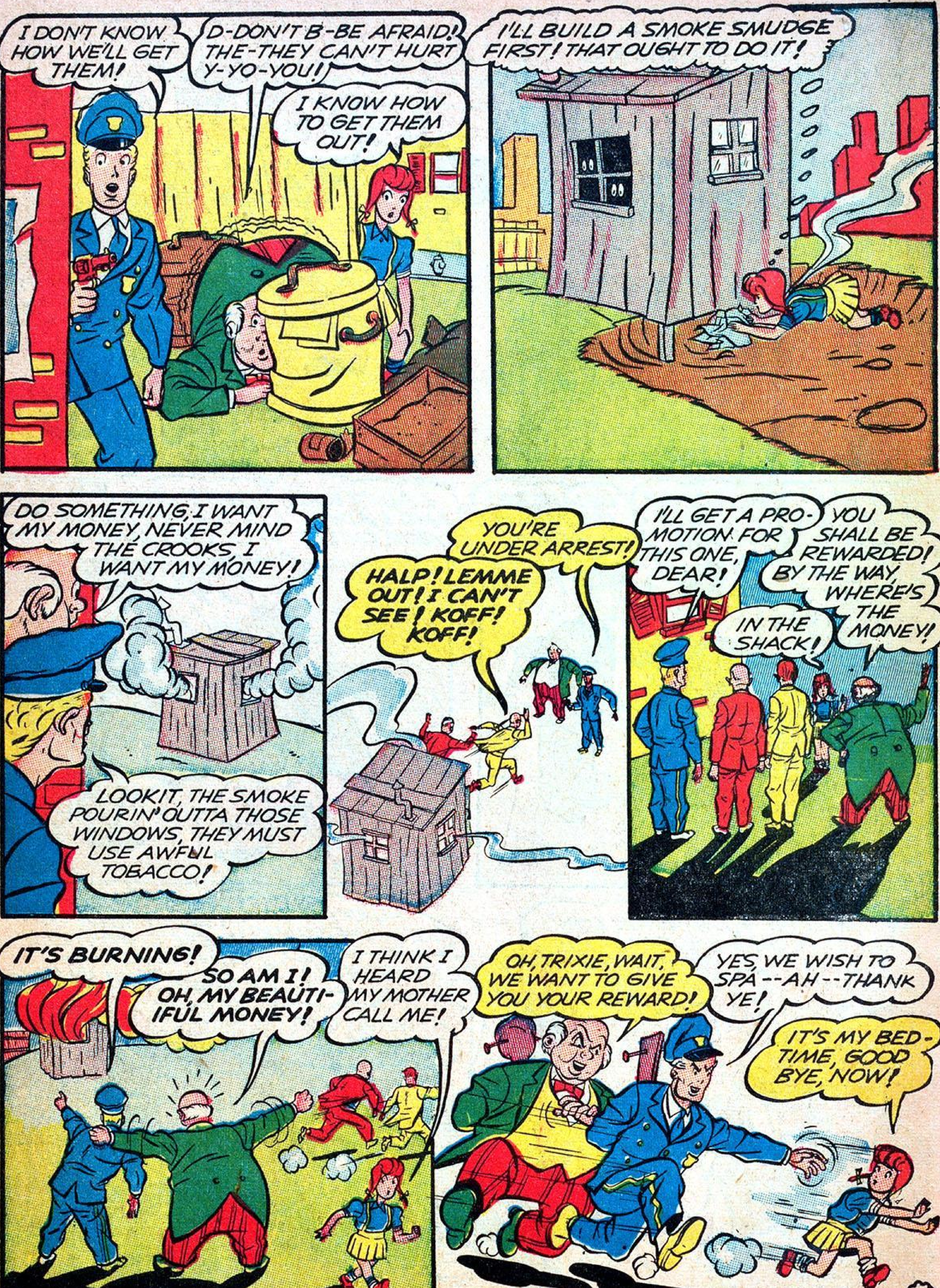

YOU CAN'T PLAY IN OUR CLUB HOUSE! NO BIG KIDS ARE ALLOWED!
I'M NO BIG KID!
I AM A MAN!
CUT OUT THE BOASTING, BUD!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M PHINEAS PENNYPINCHER, THE BANKER, AND THIS IS MY LAND, SO YOU **GET OUT!**
AW, CUT IT OUT, DOC, YER KILLIN' ME! NOW BEAT IT BEFORE YOU GIVE THE NEIGHBORHOOD A BAD NAME!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS OUTRAGE, YOU LITTLE RUFFIANS!
AW! BEAT IT, FATTY!
OH, MY DIGNITY!
CHEEZIT, THE COPS!
IT'S YOUR BOYFRIEND, TRIXIE!
AH, MY PRINCE CHARMING, ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
OOOHHHH!
2


JUST TO LOOK AT HIM MAKES ME WEAK--- SIGH-H-H!
NAILS
PLUNK!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD!
OH! HELP! OFFICER, CALL A COP!
?
BONK!
McGILLKUDY, GET THOSE BRATS OFF MY LAND AND DO IT FAST! I'M GOING WHILE I'M STILL ABLE!
YES SIR, MR. PENNYPINCHER, I'LL DO MY BEST!
TRIXIE, COME HERE, COLLEEN, I'LL BE AFTER HAVIN' A WORD WITH YE!
OH, JOY, MAYBE HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE!
GOLLY, THEY BEEN TALKIN ENUFF. WONDER WHAT HE'S SAYIN'
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!
REMEMBER NOW, YE LITTLE PEST, AN' DO LIKE I TOLD YE!
AH, YES!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT ISN'T HE GORGEOUS? SIGH-H!


I HOIDED HIM, HE THAID WE GOTTA GET THE X@✲!! OUTTA HERE!!
HE DID NOT! I'M GOING TO FIND HIM AND ASK HIM!
AH, SHE JUS' WANTS TO SEE HIM AGAIN! LOVE, PHOOEY!
WHO'S A GONNA PAY?
MY HERO, AH, TO SEE HIM JUST ONCE MORE!
MEN A WORK
MEANWHILE... AT THE LOCAL BANK!!
BANK
C'MON, BUTCH, WE GOT DA MAZUMA, LET'S SCRAM!
HEAVENS, CECIL, YOU SOUND EXACTLY LIKE THE GANGSTERS IN THE MOVIES!
STOP! YE SPALPEENS!
MUST BE GOIN' TO A FIRE!
BEJABBERS! WHA--?
HE'S FALLING FOR ME!!
YOU LITTLE PEST, DO YOU REALIZE THOSE CROOKS GOT CLEAN AWAY!
OH, OFFICER McGILLKUDY, YOU LOOK SO GRACEFUL, WHEN YOU FALL!


LISTEN, YE LITTLE BAG O' TROUBLE, GO AWAY, AN' YOU AN' THOSE OTHER KIDS KEEP OFF MR. PENNYPINCHER'S LAND!
I LIKE TO WATCH YOU TALK, YOUR TEETH ARE SO WHITE, JUST LIKE MY DOG'S!
GO WAY, IMP O' SATAN!
AH, HE LOVES ME!
?
GUESS I'LL TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THE SHACK BEFORE THAT MEAN MR. PENNYPINCHER TEARS IT DOWN!
JUST FOR THAT I'M NOT GOING TO BUY MY DEFENSE STAMP IN HIS BANK, NEXT WEEK! THE GOVERNMENT WILL SURE TELL HIM SOMETHING, I'LL BET!
OH, OFFICER, YOU FOLLOWED ME HERE!
DON'T YOU DARE, KISS ME!
DON'T WORRY TOOTS, I WON'T!
WHY, YOU BIG LUG, SPOILING A BEAUTIFUL DREAM LIKE THAT! TAKE THAT! AND THAT!
HALP, MOIDER! POLICE! GET A COP!
EEK! WHAT AM I SAYING?


HERE'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE MY PRINCE CHARMING A HERO!
YOU NUMBSKULL! LETTING THEM GET AWAY WITH MY MONEY, MY BEAUTIFUL, GREEN, MONEY!
BUT YOUR HONOR-I MEAN---
HEY, I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!
BUT I TELL YOU I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!
BE NICE MY CHILD, AND SCRAM!
BEJABBERS, IT'S TROUBLE AGAIN!
SPLAT!
I AIN'T NICE, AND I AIN'T YOUR CHILD!
THAT'S ONE OF THE FEW THINGS I CAN BE THANKFUL FOR!
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH FROM YE, YE LITTLE CAT!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE GOT THE ROBBERS TRAPPED!
BOP!
HURRY, THEY-'RE IN THE SHACK!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE!
I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANYONE IN THAT SHACK--- EEK! I'M SHOT!
BANG!


I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL GET THEM!
D-DON'T B-BE AFRAID! THE-THEY CAN'T HURT Y-YO-YOU!
I KNOW HOW TO GET THEM OUT!
I'LL BUILD A SMOKE SMUDGE FIRST! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!
DO SOMETHING, I WANT MY MONEY, NEVER MIND THE CROOKS, I WANT MY MONEY!
LOOKIT, THE SMOKE POURIN' OUTTA THOSE WINDOWS, THEY MUST USE AWFUL TOBACCO!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
HALP! LEMME OUT! I CAN'T SEE! KOFF! KOFF!
I'LL GET A PROMOTION FOR THIS ONE, DEAR!
YOU SHALL BE REWARDED! BY THE WAY, WHERE'S THE MONEY!
IN THE SHACK!
IT'S BURNING!
SO AM I! OH, MY BEAUTIFUL MONEY!
I THINK I HEARD MY MOTHER CALL ME!
OH, TRIXIE, WAIT, WE WANT TO GIVE YOU YOUR REWARD!
YES, WE WISH TO SPA--AH--THANK YE!
IT'S MY BEDTIME, GOOD BYE, NOW!

MORE OF TRIXIE'S TROUBLES NEXT MONTH

TRIPLE THREAT

WILBUR WHITHERBACK was a bugologist of some small local fame. His process for machine-gunning Japanese Beetles with popped corn direct from the corn ears with a special ultra-violet spray he invented helped to make the name Whitherback known. The spray super-heated the sun's rays . . . making the corn pop. The process almost became nationally accepted until the farmers found it was unsafe to wander into the fields after an application of the spray. The effect was not unlike buck-shot. And what with the scrap drive, not too many farmers held onto their bullet-proof vests; those that had them to begin with, that is. Besides, it wasn't in the vests that the kernels hurt most anyway.

Well, Wilbur had just gotten used to the peace and quiet of his little biology laboratory next door to the machine shop of the Fairway Aircraft plant once again, when he suddenly hit on another world beater!

"Peachy protoplasm!" Wilbur wailed. "I've hit it! Eureka . . . (whatever that means) . . . this idea will be a boon to our parachute troops!"

With that Wilbur whisked his work into a weighty wastebasket and whipped it over his weather-beaten shoulder blades. He flipped his floppy fedora over his fuzzy bean and flashed next door to see the foreman of the Fairway factory.

Grabbing the guy by the cuff of his coveralls, Wilbur wasted no time telling his tale. The foreman gasped, gulped, and groaned!

"Not so loud, lout!" The man shushed. "There are spies everywhere! We've taken so many monkey wrenches out of our machinery in the past week we're seriously thinking of opening a monkey wrench plant next door!"

"Sorry, pal," Wilbur winced, glancing furtively from side to side, then up, then down. "We'd better retire to your official office to discuss this new secret weapon!"

"Start speakin', Specs! Spill the secret . . . I can only spend a second!" The foreman had reference to Wilbur's glasses, a story in themselves. He had already donated the metal rims to the scrap drive, and now had them securely taped into place with wide strips of adhesive tape.

"Check, chum!" Whitherback grinned, and glued his gums to the foreman's ear! In tones so low the foreman had to tune up his mechanical ear, Wilbur told of his theory. As our hero hushed on with his historic herald, the foreman's eyes lit up like two fireflies in a forest fire.

"Great, genius! . . . we could use a remedy like that, but how is it done?"

Wilbur continued, this time getting down to plastic tacks (no more brass for the duration, y'know). But as the bugologist ranted, the foreman panted . . . finally breaking out into a loud scream! "NOOOOOOoooooooo!"

Willie's eardrums broke into a conga rhythm while the wail lasted. "Cut it, cousin! — or the men in the plant will hear you above the pounding of the presses!"

But it was too late. They had heard . . . and were already leaving for their mid-day snack. They thought it was the noon whistle!

But back to our bugologist and his brow-beating boy friend. The foreman threw a glance at Wilbur that singed the part in his toupee. Wilbur protested, but the head man insisted. "No! No! A hundred times no (we have to cut down on everything, these days)! The idea is inane, insane, ridiculous and pediculous! (means foul) Now! Take your traps and make tracks, tramp!"

A moment later and Wilbur found himself flying out the front hangar of the Fairway Aircraft plant! To the inmates this didn't mean much . . . they had seen other salesmen leave the same way but, to a certain group of men perched on a nearby hill, continuuously scanning the scene with a spy-glass (sure, all spies use spy-glasses) . . . it attracted wide attention!

"Ach! Dese Americans! Now dey haff pervected a mazhine dot fliez a man midout a plane under him! Loook, Hans!" Hans heaped his hands around the spy-glass and spied at Wilbur . . . just about to make a one point landing a few hundred feet away from their hide-out.

"Ach! Ya, Adolph! Und iff ve can shteal dot box he carries...ve can return to der Fadderland und get der greatest reward der Feuhrer hass to offer!—Permission to ged oud uff Chermany und get oud our virst Unided Shtates citizenship papers! Oh, happy day!"

In a matter of minutes the Nazis were at the scene . . . and grabbed our hero before he could decide where it hurt most; in his dignity, or in his—

"Shtop vere you are, shwine!" Hans cried, levelling a cannon at our Wilbur. But if the Nazi expected Wilbur to wilt he was woefully wrong, for Whitherback wound up a weighty left hook and whacked the worm on the chin! A terrific battle ensued and the three smacked and snorted. Finally, after discovering that now only two were battling, the Nazis stopped belting each other and dashed after Wilbur, who was crawling over the hill.

They both jumped at once . . . and Wilbur left his bugology for a short digression into studying the stars. He soon became so engrossed in the study that he fell into a sound slumber.

"Now ve haff der secret, Hans! But vot vill ve do aboud it?" Adolph asked.

"Here, let *me* try!" Hans took the box-like waste basket, and taking a running jump . . . left the edge of the hill and spread his arms like a bird! Yes, he soared . . . but only for a few seconds . . . finally stopping with his head two feet deep in the soft clay at the foot of the hill!

"Dunder und blitzkreig!" Hans yelped . . . "It iss broken! Let's take a good look!" With that they carried the container to their shack and dumped the contents on the table.

In it they made an amazing discovery . . . there was a parachute, neatly folded. "Vas ist das!" Adolph lifted one eyebrow (lifting one at a time is very relaxing). "Ya, I know . . . it must be zome kind of special chute dot fliez you vere ever you vant to go!"

"Ya . . . ve must test it . . . come!" The spies took the chute and dashed toward the Fairway field. It was a brazen move but a lot was at stake. Think of it . . . for this they might become American citizens!

At the field they found a plane to one side, an old job . . . and climbed in. A few minutes later the plane took off . . . the pilot having been assigned to do some stunts over the field with a cargo of milk containers. His job was to see that the cream was distributed throughout the milk. A racket, we guess . . . sort of a shakedown on the shake-up.

Well, high over the field, Hans nudged Adolph . . . "Okay, friend . . . you strap the chute on und take off!" But Adolph had other ideas.

"Nein, friend! The honor should be *yours* . . . after all, *you* discovered it! Go ahead, friend!"

They stood there in the open door of the plane for a few minutes arguing back and forth . . . until the pilot made up their minds for them. For, at the first crazy loop . . . they hurtled out! Both clinging to the strands of the still packaged chute, they were fumbling for the rip cord—WHEN THEY *SAW* IT!

"Aggghhhh! Ach! Ach! Achh!" Hans dropped free . . . finding he couldn't fly anymore than Adolph . . . who let go a moment later when he, too, saw *it!*

* * *

That afternoon, after the mayor and his associates had settled themselves in the hastily built grandstand on the field at Fairway, the president of the plant, with his foreman (we've already met him, remember?), crossed in front to shake Wilbur Whitherback's outstretched hand.

"We're proud of you, sir," the president of the plant purred," for conspicuously assisting in the extermination of the Axis espionage agents!"

"Thank you, Mr. President,' Wilbur thanked, not fully understanding the bulk of what the man had just belched.

"Yes," the president frowned, ". . . but tell me, Whitherback, just what did you have in that chute that made them let go?"

Wilbur Whitherback knew his big chance had come. He threw out his chest . . . almost knocking over the president, and proclaimed: "It was a *Spidermeedle!*"

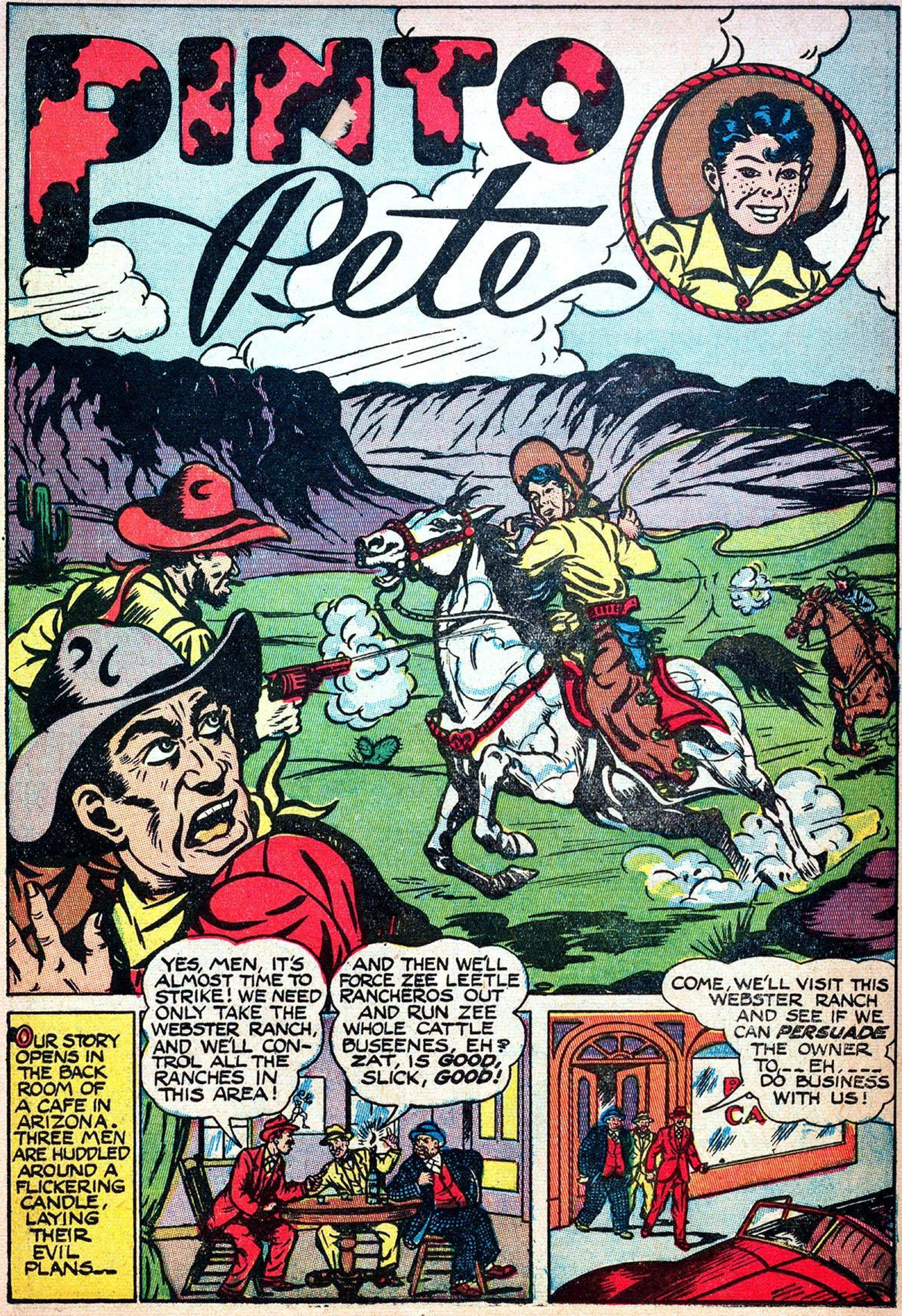
"A SPIDERMEEDLE?" the crowd chorused . . . "WHAT'S A SPIDERMEEDLE?"

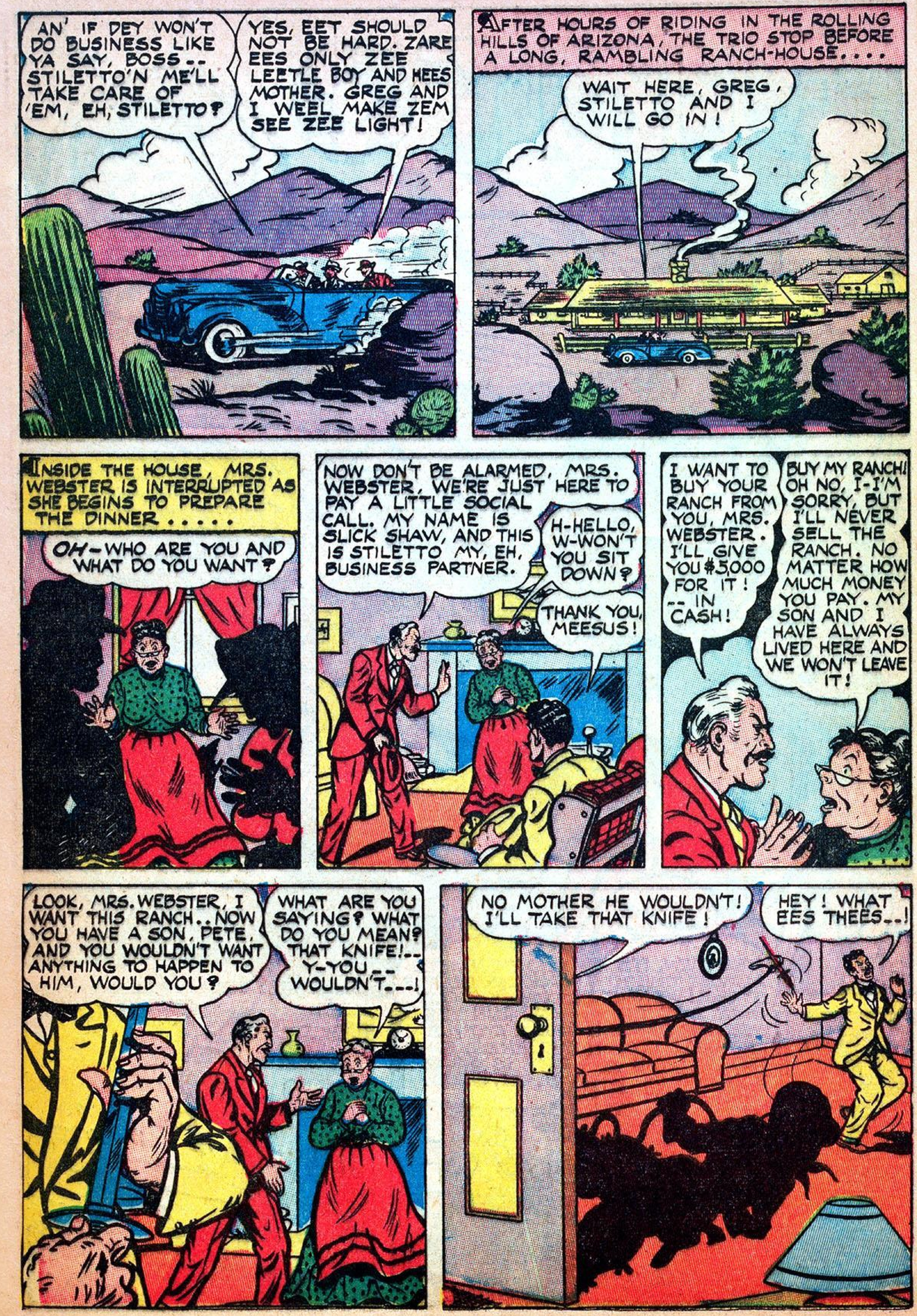
Wilbur reached into his vest pocket and carefully withdrew one of his precocious pets...one of the ugliest things imaginable! "You see," Wilbur started, with his best dramatic tone . . . "I realized what a horrible thing it must be to jump out of a plane . . . pull the rip cork, er, cord, and find the sunlight streaming down on you through a tear in your parachute . . ."

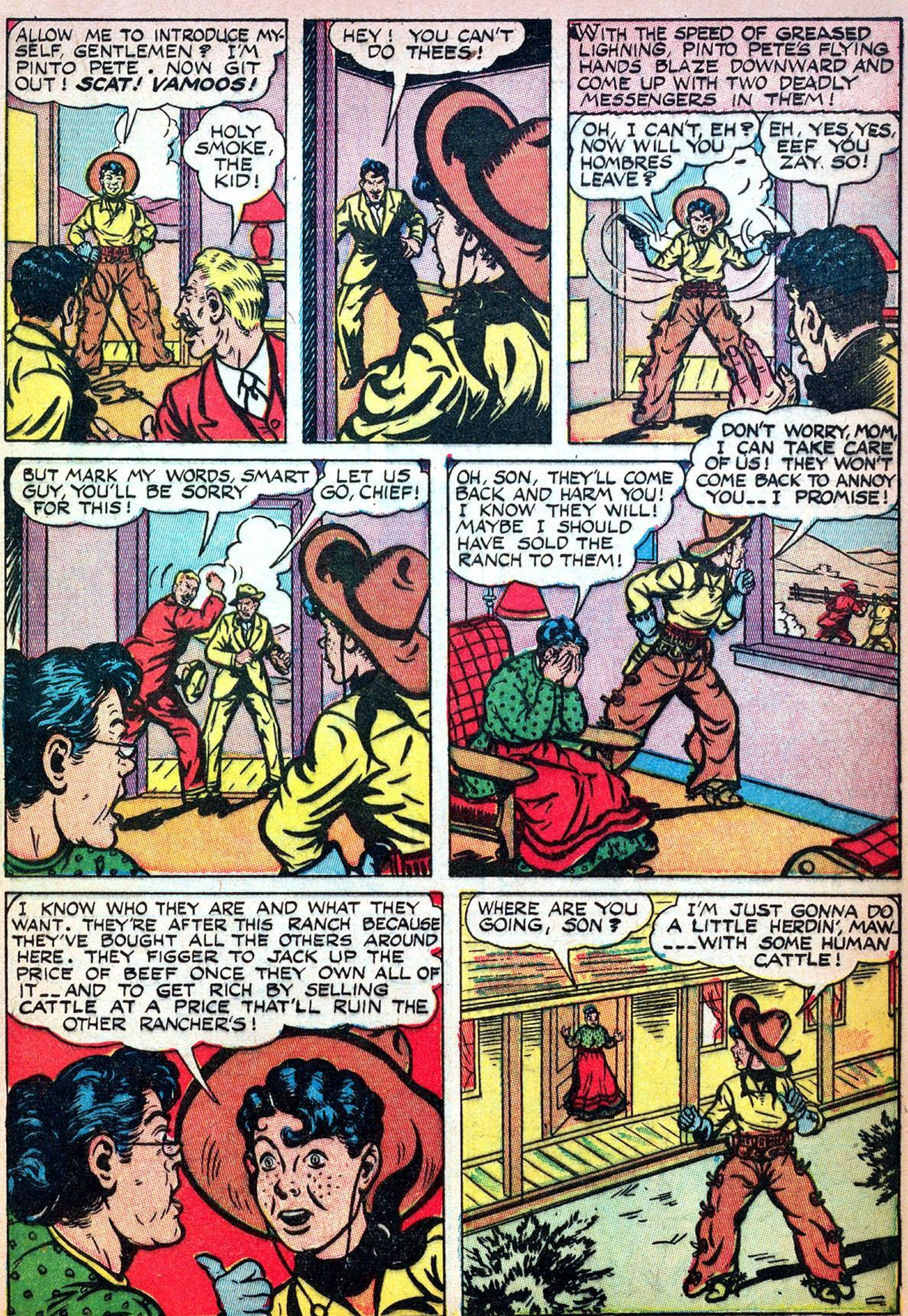
He stopped for a moment to catch the interested expressions on his listeners' faces . . . but saw a queer, hypnotic, almost nauseous look on their peaked pans. However, this didn't daunt our hero, and he continued: "So, I crossed a spider with a silkworm . . . and *that* result with a common darning needle fly, so it could be put in the packs and—" But here there was a loud sluump . . . and the grandstand caved in. His audience had passed out.

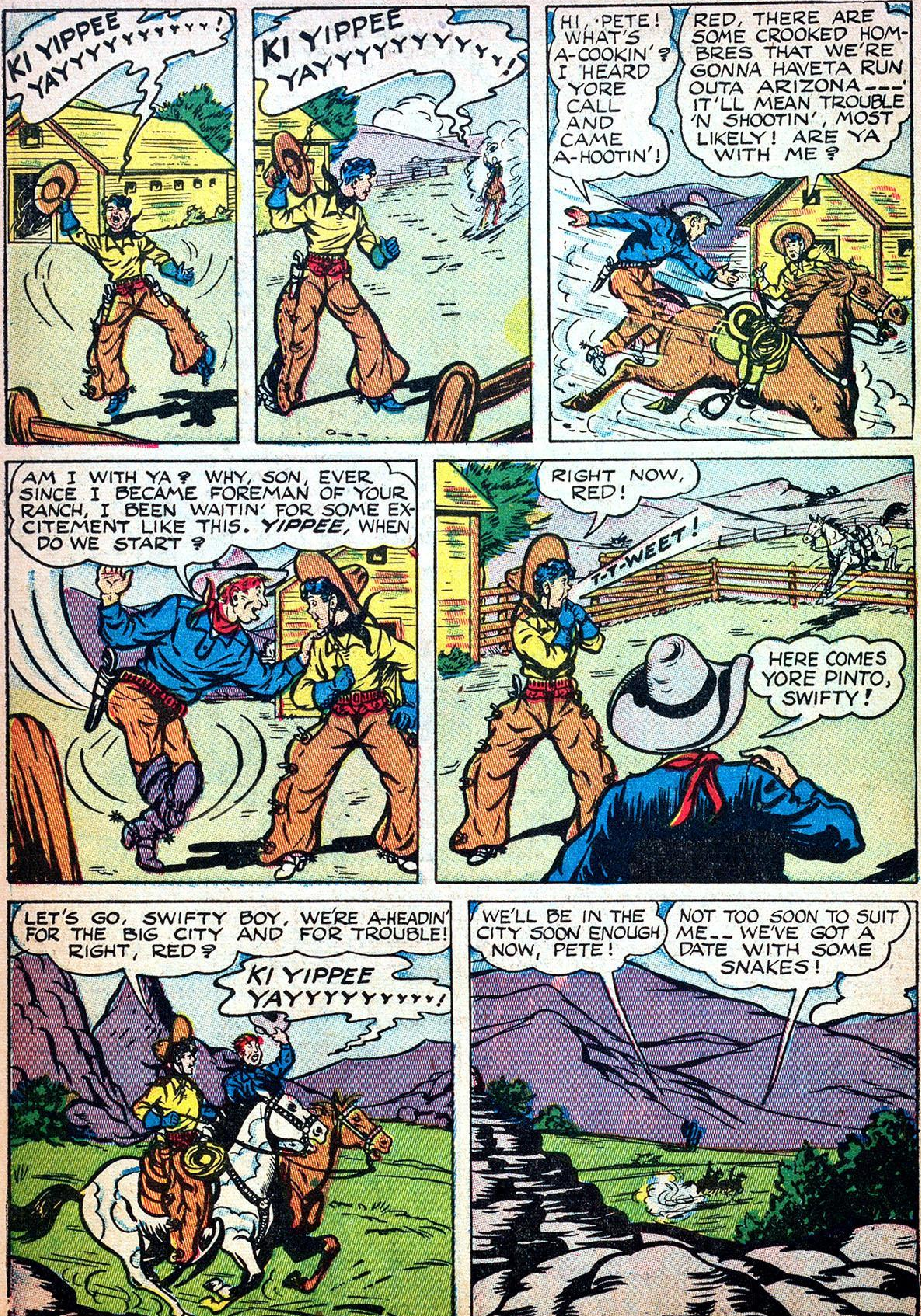
And, you know . . . to this day, Wilbur Whitherback hasn't been able to get an audience to sit through a full explanation of how his Spidermeedle will crawl over a torn parachute and industriously sew it together. But then, that's probably only one of the tragedies of this modern age.

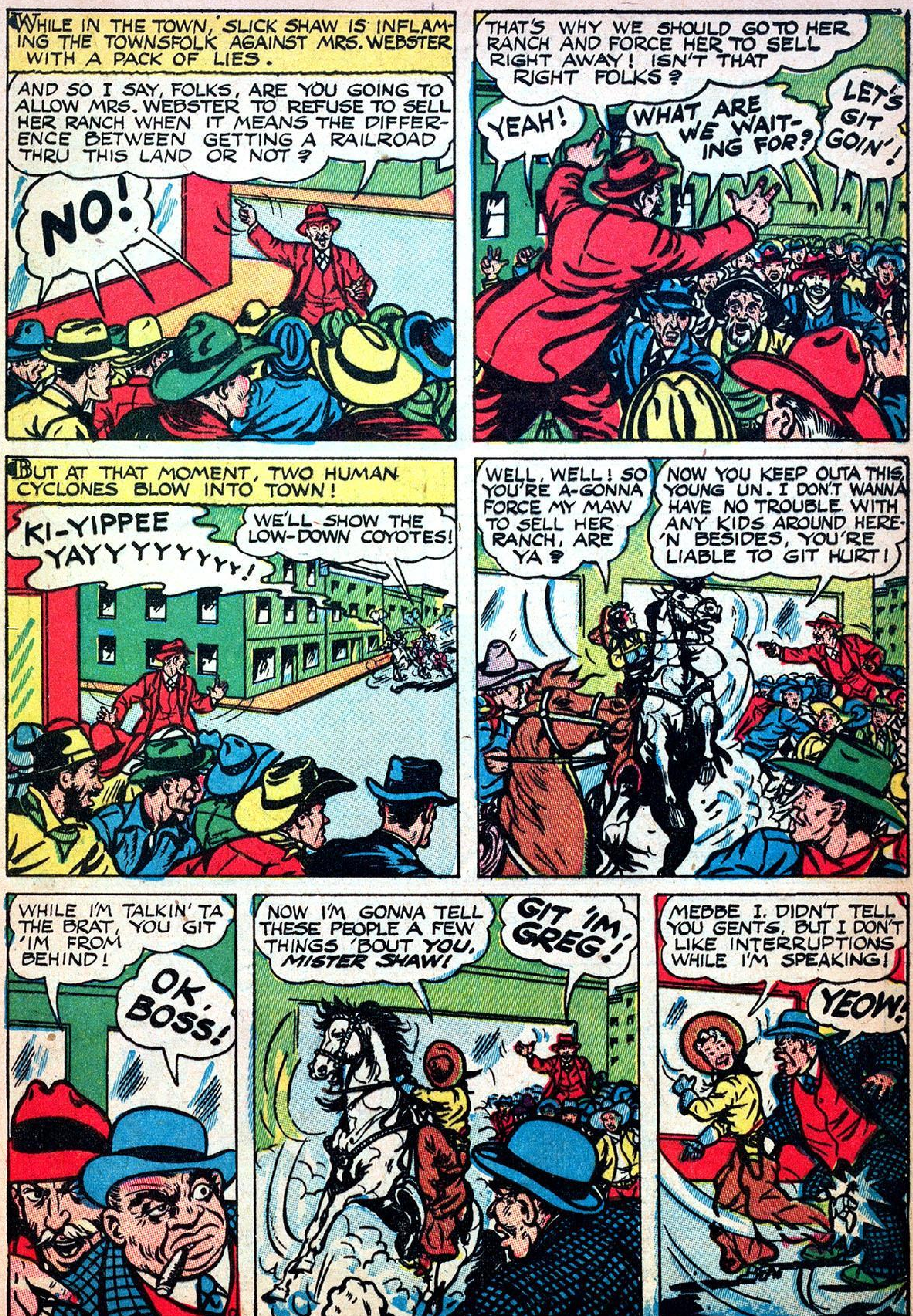
THE END

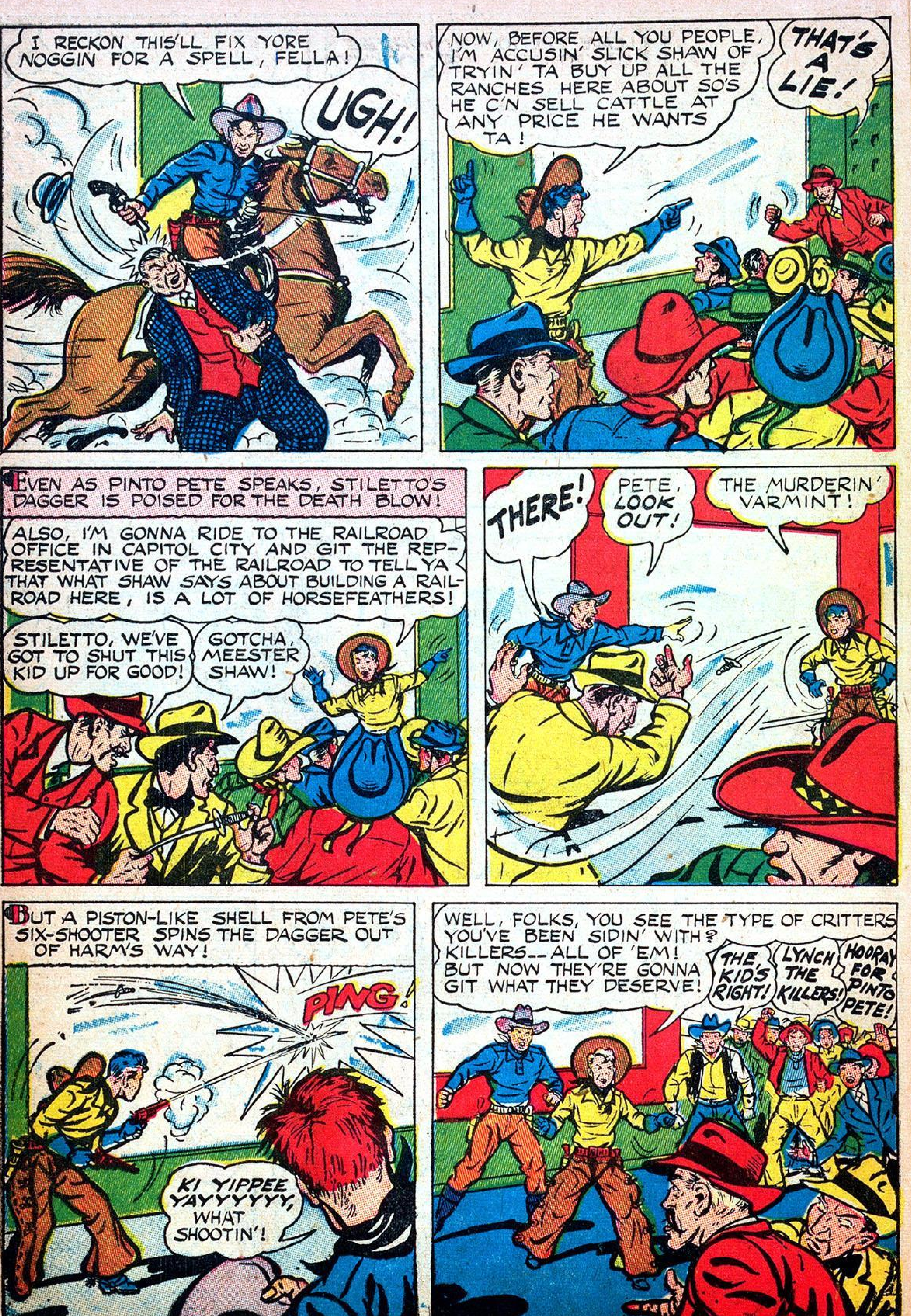

PINTO
Pete
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE BACK ROOM OF A CAFE IN ARIZONA. THREE MEN ARE HUDDLED AROUND A FLICKERING CANDLE, LAYING THEIR EVIL PLANS...
YES, MEN, IT'S ALMOST TIME TO STRIKE! WE NEED ONLY TAKE THE WEBSTER RANCH, AND WE'LL CONTROL ALL THE RANCHES IN THIS AREA!
AND THEN WE'LL FORCE ZEE LEETLE RANCHEROS OUT AND RUN ZEE WHOLE CATTLE BUSEENES, EH? ZAT, IS GOOD, SLICK, GOOD!
COME, WE'LL VISIT THIS WEBSTER RANCH AND SEE IF WE CAN PERSUADE THE OWNER TO,-- EH, --- DO BUSINESS WITH US!
CA

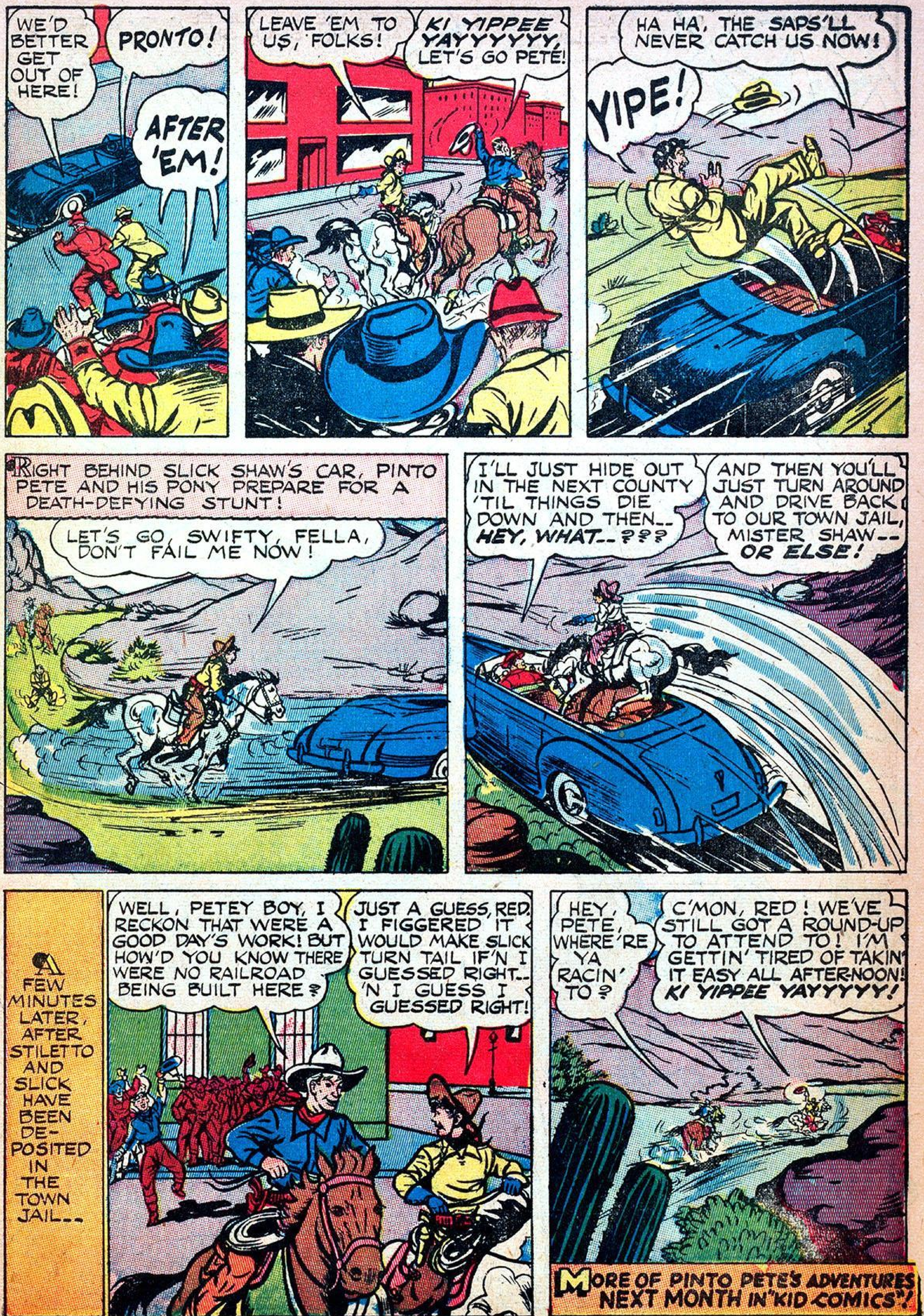

AN' IF DEY WON'T DO BUSINESS LIKE YA SAY, BOSS -- STILETTO'N ME'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM, EH, STILETTO?
YES, EET SHOULD NOT BE HARD. ZARE EES ONLY ZEE LEETLE BOY AND HEES MOTHER. GREG AND I WEEL MAKE ZEM SEE ZEE LIGHT!
AFTER HOURS OF RIDING IN THE ROLLING HILLS OF ARIZONA, THE TRIO STOP BEFORE A LONG, RAMBLING RANCH-HOUSE....
WAIT HERE, GREG, STILETTO AND I WILL GO IN!
INSIDE THE HOUSE, MRS. WEBSTER IS INTERRUPTED AS SHE BEGINS TO PREPARE THE DINNER.....
OH - WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOW DON'T BE ALARMED, MRS. WEBSTER, WE'RE JUST HERE TO PAY A LITTLE SOCIAL CALL. MY NAME IS SLICK SHAW, AND THIS IS STILETTO MY, EH, BUSINESS PARTNER.
H-HELLO, W-WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?
THANK YOU, MEESUS!
I WANT TO BUY YOUR RANCH FROM YOU, MRS. WEBSTER. I'LL GIVE YOU $5,000 FOR IT! -- IN CASH!
BUY MY RANCH! OH NO, I-I'M SORRY, BUT I'LL NEVER SELL THE RANCH. NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY YOU PAY. MY SON AND I HAVE ALWAYS LIVED HERE AND WE WON'T LEAVE IT!
LOOK, MRS. WEBSTER, I WANT THIS RANCH.. NOW YOU HAVE A SON, PETE, AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO HIM, WOULD YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THAT KNIFE!-- Y-YOU -- WOULDN'T---!
NO MOTHER HE WOULDN'T! I'LL TAKE THAT KNIFE!
HEY! WHAT EES THEES--!

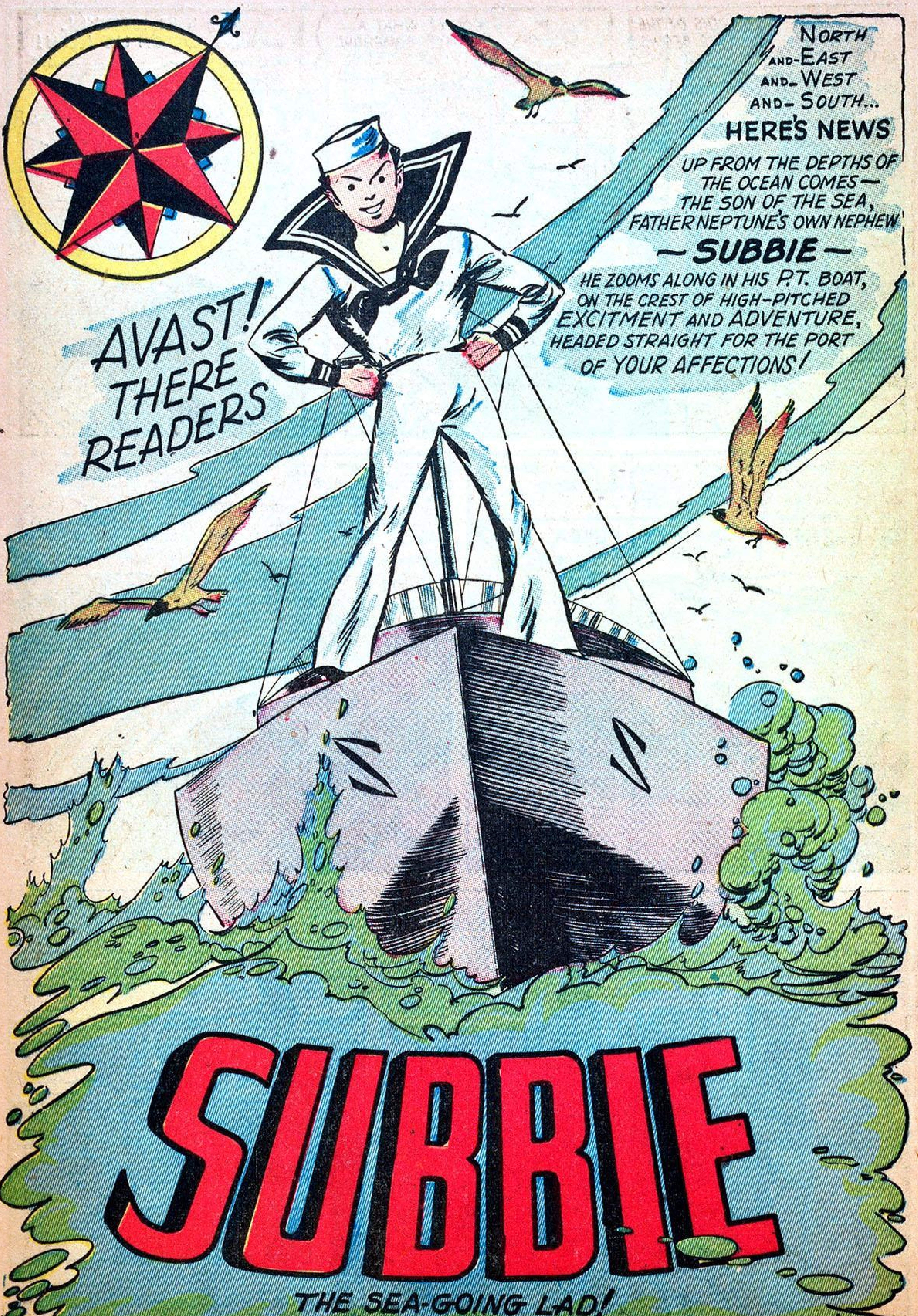

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, GENTLEMEN? I'M PINTO PETE. NOW GIT OUT! SCAT! VAMOOS!
HOLY SMOKE, THE KID!
HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THEES!
WITH THE SPEED OF GREASED LIGHTNING, PINTO PETE'S FLYING HANDS BLAZE DOWNWARD AND COME UP WITH TWO DEADLY MESSENGERS IN THEM!
OH, I CAN'T, EH? NOW WILL YOU HOMBRES LEAVE?
EH, YES, YES, EEF YOU ZAY SO!
BUT MARK MY WORDS, SMART GUY, YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!
LET US GO, CHIEF!
OH, SON, THEY'LL COME BACK AND HARM YOU! I KNOW THEY WILL! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE SOLD THE RANCH TO THEM!
DON'T WORRY, MOM, I CAN TAKE CARE OF US! THEY WON'T COME BACK TO ANNOY YOU -- I PROMISE!
I KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY WANT. THEY'RE AFTER THIS RANCH BECAUSE THEY'VE BOUGHT ALL THE OTHERS AROUND HERE. THEY FIGGER TO JACK UP THE PRICE OF BEEF ONCE THEY OWN ALL OF IT -- AND TO GET RICH BY SELLING CATTLE AT A PRICE THAT'LL RUIN THE OTHER RANCHER'S!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SON?
I'M JUST GONNA DO A LITTLE HERDIN', MAW --- WITH SOME HUMAN CATTLE!

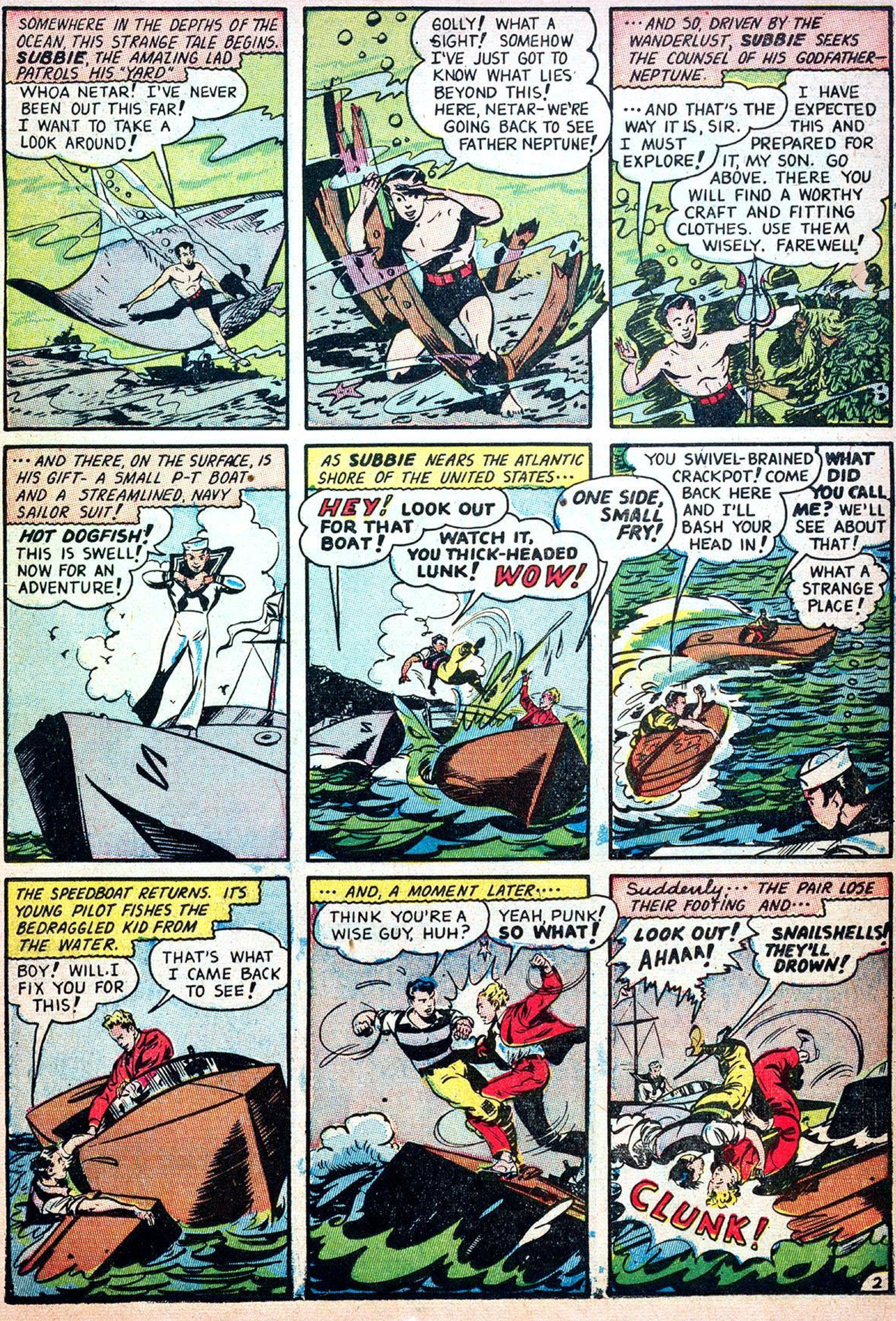

KI YIPPEE YAYYYYYYYYYYY!
KI YIPPEE YAYYYYYYYYYYY!
HI, PETE! WHAT'S A-COOKIN'? I HEARD YORE CALL AND CAME A-HOOTIN'!
RED, THERE ARE SOME CROOKED HOMBRES THAT WE'RE GONNA HAVETA RUN OUTA ARIZONA--- IT'LL MEAN TROUBLE 'N SHOOTIN', MOST LIKELY! ARE YA WITH ME?
AM I WITH YA? WHY, SON, EVER SINCE I BECAME FOREMAN OF YOUR RANCH, I BEEN WAITIN' FOR SOME EXCITEMENT LIKE THIS. *YIPPEE*, WHEN DO WE START?
RIGHT NOW, RED!
T-T-WEET!
HERE COMES YORE PINTO, SWIFTY!
LET'S GO, SWIFTY BOY, WE'RE A-HEADIN' FOR THE BIG CITY AND FOR TROUBLE! RIGHT, RED?
KI YIPPEE YAYYYYYYYYYY!
WE'LL BE IN THE CITY SOON ENOUGH NOW, PETE!
NOT TOO SOON TO SUIT ME-- WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH SOME SNAKES!

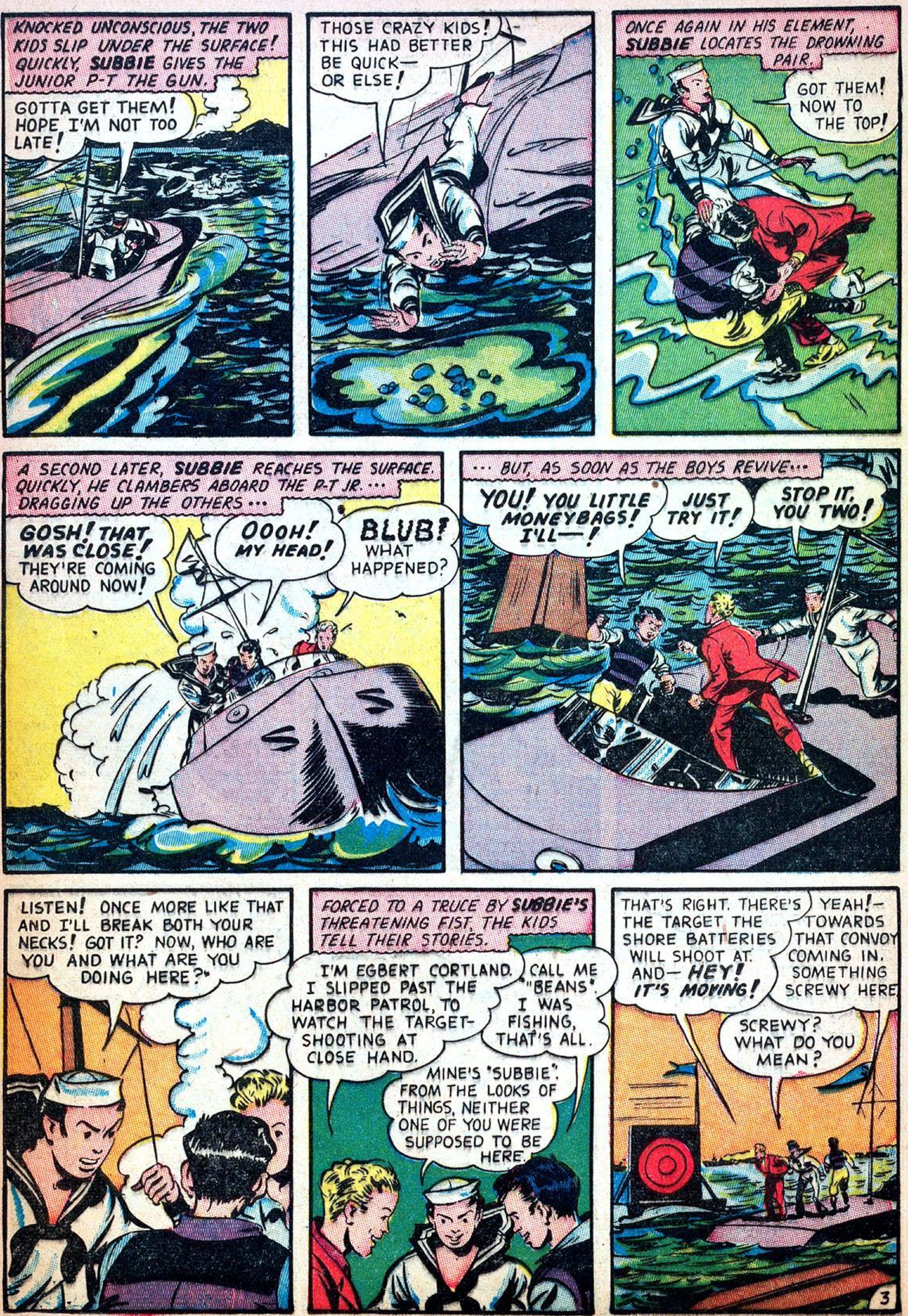

WHILE IN THE TOWN, SLICK SHAW IS INFLAMING THE TOWNSFOLK AGAINST MRS. WEBSTER WITH A PACK OF LIES.
AND SO I SAY, FOLKS, ARE YOU GOING TO ALLOW MRS. WEBSTER TO REFUSE TO SELL HER RANCH WHEN IT MEANS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GETTING A RAILROAD THRU THIS LAND OR NOT?
NO!
THAT'S WHY WE SHOULD GO TO HER RANCH AND FORCE HER TO SELL RIGHT AWAY! ISN'T THAT RIGHT FOLKS?
YEAH!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GIT GOIN'!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, TWO HUMAN CYCLONES BLOW INTO TOWN!
KI-YIPPEE YAYYYYYYYYY!
WE'LL SHOW THE LOW-DOWN COYOTES!
WELL, WELL! SO YOU'RE A-GONNA FORCE MY MAW TO SELL HER RANCH, ARE YA?
NOW YOU KEEP OUTA THIS, YOUNG UN. I DON'T WANNA HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH ANY KIDS AROUND HERE- 'N BESIDES, YOU'RE LIABLE TO GIT HURT!
WHILE I'M TALKIN' TA THE BRAT, YOU GIT 'IM FROM BEHIND!
OK, BOSS!
NOW I'M GONNA TELL THESE PEOPLE A FEW THINGS 'BOUT YOU, MISTER SHAW!
GIT 'IM, GREG!
MEBBE I DIDN'T TELL YOU GENTS, BUT I DON'T LIKE INTERRUPTIONS WHILE I'M SPEAKING!
YEOW!

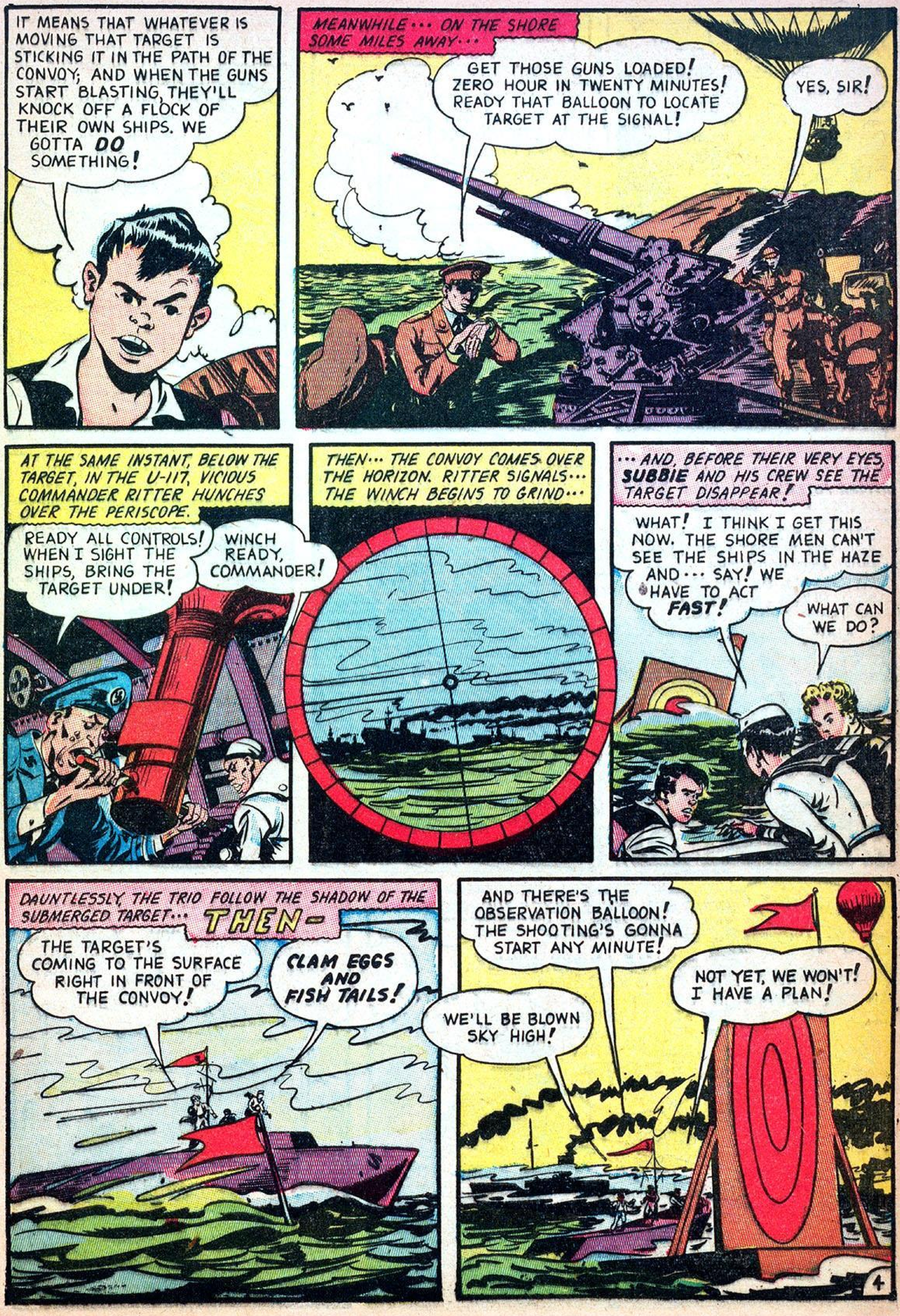

I RECKON THIS'LL FIX YORE NOGGIN FOR A SPELL, FELLA!
UGH!
NOW, BEFORE ALL YOU PEOPLE, I'M ACCUSIN' SLICK SHAW OF TRYIN' TA BUY UP ALL THE RANCHES HERE ABOUT SO'S HE C'N SELL CATTLE AT ANY PRICE HE WANTS TA!
THAT'S A LIE!
EVEN AS PINTO PETE SPEAKS, STILETTO'S DAGGER IS POISED FOR THE DEATH BLOW!
ALSO, I'M GONNA RIDE TO THE RAILROAD OFFICE IN CAPITOL CITY AND GIT THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RAILROAD TO TELL YA THAT WHAT SHAW *SAYS* ABOUT BUILDING A RAILROAD HERE, IS A LOT OF HORSEFEATHERS!
STILETTO, WE'VE GOT TO SHUT THIS KID UP FOR GOOD!
GOTCHA, MEESTER SHAW!
THERE!
PETE, *LOOK OUT!*
THE MURDERIN' VARMINT!
BUT A PISTON-LIKE SHELL FROM PETE'S SIX-SHOOTER SPINS THE DAGGER OUT OF HARM'S WAY!
PING!
KI YIPPEE YAYYYYYY, WHAT SHOOTIN'!
WELL, FOLKS, YOU SEE THE TYPE OF CRITTERS YOU'VE BEEN SIDIN' WITH? KILLERS-- ALL OF 'EM! BUT NOW THEY'RE GONNA GIT WHAT THEY DESERVE!
THE KID'S RIGHT!
LYNCH THE KILLERS!
HOORAY FOR PINTO PETE!

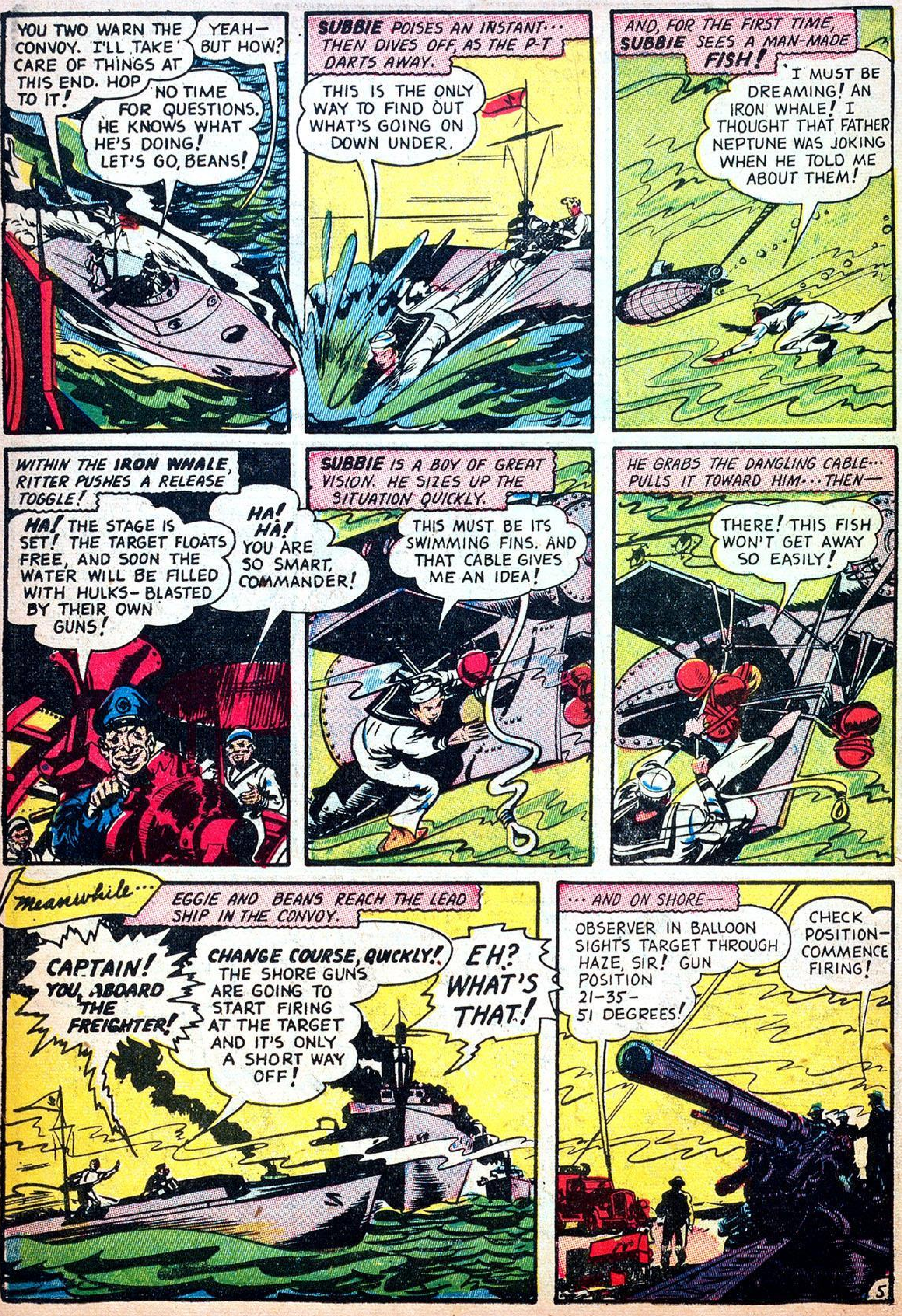

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
PRONTO!
AFTER 'EM!
LEAVE 'EM TO US, FOLKS!
KI YIPPEE YAYYYYYY, LET'S GO PETE!
HA HA, THE SAPS'LL NEVER CATCH US NOW!
YIPE!
RIGHT BEHIND SLICK SHAW'S CAR, PINTO PETE AND HIS PONY PREPARE FOR A DEATH-DEFYING STUNT!
LET'S GO, SWIFTY, FELLA, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
I'LL JUST HIDE OUT IN THE NEXT COUNTY 'TIL THINGS DIE DOWN AND THEN-- HEY, WHAT--???
AND THEN YOU'LL JUST TURN AROUND AND DRIVE BACK TO OUR TOWN JAIL, MISTER SHAW-- OR ELSE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER STILETTO AND SLICK HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED IN THE TOWN JAIL--
WELL, PETEY BOY, I RECKON THAT WERE A GOOD DAY'S WORK! BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW THERE WERE NO RAILROAD BEING BUILT HERE?
JUST A GUESS, RED. I FIGGERED IT WOULD MAKE SLICK TURN TAIL IF'N I GUESSED RIGHT-- 'N I GUESS I GUESSED RIGHT!
HEY, PETE, WHERE'RE YA RACIN' TO?
C'MON, RED! WE'VE STILL GOT A ROUND-UP TO ATTEND TO! I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF TAKIN' IT EASY ALL AFTER-NOON! KI YIPPEE YAYYYYY!
MORE OF PINTO PETE'S ADVENTURES NEXT MONTH IN "KID COMICS"!

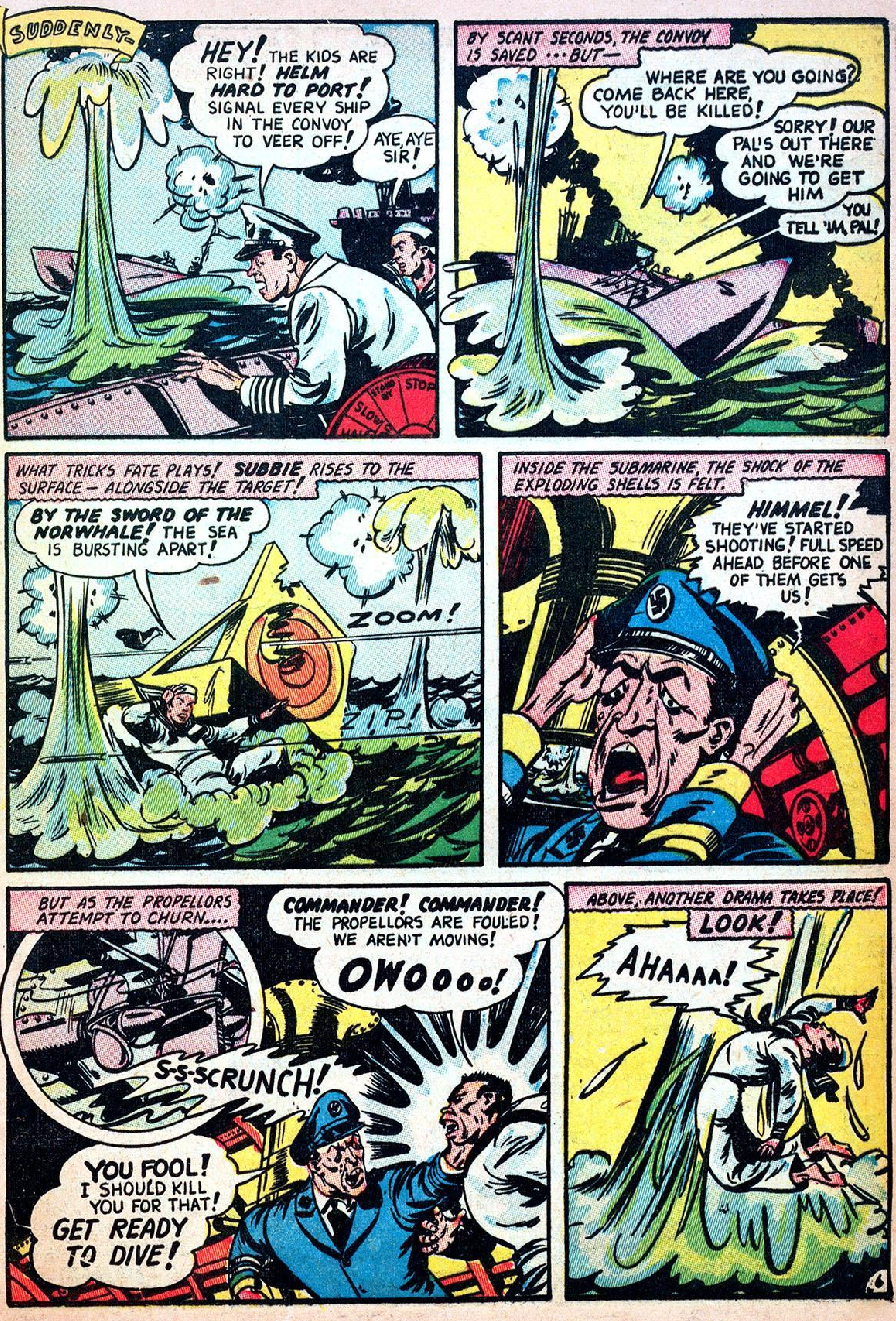

AVAST! THERE READERS
NORTH AND-EAST AND-WEST AND-SOUTH...
HERE'S NEWS
UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN COMES— THE SON OF THE SEA, FATHER NEPTUNE'S OWN NEPHEW
—SUBBIE—
HE ZOOMS ALONG IN HIS P.T. BOAT, ON THE CREST OF HIGH-PITCHED EXCITMENT AND ADVENTURE, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE PORT OF YOUR AFFECTIONS!
SUBBIE
THE SEA-GOING LAD!

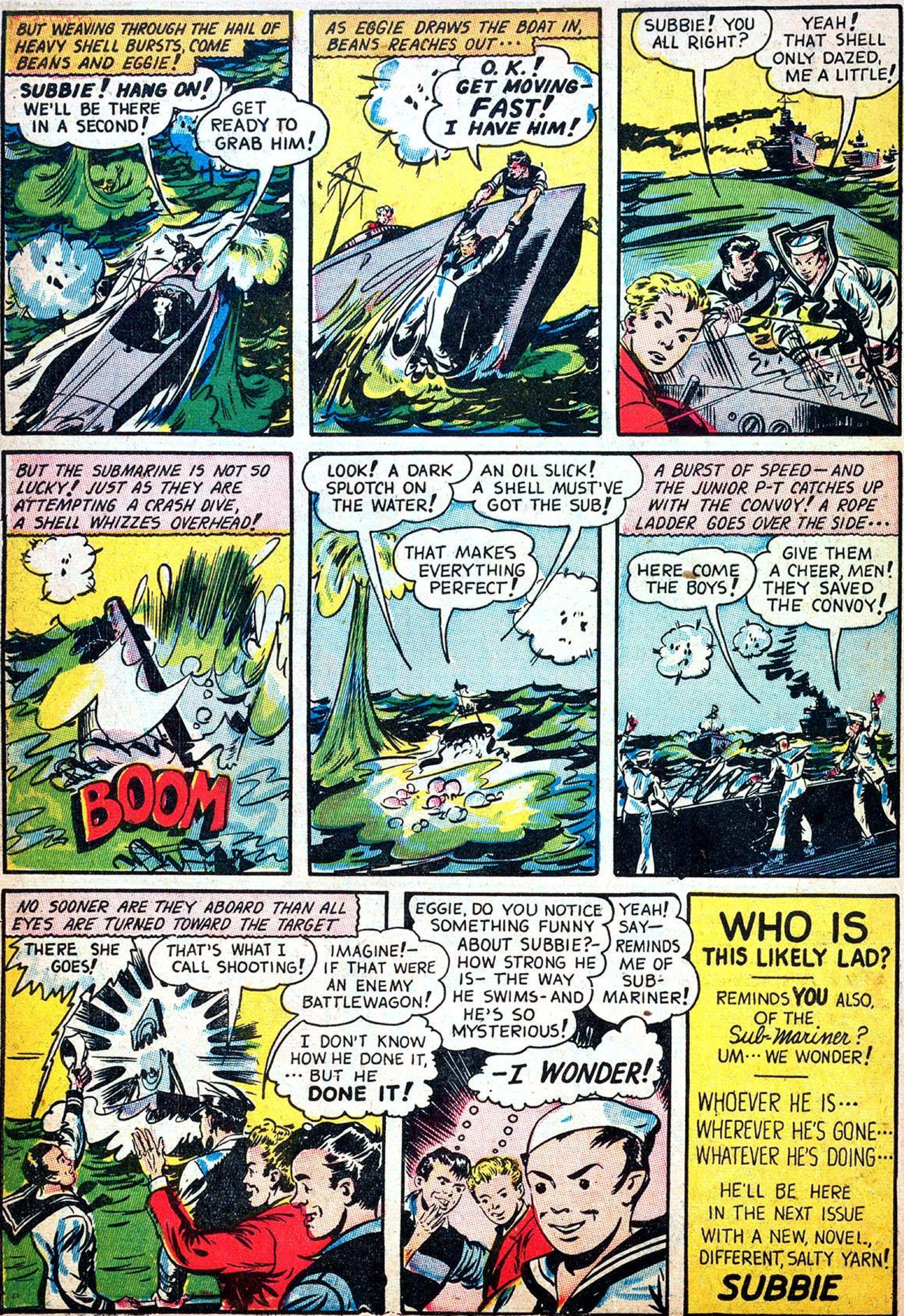

SOMEWHERE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS. SUBBIE, THE AMAZING LAD PATROLS HIS "YARD"
WHOA NETAR! I'VE NEVER BEEN OUT THIS FAR! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
GOLLY! WHAT A SIGHT! SOMEHOW I'VE JUST GOT TO KNOW WHAT LIES BEYOND THIS! HERE, NETAR- WE'RE GOING BACK TO SEE FATHER NEPTUNE!
...AND SO, DRIVEN BY THE WANDERLUST, SUBBIE SEEKS THE COUNSEL OF HIS GODFATHER-NEPTUNE.
...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, SIR. I MUST EXPLORE!
I HAVE EXPECTED THIS AND PREPARED FOR IT, MY SON. GO ABOVE. THERE YOU WILL FIND A WORTHY CRAFT AND FITTING CLOTHES. USE THEM WISELY. FAREWELL!
...AND THERE, ON THE SURFACE, IS HIS GIFT- A SMALL P-T BOAT AND A STREAMLINED, NAVY SAILOR SUIT!
HOT DOGFISH! THIS IS SWELL! NOW FOR AN ADVENTURE!
AS SUBBIE NEARS THE ATLANTIC SHORE OF THE UNITED STATES...
HEY! LOOK OUT FOR THAT BOAT!
WATCH IT, YOU THICK-HEADED LUNK! WOW!
ONE SIDE, SMALL FRY!
YOU SWIVEL-BRAINED CRACKPOT! COME BACK HERE AND I'LL BASH YOUR HEAD IN!
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
WHAT A STRANGE PLACE!
THE SPEEDBOAT RETURNS. IT'S YOUNG PILOT FISHES THE BEDRAGGLED KID FROM THE WATER.
BOY! WILL I FIX YOU FOR THIS!
THAT'S WHAT I CAME BACK TO SEE!
...AND, A MOMENT LATER...
THINK YOU'RE A WISE GUY, HUH?
YEAH, PUNK! SO WHAT!
Suddenly... THE PAIR LOSE THEIR FOOTING AND...
LOOK OUT! AHAAA!
SNAILSHELLS! THEY'LL DROWN!
CLUNK!
2


KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, THE TWO KIDS SLIP UNDER THE SURFACE! QUICKLY, SUBBIE GIVES THE JUNIOR P-T THE GUN.
GOTTA GET THEM! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
THOSE CRAZY KIDS! THIS HAD BETTER BE QUICK— OR ELSE!
ONCE AGAIN IN HIS ELEMENT, SUBBIE LOCATES THE DROWNING PAIR.
GOT THEM! NOW TO THE TOP!
A SECOND LATER, SUBBIE REACHES THE SURFACE. QUICKLY, HE CLAMBERS ABOARD THE P-T JR... DRAGGING UP THE OTHERS...
GOSH! THAT WAS CLOSE! THEY'RE COMING AROUND NOW!
OOOH! MY HEAD!
BLUB! WHAT HAPPENED?
... BUT, AS SOON AS THE BOYS REVIVE...
YOU! YOU LITTLE MONEYBAGS! I'LL—!
JUST TRY IT!
STOP IT, YOU TWO!
LISTEN! ONCE MORE LIKE THAT AND I'LL BREAK BOTH YOUR NECKS! GOT IT? NOW, WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
FORCED TO A TRUCE BY SUBBIE'S THREATENING FIST, THE KIDS TELL THEIR STORIES.
I'M EGBERT CORTLAND. I SLIPPED PAST THE HARBOR PATROL, TO WATCH THE TARGET-SHOOTING AT CLOSE HAND.
CALL ME "BEANS". I WAS FISHING, THAT'S ALL.
MINE'S "SUBBIE". FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, NEITHER ONE OF YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
THAT'S RIGHT. THERE'S THE TARGET THE SHORE BATTERIES WILL SHOOT AT. AND— HEY! IT'S MOVING!
YEAH!— TOWARDS THAT CONVOY COMING IN. SOMETHING SCREWY HERE
SCREWY? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?


IT MEANS THAT WHATEVER IS MOVING THAT TARGET IS STICKING IT IN THE PATH OF THE CONVOY; AND WHEN THE GUNS START BLASTING, THEY'LL KNOCK OFF A FLOCK OF THEIR OWN SHIPS. WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
MEANWHILE ··· ON THE SHORE SOME MILES AWAY ···
GET THOSE GUNS LOADED! ZERO HOUR IN TWENTY MINUTES! READY THAT BALLOON TO LOCATE TARGET AT THE SIGNAL!
YES, SIR!
AT THE SAME INSTANT, BELOW THE TARGET, IN THE U-117, VICIOUS COMMANDER RITTER HUNCHES OVER THE PERISCOPE.
READY ALL CONTROLS! WHEN I SIGHT THE SHIPS, BRING THE TARGET UNDER!
WINCH READY, COMMANDER!
THEN ··· THE CONVOY COMES OVER THE HORIZON. RITTER SIGNALS ··· THE WINCH BEGINS TO GRIND ···
··· AND, BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES, SUBBIE AND HIS CREW SEE THE TARGET DISAPPEAR!
WHAT! I THINK I GET THIS NOW. THE SHORE MEN CAN'T SEE THE SHIPS IN THE HAZE AND ··· SAY! WE HAVE TO ACT FAST!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
DAUNTLESSLY, THE TRIO FOLLOW THE SHADOW OF THE SUBMERGED TARGET ··· THEN-
THE TARGET'S COMING TO THE SURFACE RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CONVOY!
CLAM EGGS AND FISH TAILS!
AND THERE'S THE OBSERVATION BALLOON! THE SHOOTING'S GONNA START ANY MINUTE!
NOT YET, WE WON'T! I HAVE A PLAN!
WE'LL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH!


YOU TWO WARN THE CONVOY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS AT THIS END. HOP TO IT!
YEAH— BUT HOW?
NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING! LET'S GO, BEANS!
SUBBIE POISES AN INSTANT... THEN DIVES OFF, AS THE P-T DARTS AWAY.
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN UNDER.
AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, SUBBIE SEES A MAN-MADE FISH!
I MUST BE DREAMING! AN IRON WHALE! I THOUGHT THAT FATHER NEPTUNE WAS JOKING WHEN HE TOLD ME ABOUT THEM!
WITHIN THE IRON WHALE, RITTER PUSHES A RELEASE TOGGLE!
HA! THE STAGE IS SET! THE TARGET FLOATS FREE, AND SOON THE WATER WILL BE FILLED WITH HULKS— BLASTED BY THEIR OWN GUNS!
HA! HA! YOU ARE SO SMART, COMMANDER!
SUBBIE IS A BOY OF GREAT VISION. HE SIZES UP THE SITUATION QUICKLY.
THIS MUST BE ITS SWIMMING FINS. AND THAT CABLE GIVES ME AN IDEA!
HE GRABS THE DANGLING CABLE... PULLS IT TOWARD HIM... THEN—
THERE! THIS FISH WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY!
Meanwhile...
EGGIE AND BEANS REACH THE LEAD SHIP IN THE CONVOY.
CAPTAIN! YOU, ABOARD THE FREIGHTER!
CHANGE COURSE, QUICKLY! THE SHORE GUNS ARE GOING TO START FIRING AT THE TARGET AND IT'S ONLY A SHORT WAY OFF!
EH? WHAT'S THAT!
... AND ON SHORE—
OBSERVER IN BALLOON SIGHTS TARGET THROUGH HAZE, SIR! GUN POSITION 21-35-51 DEGREES!
CHECK POSITION— COMMENCE FIRING!


SUDDENLY-
HEY! THE KIDS ARE RIGHT! HELM HARD TO PORT! SIGNAL EVERY SHIP IN THE CONVOY TO VEER OFF!
AYE, AYE SIR!
STAND BY
STOP
SLOW
BY SCANT SECONDS, THE CONVOY IS SAVED ··· BUT—
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? COME BACK HERE, YOU'LL BE KILLED!
SORRY! OUR PAL'S OUT THERE AND WE'RE GOING TO GET HIM
YOU TELL 'IM, PAL!
WHAT TRICKS FATE PLAYS! SUBBIE RISES TO THE SURFACE — ALONGSIDE THE TARGET!
BY THE SWORD OF THE NORWHALE! THE SEA IS BURSTING APART!
ZOOM!
ZIP!
INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLODING SHELLS IS FELT.
HIMMEL! THEY'VE STARTED SHOOTING! FULL SPEED AHEAD BEFORE ONE OF THEM GETS US!
BUT AS THE PROPELLORS ATTEMPT TO CHURN....
COMMANDER! COMMANDER! THE PROPELLORS ARE FOULED! WE AREN'T MOVING!
OWOoooo!
S-S-SCRUNCH!
YOU FOOL! I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THAT! GET READY TO DIVE!
ABOVE, ANOTHER DRAMA TAKES PLACE!
LOOK!
AHAAAA!


BUT WEAVING THROUGH THE HAIL OF HEAVY SHELL BURSTS, COME BEANS AND EGGIE!
SUBBIE! HANG ON! WE'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND!
GET READY TO GRAB HIM!
AS EGGIE DRAWS THE BOAT IN, BEANS REACHES OUT...
O.K.! GET MOVING- FAST! I HAVE HIM!
SUBBIE! YOU ALL RIGHT?
YEAH! THAT SHELL ONLY DAZED, ME A LITTLE!
BUT THE SUBMARINE IS NOT SO LUCKY! JUST AS THEY ARE ATTEMPTING A CRASH DIVE, A SHELL WHIZZES OVERHEAD!
BOOM
LOOK! A DARK SPLOTCH ON THE WATER!
AN OIL SLICK! A SHELL MUST'VE GOT THE SUB!
THAT MAKES EVERYTHING PERFECT!
A BURST OF SPEED—AND THE JUNIOR P-T CATCHES UP WITH THE CONVOY! A ROPE LADDER GOES OVER THE SIDE...
HERE COME THE BOYS!
GIVE THEM A CHEER, MEN! THEY SAVED THE CONVOY!
NO SOONER ARE THEY ABOARD THAN ALL EYES ARE TURNED TOWARD THE TARGET
THERE SHE GOES!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOOTING!
IMAGINE!— IF THAT WERE AN ENEMY BATTLEWAGON!
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DONE IT, ... BUT HE DONE IT!
EGGIE, DO YOU NOTICE SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT SUBBIE?- HOW STRONG HE IS- THE WAY HE SWIMS- AND HE'S SO MYSTERIOUS!
YEAH! SAY— REMINDS ME OF SUB-MARINER!
-I WONDER!

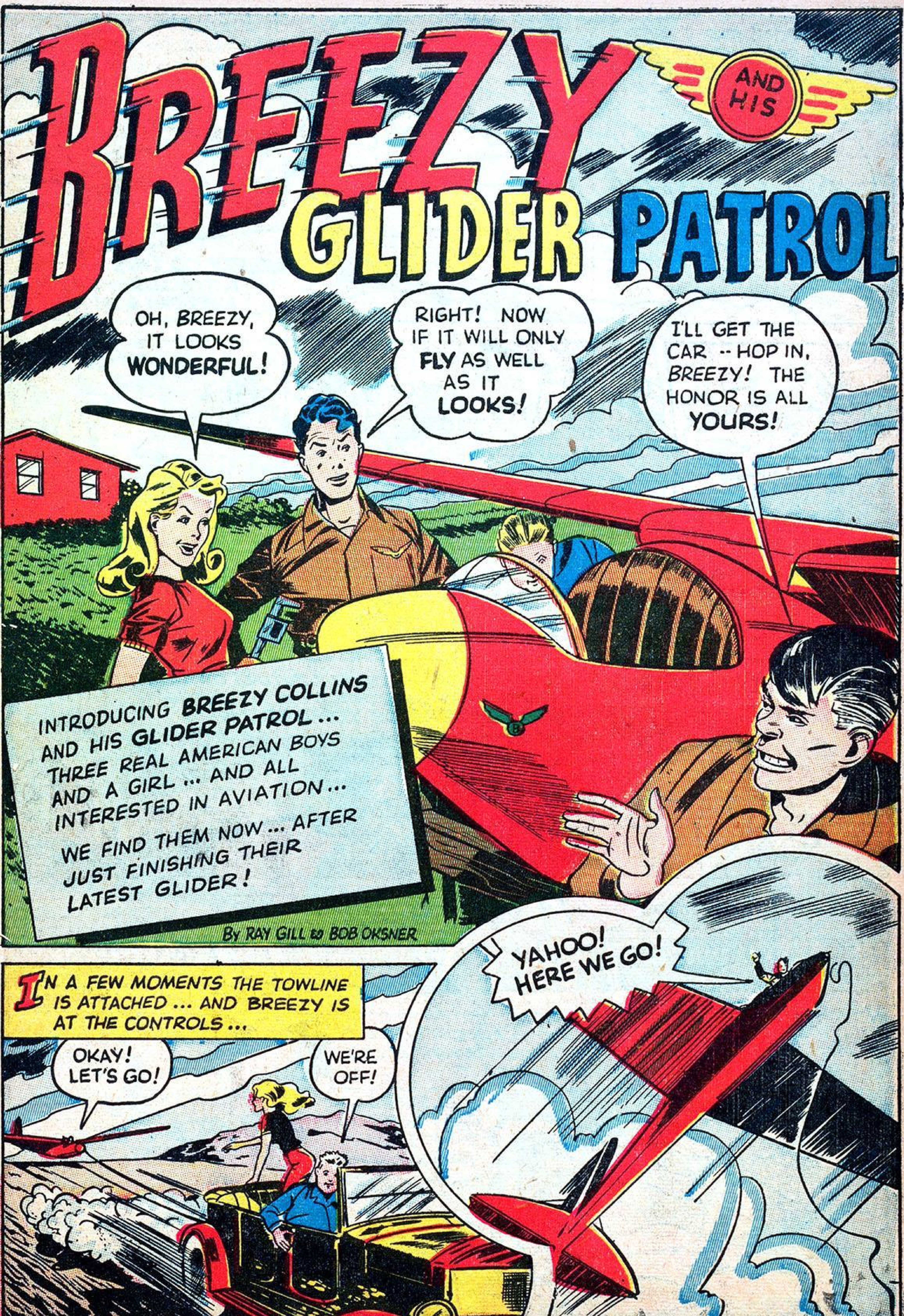
WHO IS THIS LIKELY LAD?

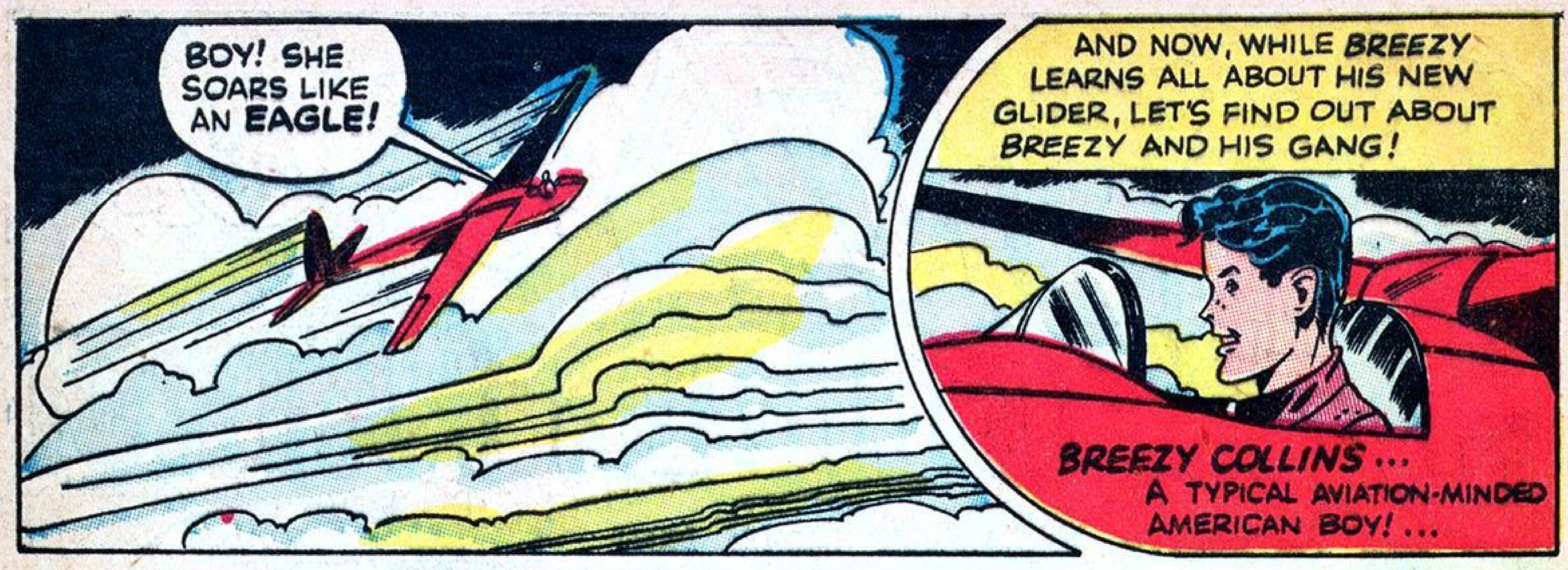
REMINDS **YOU** ALSO, OF THE *Sub-Mariner*? UM... WE WONDER!

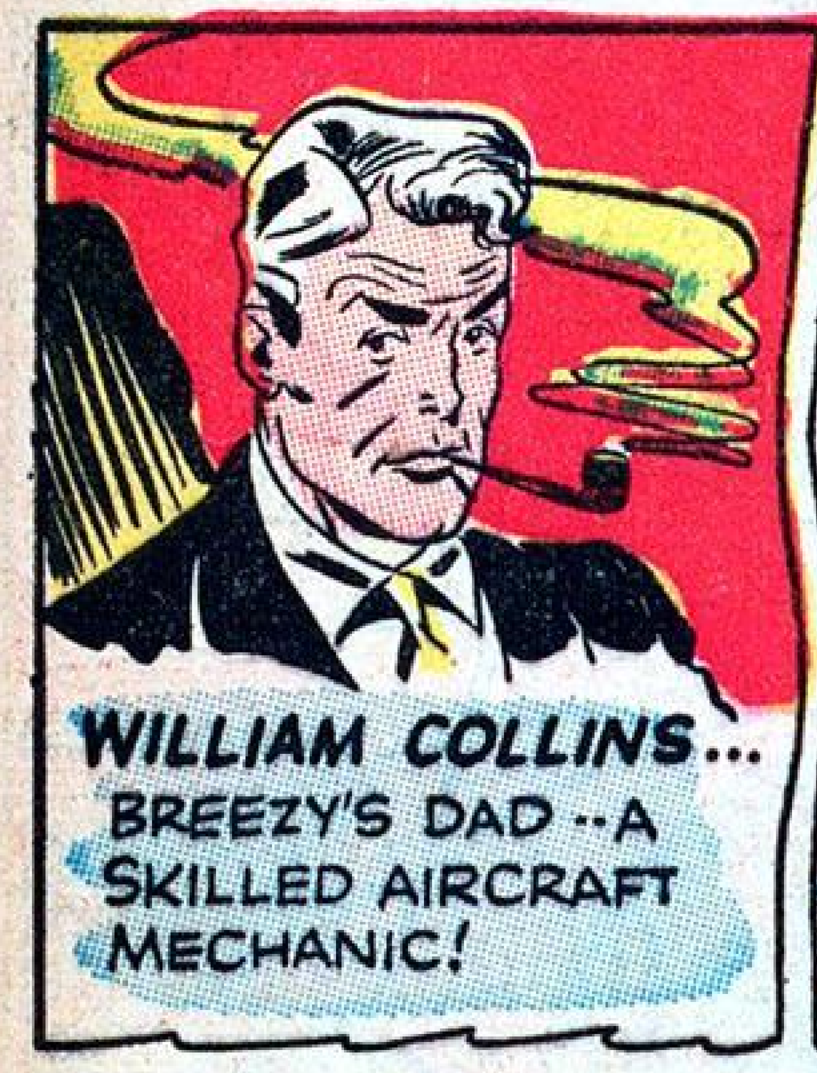
WHOEVER HE IS...
WHEREVER HE'S GONE...
WHATEVER HE'S DOING...
HE'LL BE HERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE WITH A NEW, NOVEL, DIFFERENT, SALTY YARN!

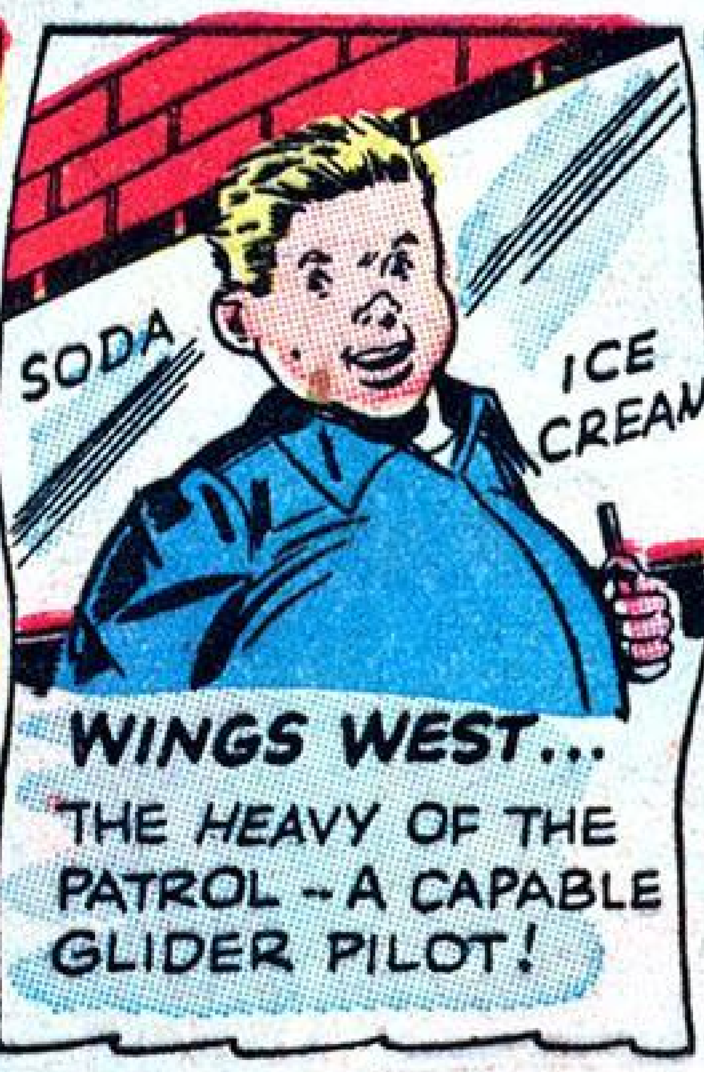
SUBBIE

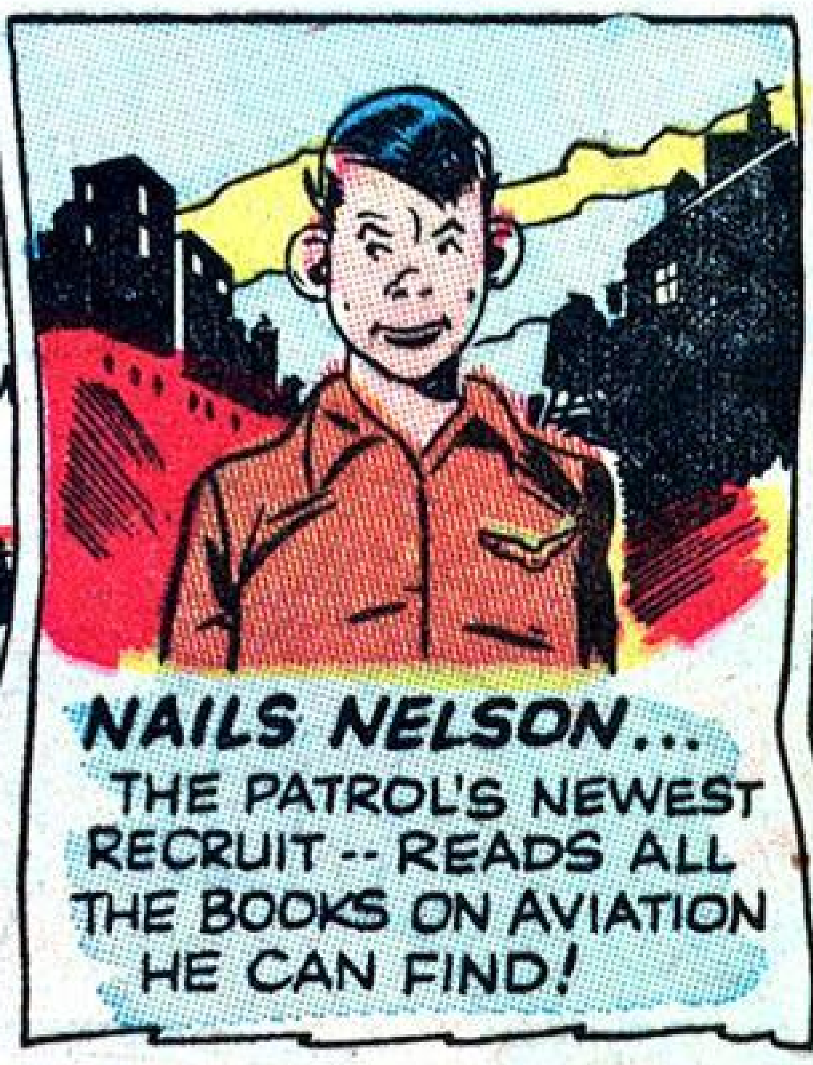
BREEZY AND HIS GLIDER PATROL

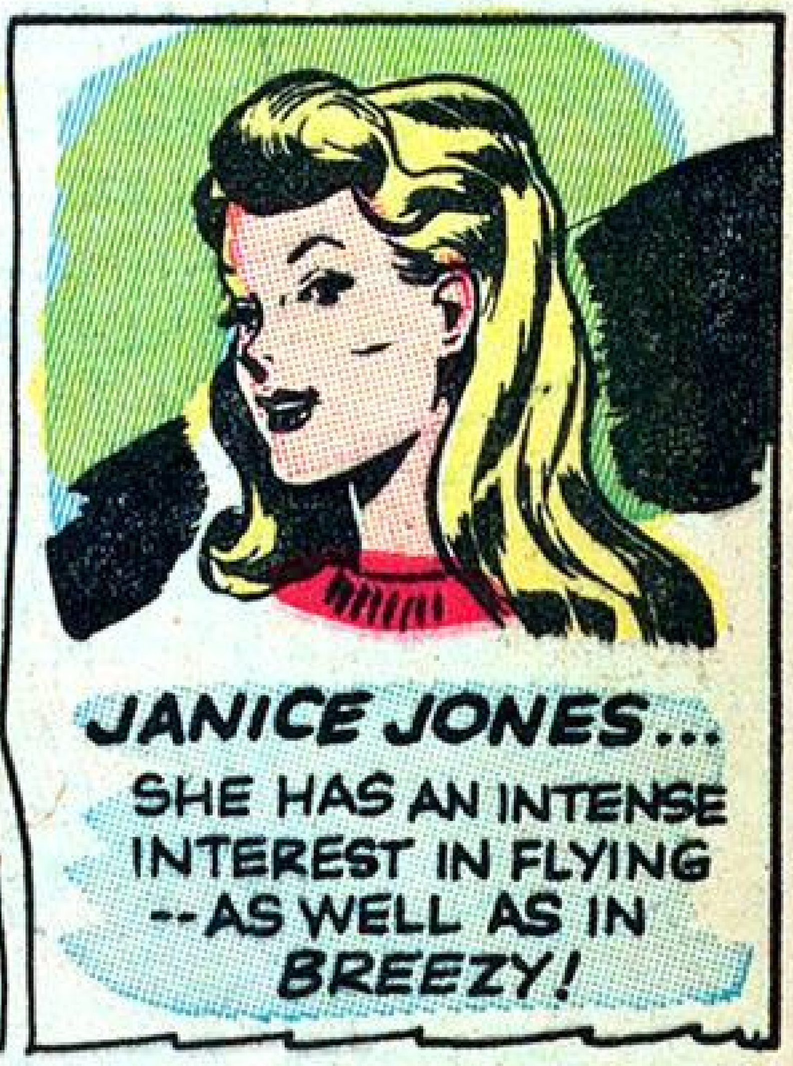

OH, BREEZY, IT LOOKS **WONDERFUL!**
RIGHT! NOW IF IT WILL ONLY **FLY** AS WELL AS IT **LOOKS!**
I'LL GET THE CAR -- HOP IN, *BREEZY!* THE HONOR IS ALL **YOURS!**
INTRODUCING **BREEZY COLLINS** AND HIS **GLIDER PATROL** ... THREE REAL AMERICAN BOYS AND A GIRL ... AND ALL INTERESTED IN AVIATION ...
WE FIND THEM NOW ... AFTER JUST FINISHING THEIR LATEST GLIDER!
By RAY GILL and BOB OKSNER
IN A FEW MOMENTS THE TOWLINE IS ATTACHED ... AND BREEZY IS AT THE CONTROLS ...
OKAY! LET'S GO!
WE'RE OFF!
YAHOO! HERE WE GO!

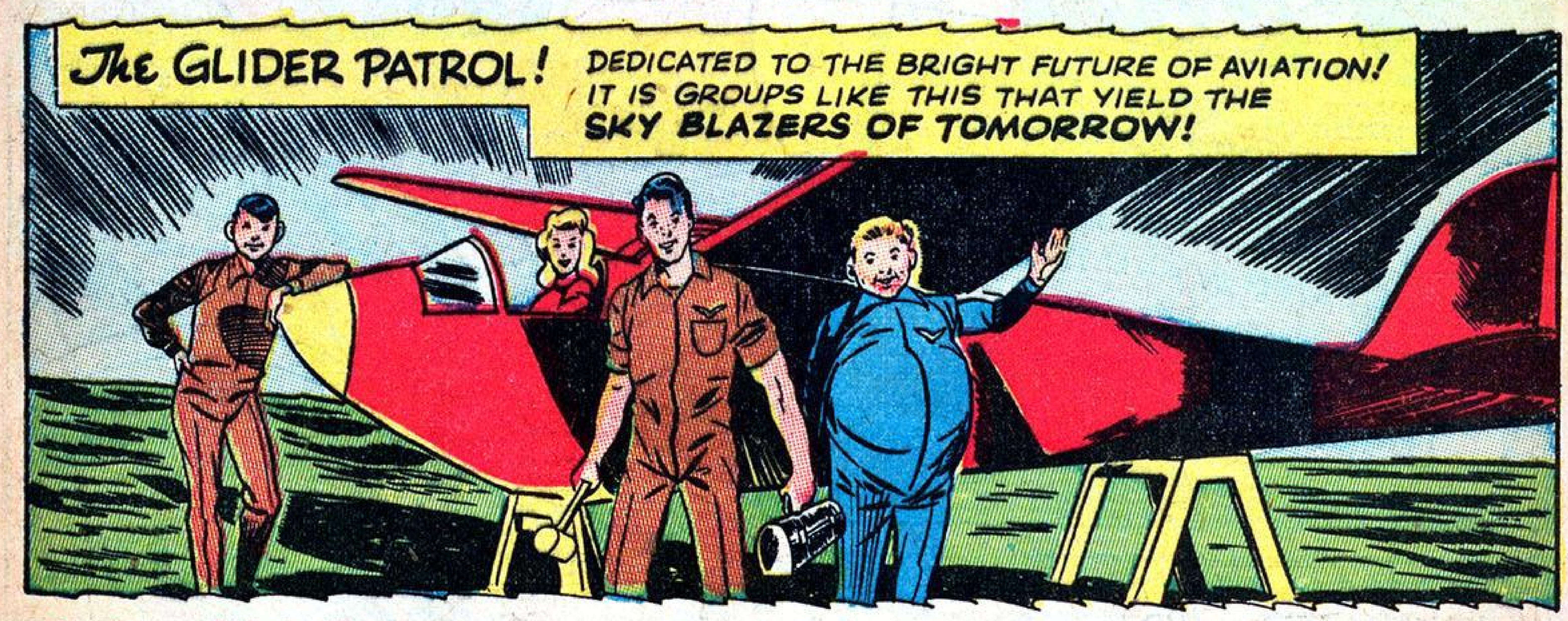

BOY! SHE SOARS LIKE AN EAGLE!
AND NOW, WHILE BREEZY LEARNS ALL ABOUT HIS NEW GLIDER, LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT BREEZY AND HIS GANG!
BREEZY COLLINS... A TYPICAL AVIATION-MINDED AMERICAN BOY!...

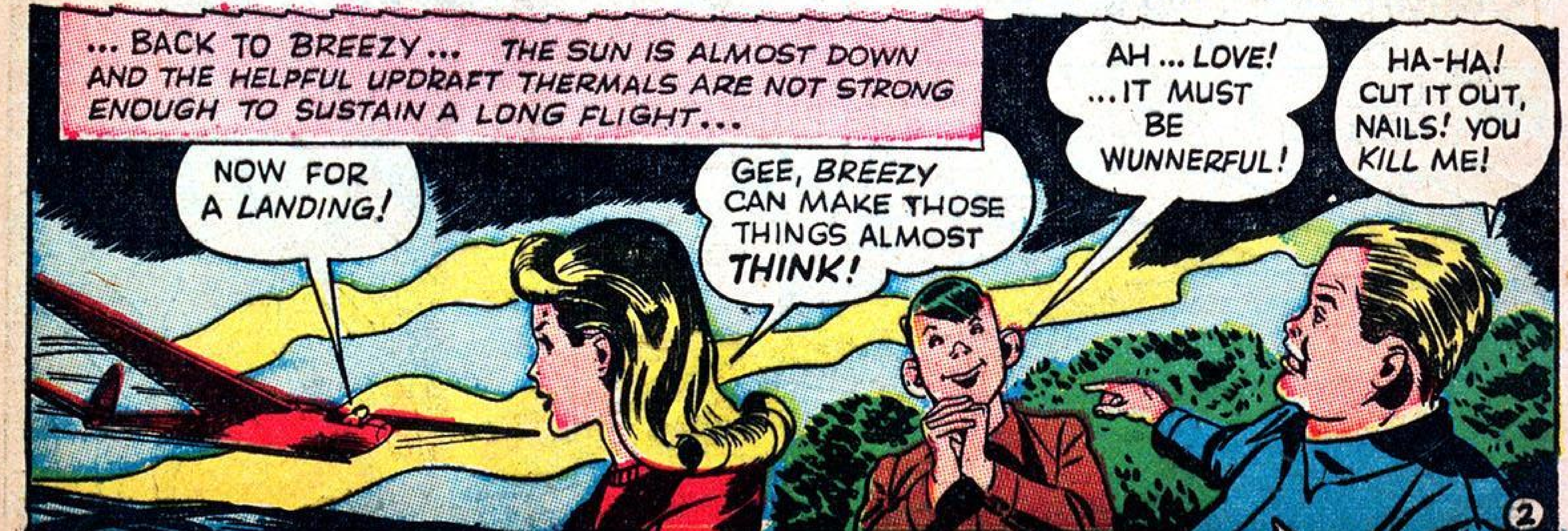

WILLIAM COLLINS...
BREEZY'S DAD--A SKILLED AIRCRAFT MECHANIC!

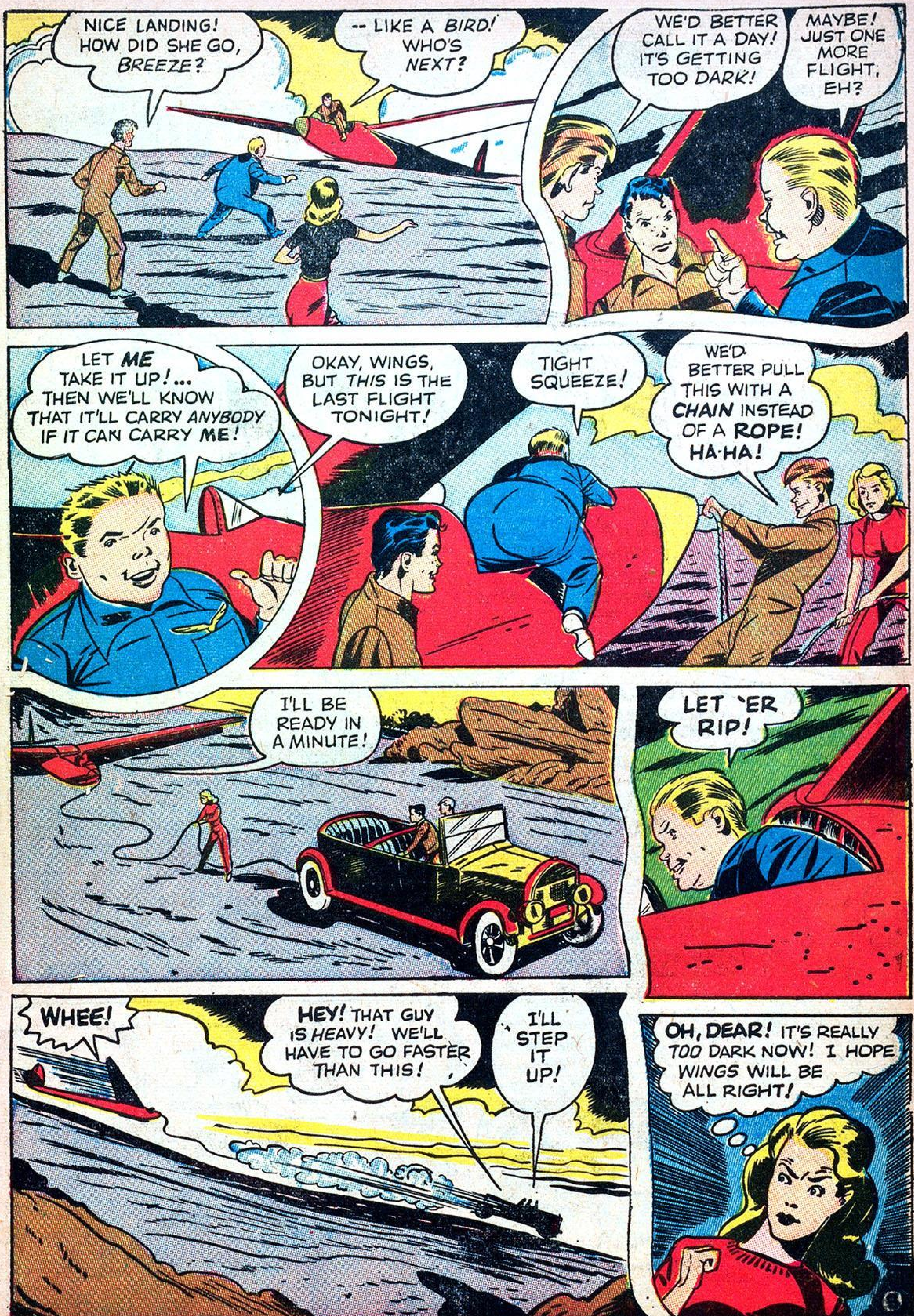

SODA
ICE CREAM
WINGS WEST...
THE HEAVY OF THE PATROL--A CAPABLE GLIDER PILOT!

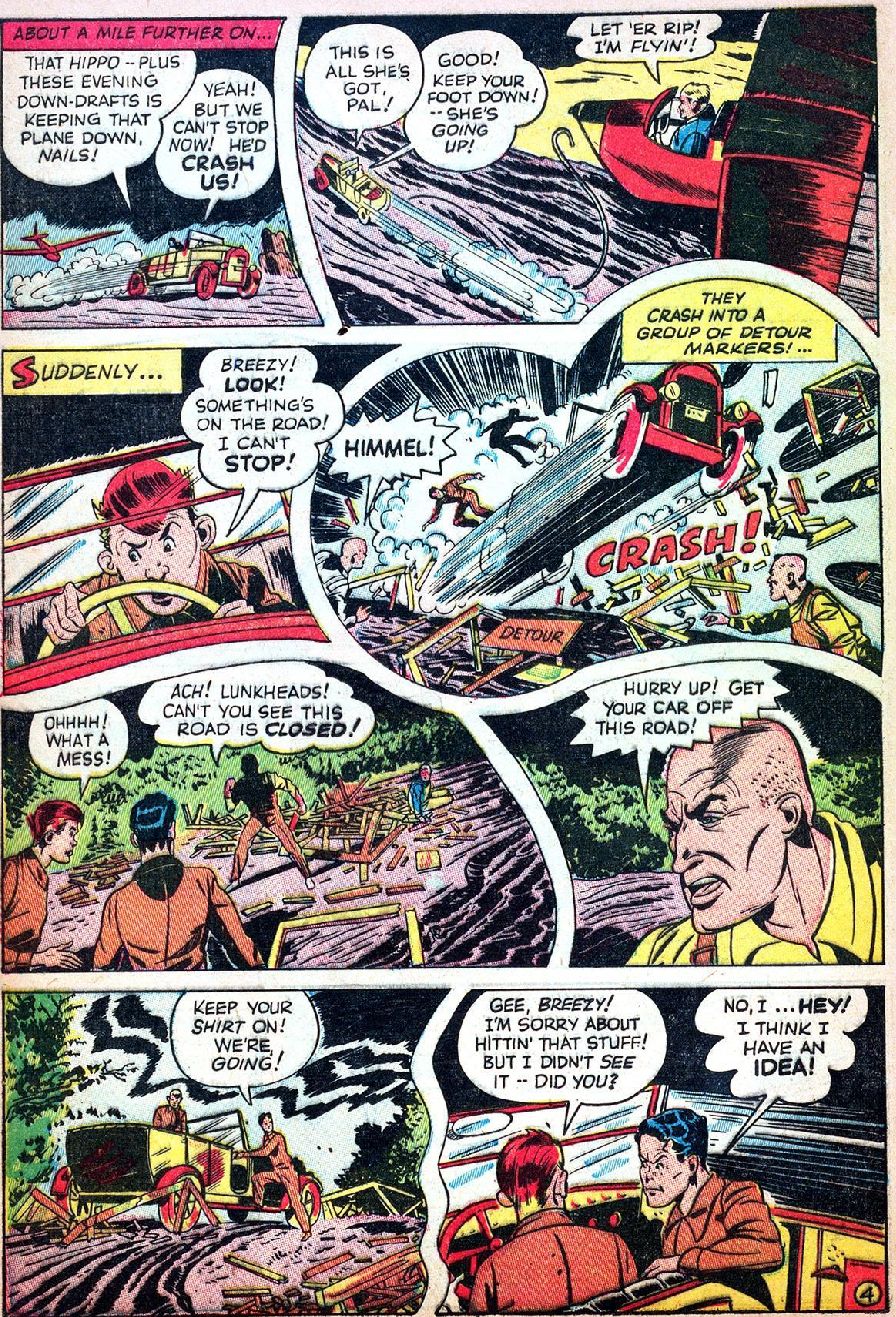

NAILS NELSON...
THE PATROL'S NEWEST RECRUIT--READS ALL THE BOOKS ON AVIATION HE CAN FIND!

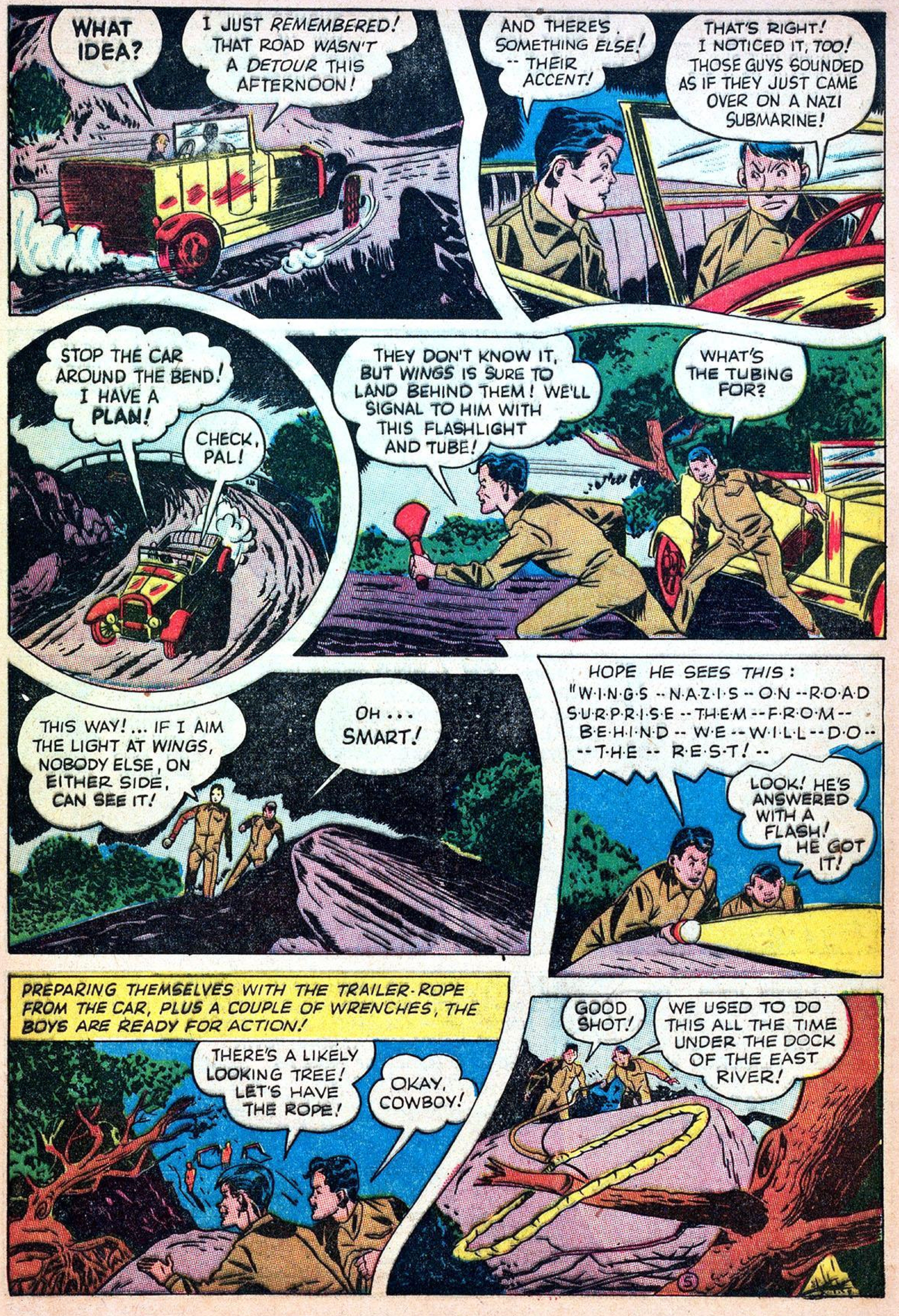

JANICE JONES...
SHE HAS AN INTENSE INTEREST IN FLYING--AS WELL AS IN BREEZY!

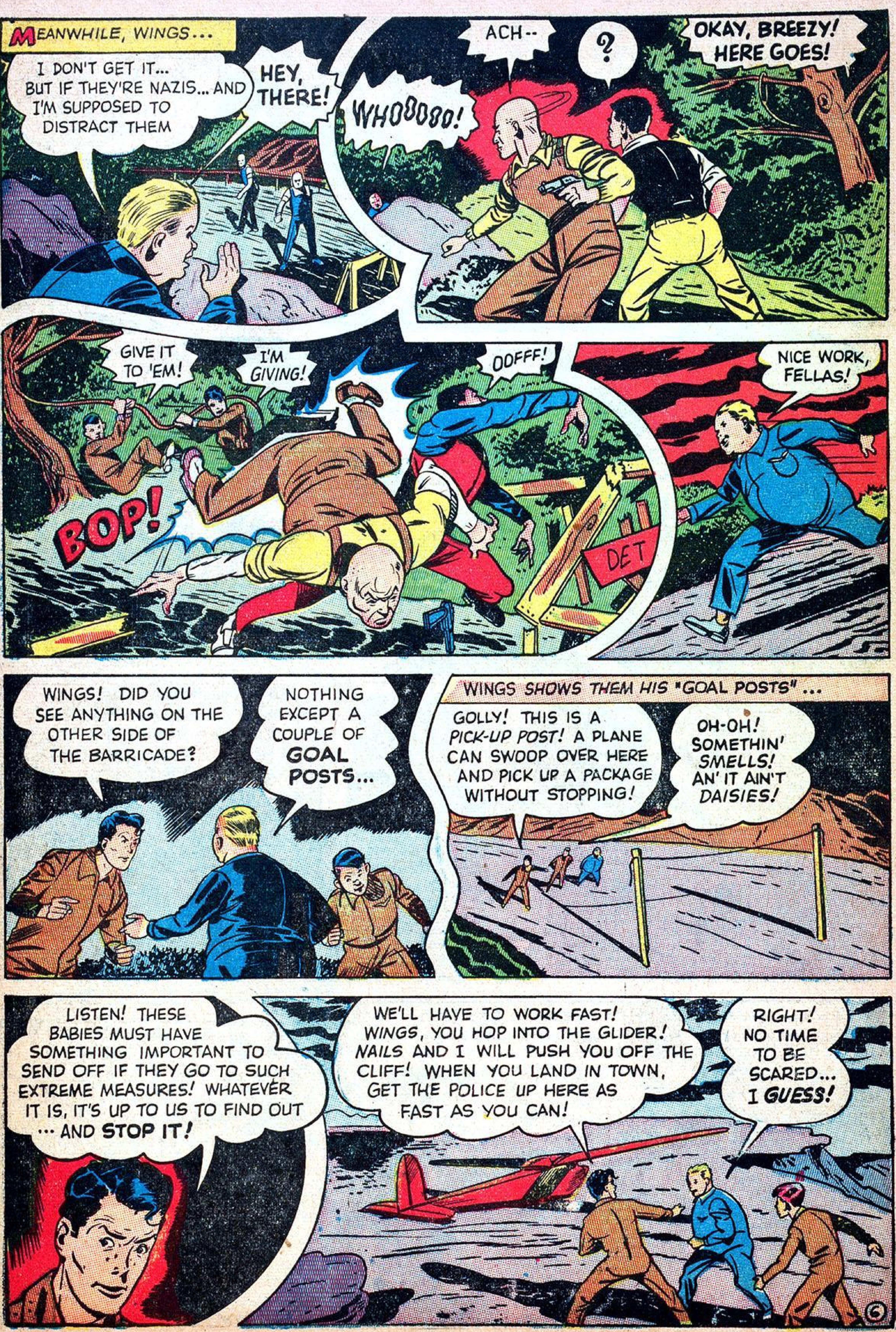

The GLIDER PATROL! DEDICATED TO THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF AVIATION! IT IS GROUPS LIKE THIS THAT YIELD THE SKY BLAZERS OF TOMORROW!

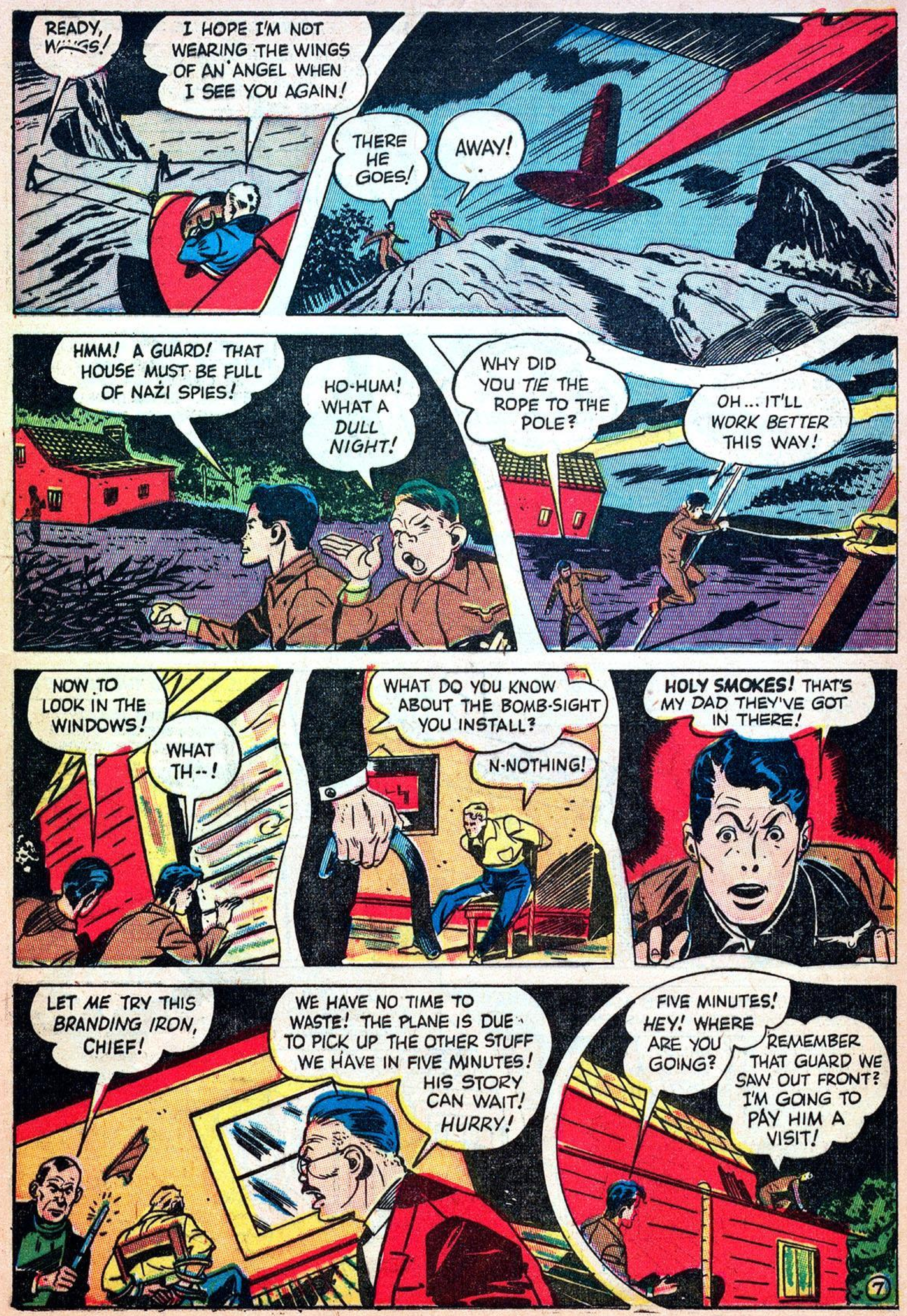

...BACK TO BREEZY... THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN AND THE HELPFUL UPDRAFT THERMALS ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN A LONG FLIGHT...
NOW FOR A LANDING!
GEE, BREEZY CAN MAKE THOSE THINGS ALMOST THINK!
AH... LOVE! ...IT MUST BE WUNNERFUL!
HA-HA! CUT IT OUT, NAILS! YOU KILL ME!

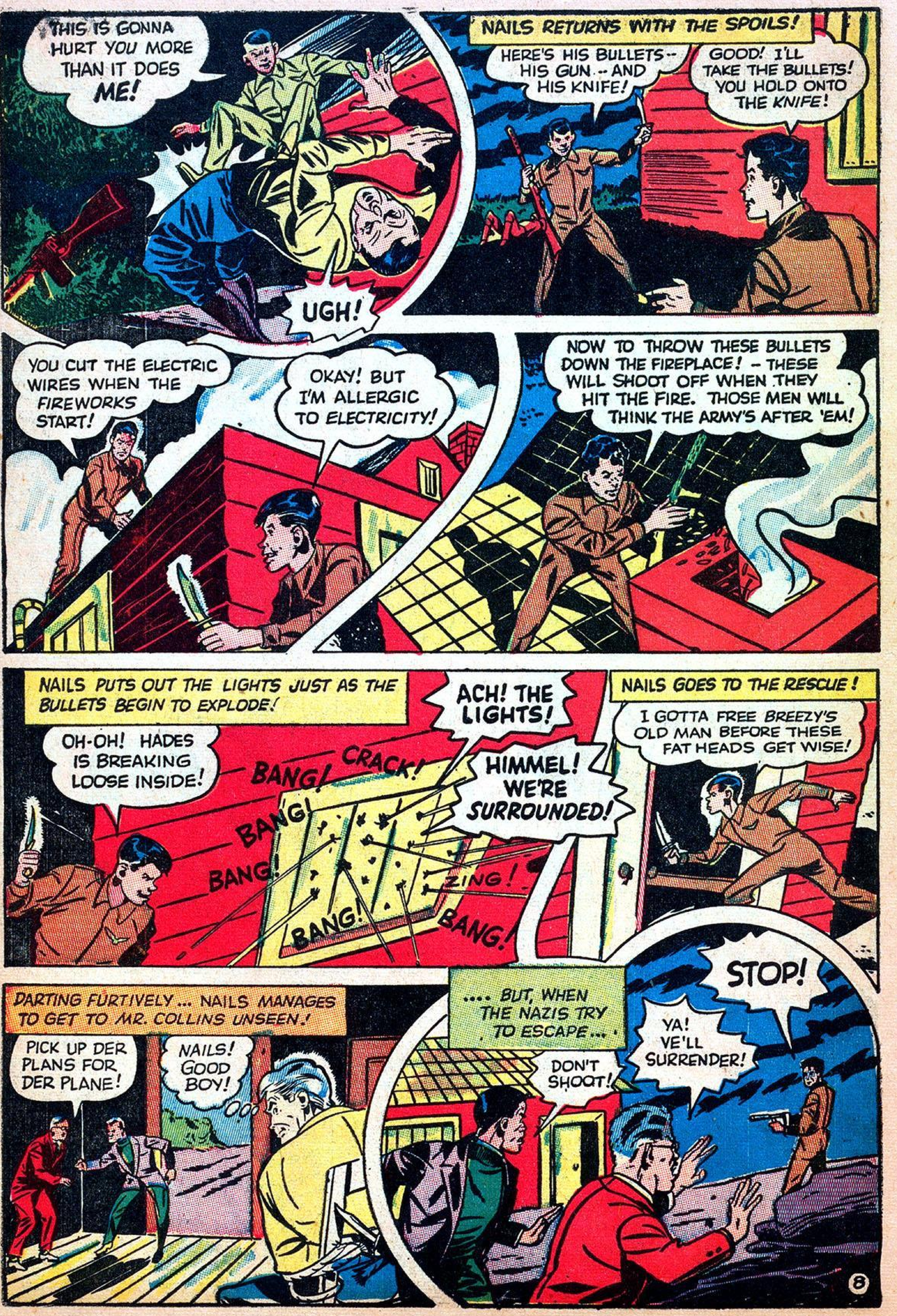

NICE LANDING! HOW DID SHE GO, *BREEZE*?
-- LIKE A *BIRD!* WHO'S *NEXT*?
WE'D BETTER CALL IT A DAY! IT'S GETTING TOO *DARK*!
MAYBE! JUST ONE MORE FLIGHT, EH?
LET **ME** TAKE IT UP!... THEN WE'LL KNOW THAT IT'LL CARRY *ANYBODY* IF IT CAN CARRY **ME**!
OKAY, WINGS, BUT *THIS* IS THE LAST FLIGHT TONIGHT!
TIGHT SQUEEZE!
WE'D BETTER PULL THIS WITH A **CHAIN** INSTEAD OF A **ROPE! HA-HA!**
I'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE!
LET 'ER RIP!
WHEE!
HEY! THAT GUY IS *HEAVY*! WE'LL HAVE TO GO FASTER THAN THIS!
I'LL STEP IT UP!
OH, DEAR! IT'S REALLY *TOO* DARK NOW! I HOPE *WINGS* WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

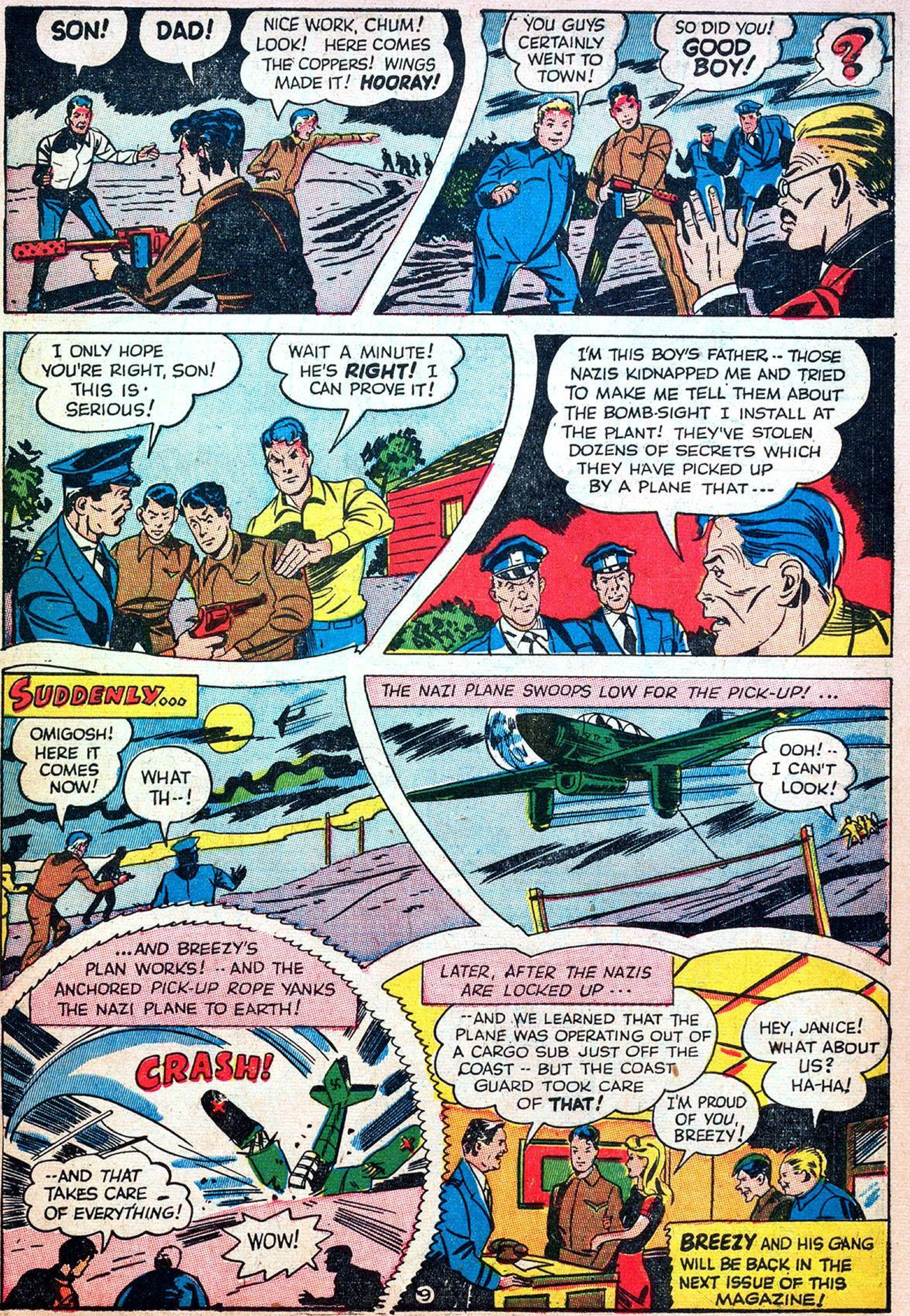

ABOUT A MILE FURTHER ON...
THAT HIPPO -- PLUS THESE EVENING DOWN-DRAFTS IS KEEPING THAT PLANE DOWN, NAILS!
YEAH! BUT WE CAN'T STOP NOW! HE'D CRASH US!
THIS IS ALL SHE'S GOT, PAL!
GOOD! KEEP YOUR FOOT DOWN! -- SHE'S GOING UP!
LET 'ER RIP! I'M FLYIN'!
SUDDENLY...
BREEZY! LOOK! SOMETHING'S ON THE ROAD! I CAN'T STOP!
THEY CRASH INTO A GROUP OF DETOUR MARKERS!...
HIMMEL!
CRASH!
DETOUR
OHHHH! WHAT A MESS!
ACH! LUNKHEADS! CAN'T YOU SEE THIS ROAD IS CLOSED!
HURRY UP! GET YOUR CAR OFF THIS ROAD!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! WE'RE GOING!
GEE, BREEZY! I'M SORRY ABOUT HITTIN' THAT STUFF! BUT I DIDN'T SEE IT -- DID YOU?
NO, I ... HEY! I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA!


WHAT IDEA?
I JUST *REMEMBERED!* THAT ROAD *WASN'T* A *DETOUR* THIS AFTERNOON!
AND THERE'S SOMETHING *ELSE!* -- THEIR ACCENT!
THAT'S RIGHT! I NOTICED IT, *TOO!* THOSE GUYS SOUNDED AS IF THEY JUST CAME OVER ON A NAZI SUBMARINE!
STOP THE CAR AROUND THE BEND! I HAVE A **PLAN!**
CHECK, PAL!
THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT **WINGS** IS SURE TO LAND BEHIND THEM! WE'LL SIGNAL TO HIM WITH THIS FLASHLIGHT AND TUBE!
WHAT'S THE TUBING FOR?
THIS WAY! ... IF I AIM THE LIGHT AT *WINGS*, NOBODY ELSE, ON EITHER SIDE, CAN SEE IT!
OH ... SMART!
HOPE HE SEES *THIS*: "W·I·N·G·S -- N·A·Z·I·S -- O·N -- R·O·A·D S·U·R·P·R·I·S·E -- T·H·E·M -- F·R·O·M -- B·E·H·I·N·D -- W·E -- W·I·L·L -- D·O -- T·H·E -- R·E·S·T! --
LOOK! HE'S ANSWERED WITH A FLASH! HE GOT IT!
PREPARING THEMSELVES WITH THE TRAILER-ROPE FROM THE CAR, PLUS A COUPLE OF WRENCHES, THE BOYS ARE READY FOR ACTION!
THERE'S A LIKELY LOOKING TREE! LET'S HAVE THE ROPE!
OKAY, COWBOY!
GOOD SHOT!
WE USED TO DO THIS ALL THE TIME UNDER THE DOCK OF THE EAST RIVER!


MEANWHILE, WINGS...
I DON'T GET IT... BUT IF THEY'RE NAZIS... AND I'M SUPPOSED TO DISTRACT THEM
HEY, THERE!
WHOOOOOO!
ACH--
?
OKAY, BREEZY! HERE GOES!
GIVE IT TO 'EM!
I'M GIVING!
OOFFF!
BOP!
DET
NICE WORK, FELLAS!
WINGS! DID YOU SEE ANYTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRICADE?
NOTHING EXCEPT A COUPLE OF GOAL POSTS...
WINGS SHOWS THEM HIS "GOAL POSTS"...
GOLLY! THIS IS A PICK-UP POST! A PLANE CAN SWOOP OVER HERE AND PICK UP A PACKAGE WITHOUT STOPPING!
OH-OH! SOMETHIN' SMELLS! AN' IT AIN'T DAISIES!
LISTEN! THESE BABIES MUST HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SEND OFF IF THEY GO TO SUCH EXTREME MEASURES! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT ... AND STOP IT!
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! WINGS, YOU HOP INTO THE GLIDER! NAILS AND I WILL PUSH YOU OFF THE CLIFF! WHEN YOU LAND IN TOWN, GET THE POLICE UP HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
RIGHT! NO TIME TO BE SCARED... I GUESS!
6

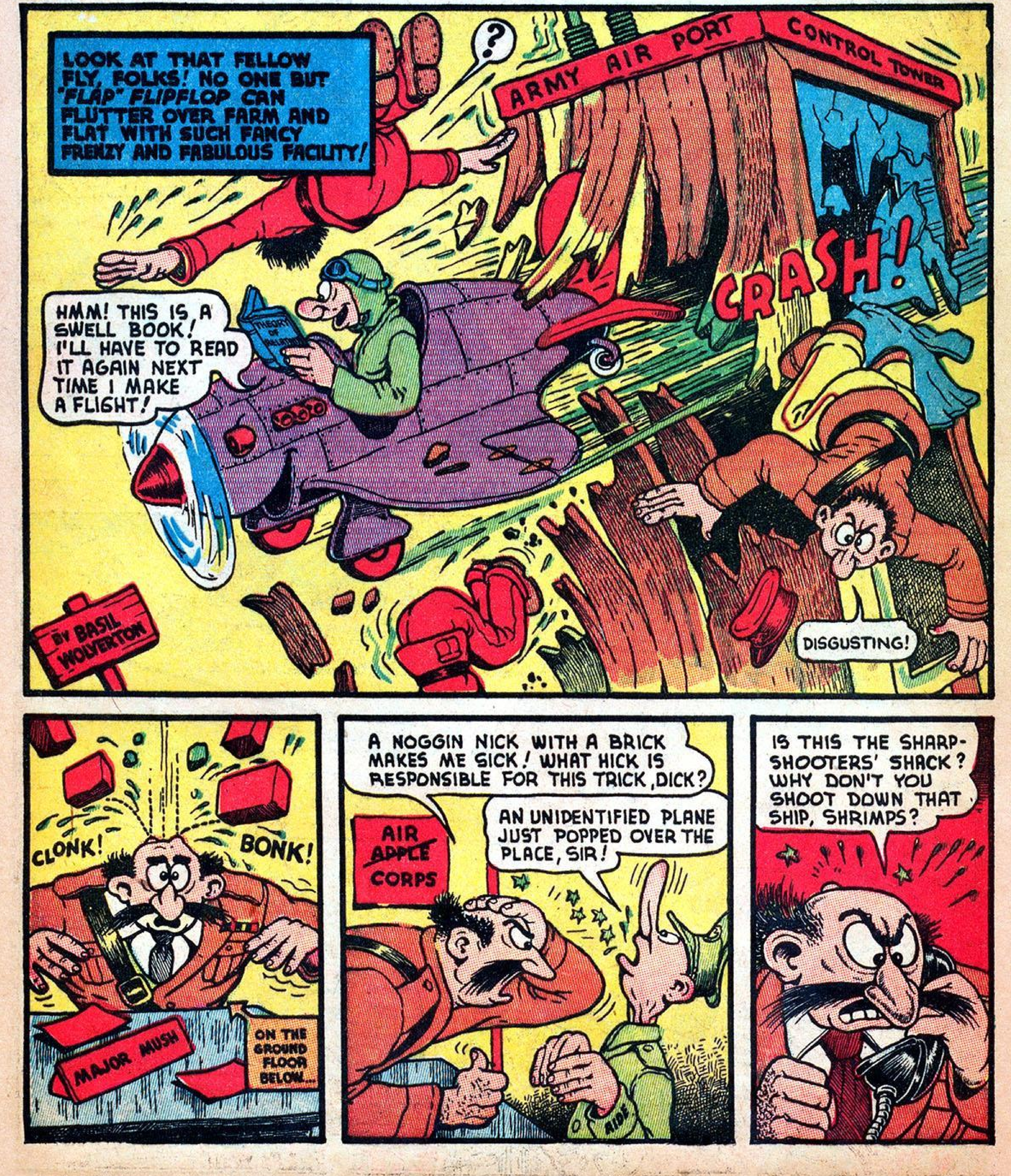

READY, WINGS!
I HOPE I'M NOT WEARING THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL WHEN I SEE YOU AGAIN!
THERE HE GOES!
AWAY!
HMM! A GUARD! THAT HOUSE MUST BE FULL OF NAZI SPIES!
HO-HUM! WHAT A *DULL* NIGHT!
WHY DID YOU *TIE* THE ROPE TO THE POLE?
OH... IT'LL *WORK* BETTER THIS WAY!
NOW TO LOOK IN THE WINDOWS!
WHAT TH--!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BOMB-SIGHT YOU INSTALL?
N-NOTHING!
HOLY SMOKES! THAT'S MY *DAD* THEY'VE GOT IN THERE!
LET *ME* TRY THIS *BRANDING IRON*, CHIEF!
WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE! THE PLANE IS DUE TO PICK UP THE OTHER STUFF WE HAVE IN FIVE MINUTES! HIS STORY CAN WAIT! *HURRY!*
FIVE MINUTES! *HEY!* WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
REMEMBER THAT GUARD WE SAW OUT FRONT? I'M GOING TO PAY HIM A VISIT!

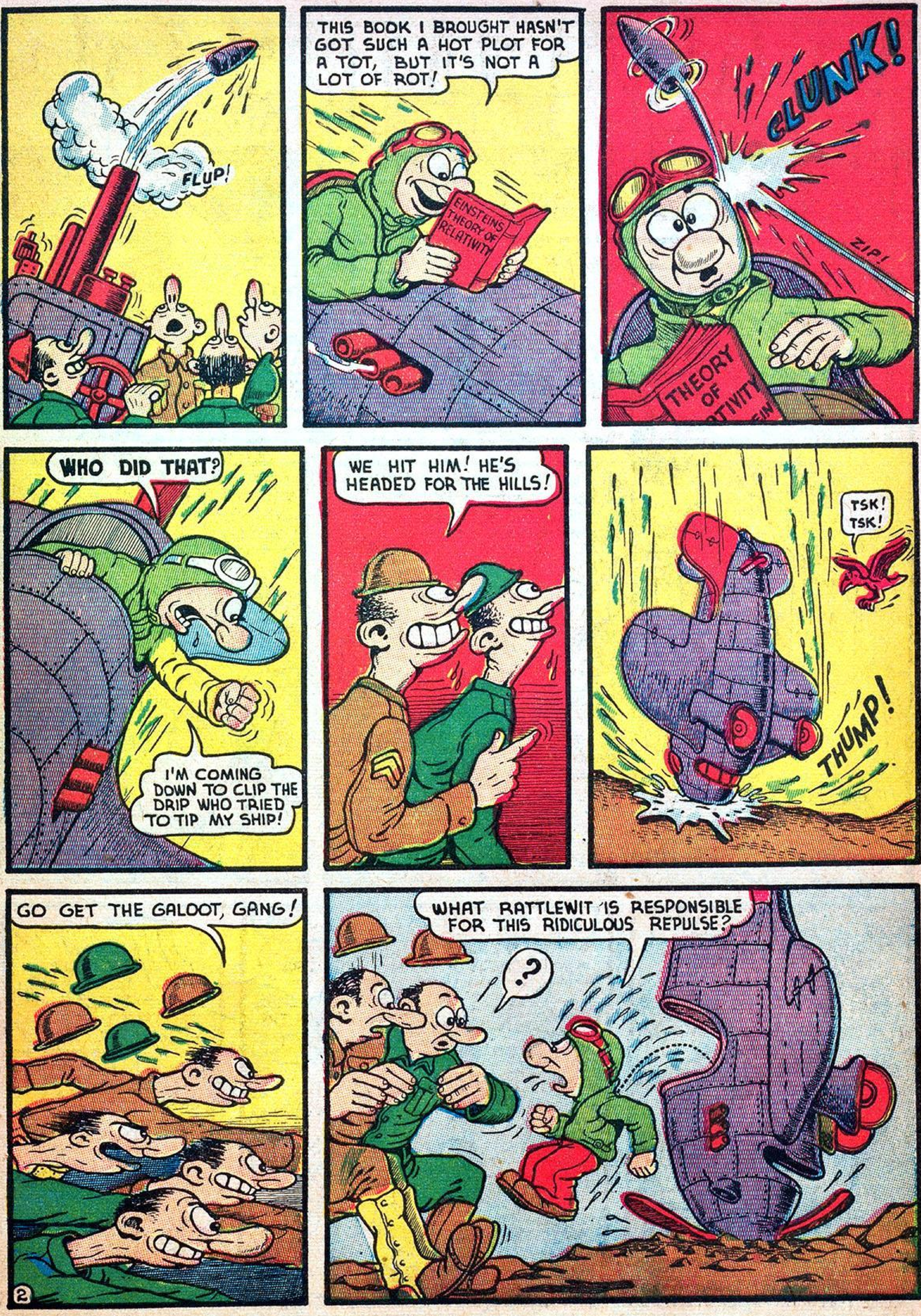

THIS IS GONNA HURT YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME!
UGH!
NAILS RETURNS WITH THE SPOILS!
HERE'S HIS BULLETS -- HIS GUN -- AND HIS KNIFE!
GOOD! I'LL TAKE THE BULLETS! YOU HOLD ONTO THE KNIFE!
YOU CUT THE ELECTRIC WIRES WHEN THE FIREWORKS START!
OKAY! BUT I'M ALLERGIC TO ELECTRICITY!
NOW TO THROW THESE BULLETS DOWN THE FIREPLACE! – THESE WILL SHOOT OFF WHEN THEY HIT THE FIRE. THOSE MEN WILL THINK THE ARMY'S AFTER 'EM!
NAILS PUTS OUT THE LIGHTS JUST AS THE BULLETS BEGIN TO EXPLODE!
OH-OH! HADES IS BREAKING LOOSE INSIDE!
ACH! THE LIGHTS!
HIMMEL! WE'RE SURROUNDED!
BANG! CRACK!
BANG!
BANG!
ZING!
BANG!
BANG!
NAILS GOES TO THE RESCUE!
I GOTTA FREE BREEZY'S OLD MAN BEFORE THESE FAT HEADS GET WISE!
DARTING FURTIVELY ... NAILS MANAGES TO GET TO MR. COLLINS UNSEEN!
PICK UP DER PLANS FOR DER PLANE!
NAILS! GOOD BOY!
.... BUT, WHEN THE NAZIS TRY TO ESCAPE ...
STOP!
YA! VE'LL SURRENDER!
DON'T SHOOT!

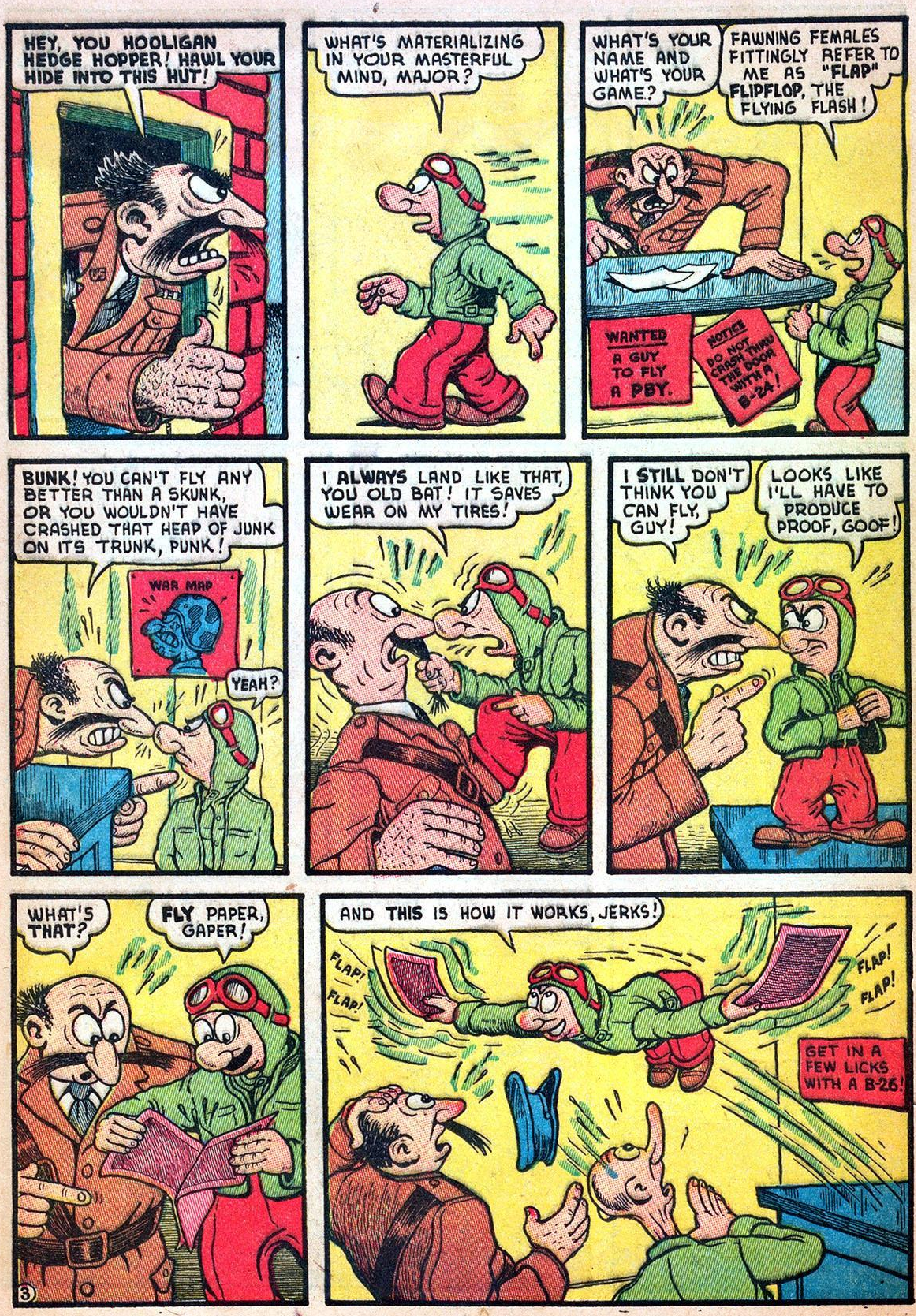

SON!
DAD!
NICE WORK, CHUM! LOOK! HERE COMES THE COPPERS! WINGS MADE IT! HOORAY!
YOU GUYS CERTAINLY WENT TO TOWN!
SO DID YOU! GOOD BOY!
?
I ONLY HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SON! THIS IS SERIOUS!
WAIT A MINUTE! HE'S RIGHT! I CAN PROVE IT!
I'M THIS BOY'S FATHER -- THOSE NAZIS KIDNAPPED ME AND TRIED TO MAKE ME TELL THEM ABOUT THE BOMB-SIGHT I INSTALL AT THE PLANT! THEY'VE STOLEN DOZENS OF SECRETS WHICH THEY HAVE PICKED UP BY A PLANE THAT ---
SUDDENLY...
OMIGOSH! HERE IT COMES NOW!
WHAT TH--!
THE NAZI PLANE SWOOPS LOW FOR THE PICK-UP! ..
OOH! -- I CAN'T LOOK!
...AND BREEZY'S PLAN WORKS! -- AND THE ANCHORED PICK-UP ROPE YANKS THE NAZI PLANE TO EARTH!
CRASH!
--AND THAT TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING!
WOW!
LATER, AFTER THE NAZIS ARE LOCKED UP ...
--AND WE LEARNED THAT THE PLANE WAS OPERATING OUT OF A CARGO SUB JUST OFF THE COAST -- BUT THE COAST GUARD TOOK CARE OF THAT!
HEY, JANICE! WHAT ABOUT US? HA-HA!
I'M PROUD OF YOU, BREEZY!
BREEZY AND HIS GANG WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

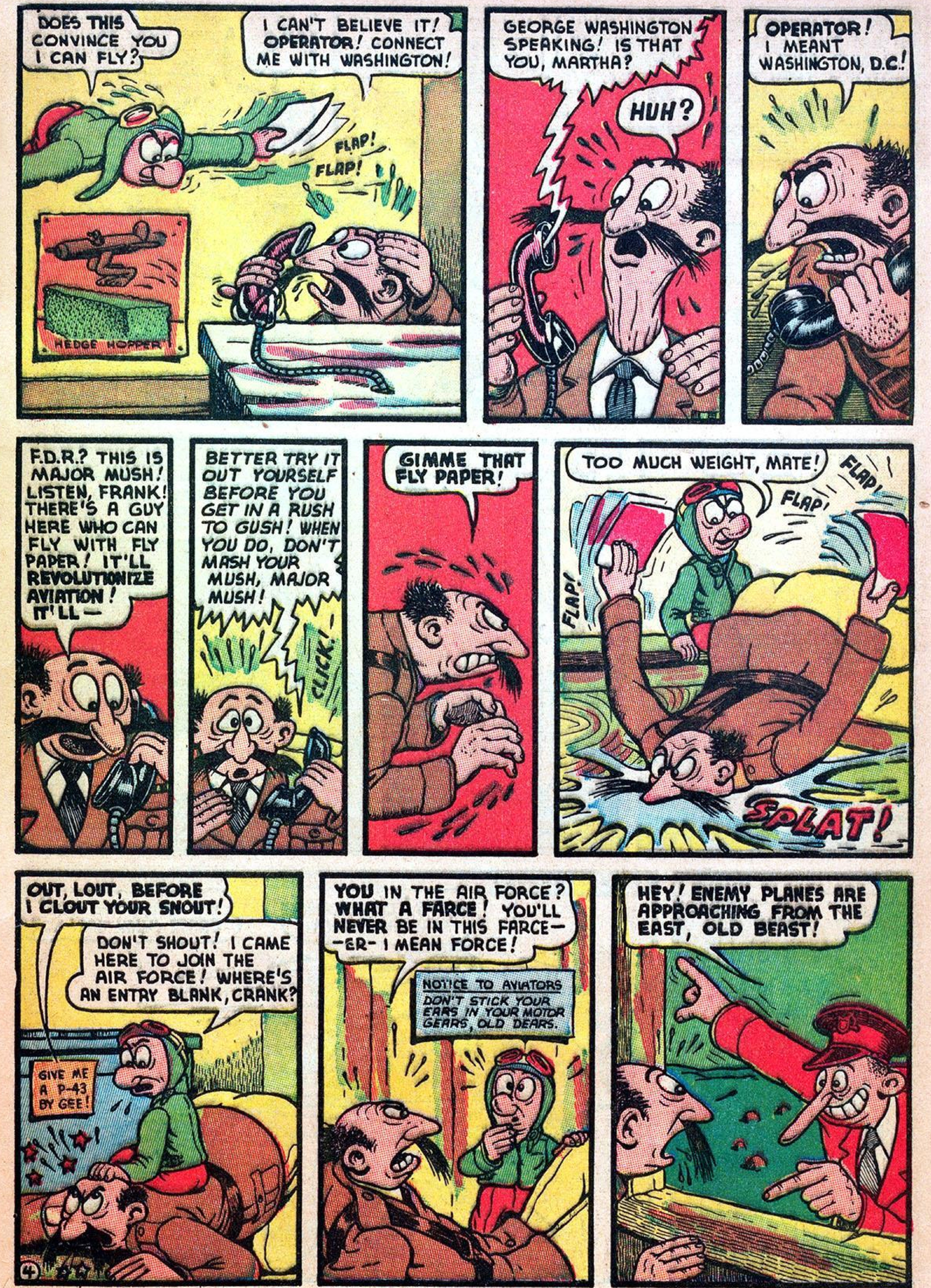
"FLAP" FLIPFLOP

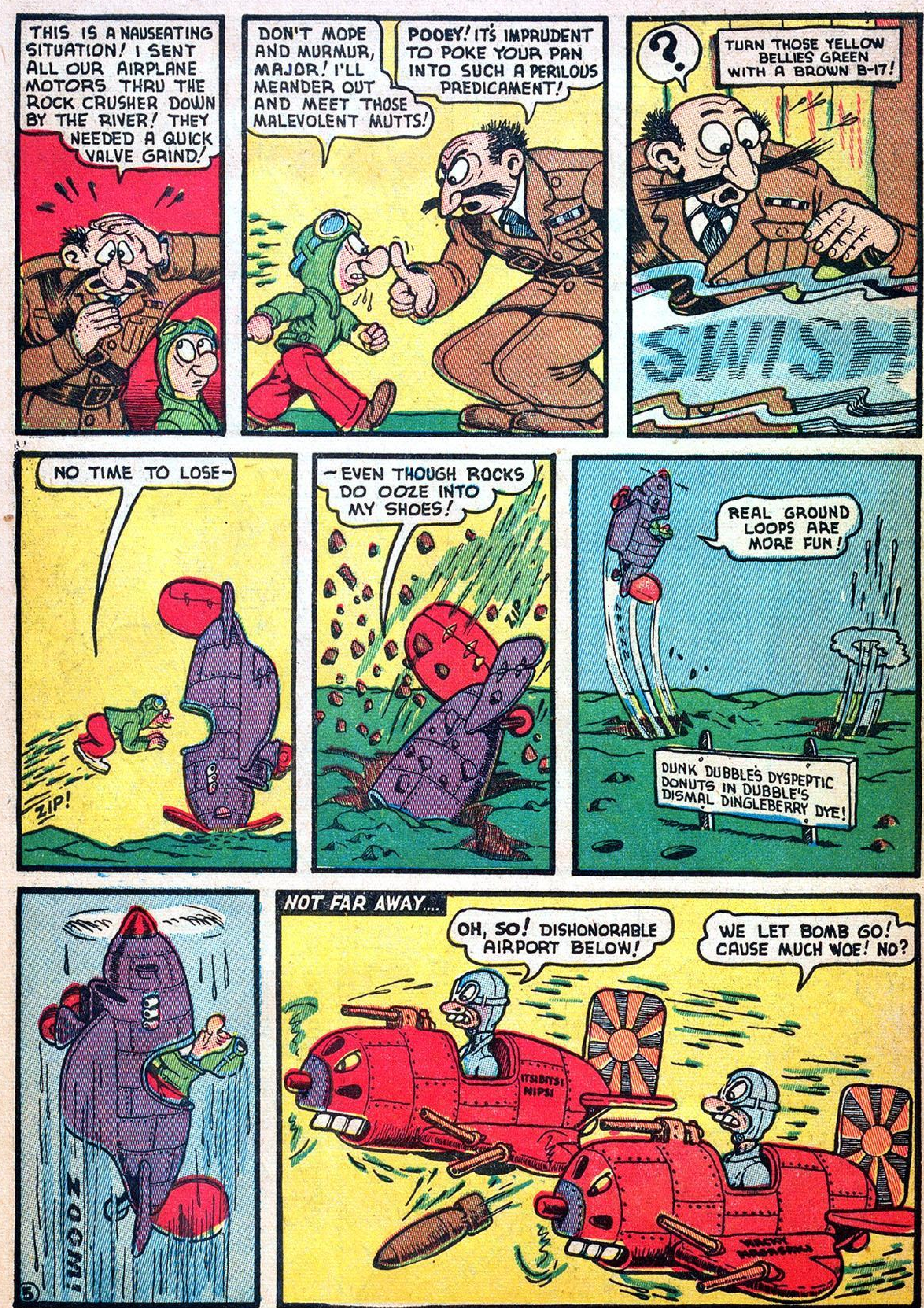
THE FLYING FLASH

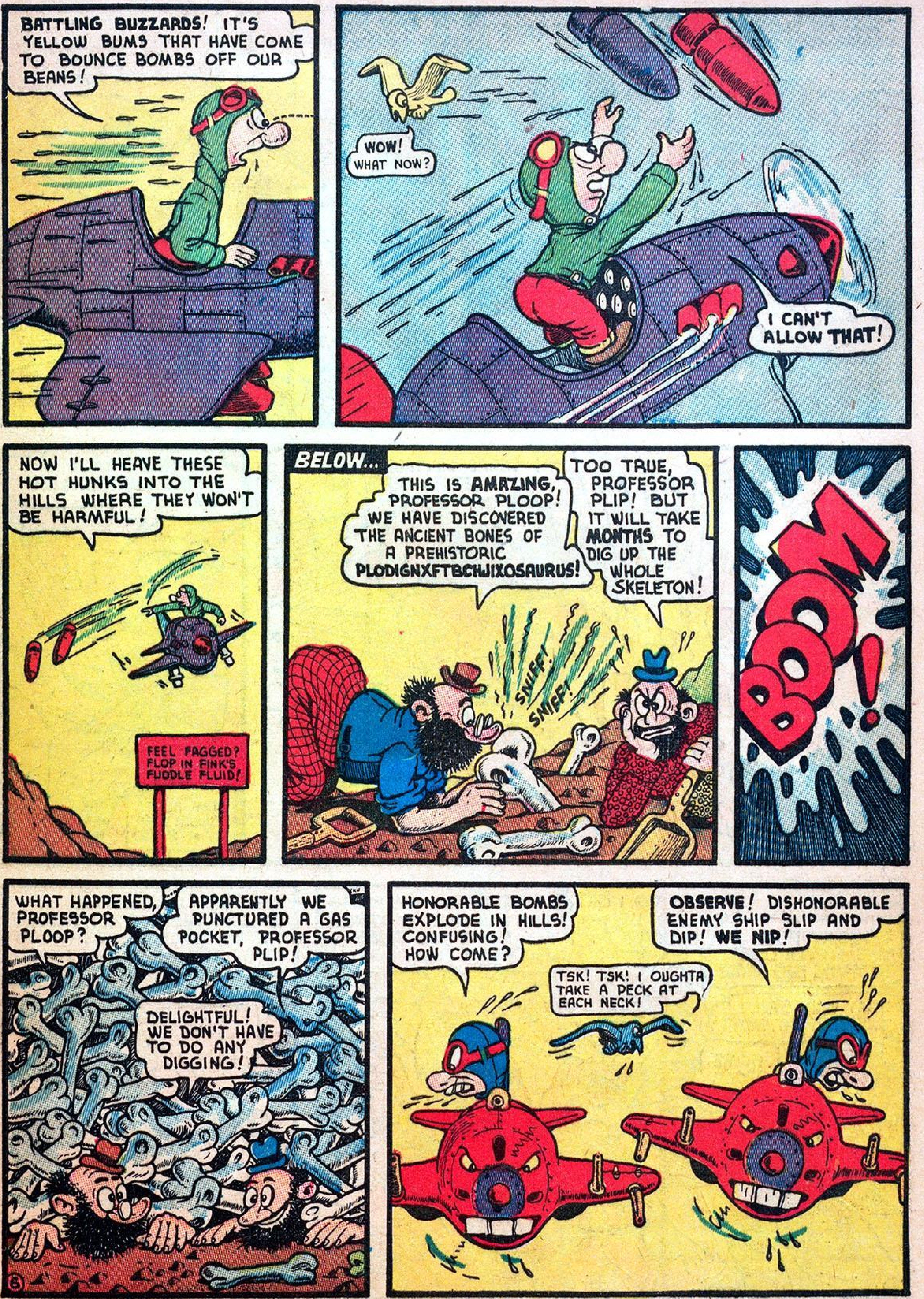

LOOK AT THAT FELLOW FLY, FOLKS! NO ONE BUT "FLAP" FLIPFLOP CAN FLUTTER OVER FARM AND FLAT WITH SUCH FANCY FRENZY AND FABULOUS FACILITY!
?
ARMY AIR PORT
CONTROL TOWER
HMM! THIS IS A SWELL BOOK! I'LL HAVE TO READ IT AGAIN NEXT TIME I MAKE A FLIGHT!
CRASH!
DISGUSTING!
BY BASIL WOLVERTON
CLONK!
BONK!
MAJOR MUSH
ON THE GROUND FLOOR BELOW...
A NOGGIN NICK WITH A BRICK MAKES ME SICK! WHAT HICK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TRICK, DICK?
AIR ~~APPLE~~ CORPS
AN UNIDENTIFIED PLANE JUST POPPED OVER THE PLACE, SIR!
AIDE
IS THIS THE SHARP-SHOOTERS' SHACK? WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT DOWN THAT SHIP, SHRIMPS?

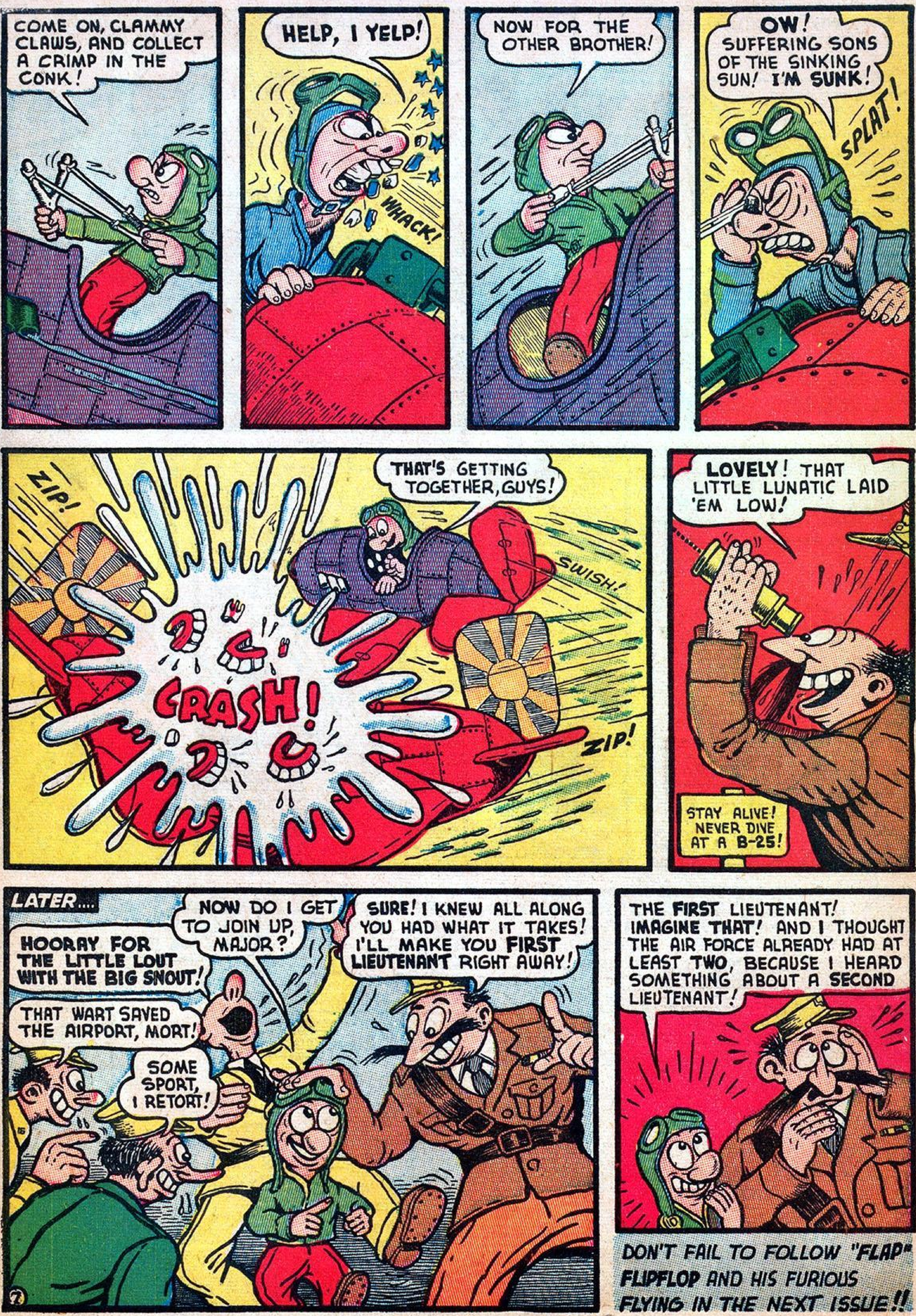

FLUP!
THIS BOOK I BROUGHT HASN'T GOT SUCH A HOT PLOT FOR A TOT, BUT IT'S NOT A LOT OF ROT!
EINSTEINS THEORY OF RELATIVITY
CLUNK!
ZIP!
THEORY OF
WHO DID THAT?
I'M COMING DOWN TO CLIP THE DRIP WHO TRIED TO TIP MY SHIP!
WE HIT HIM! HE'S HEADED FOR THE HILLS!
TSK! TSK!
THUMP!
GO GET THE GALOOT, GANG!
WHAT RATTLEWIT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS RIDICULOUS REPULSE?
?

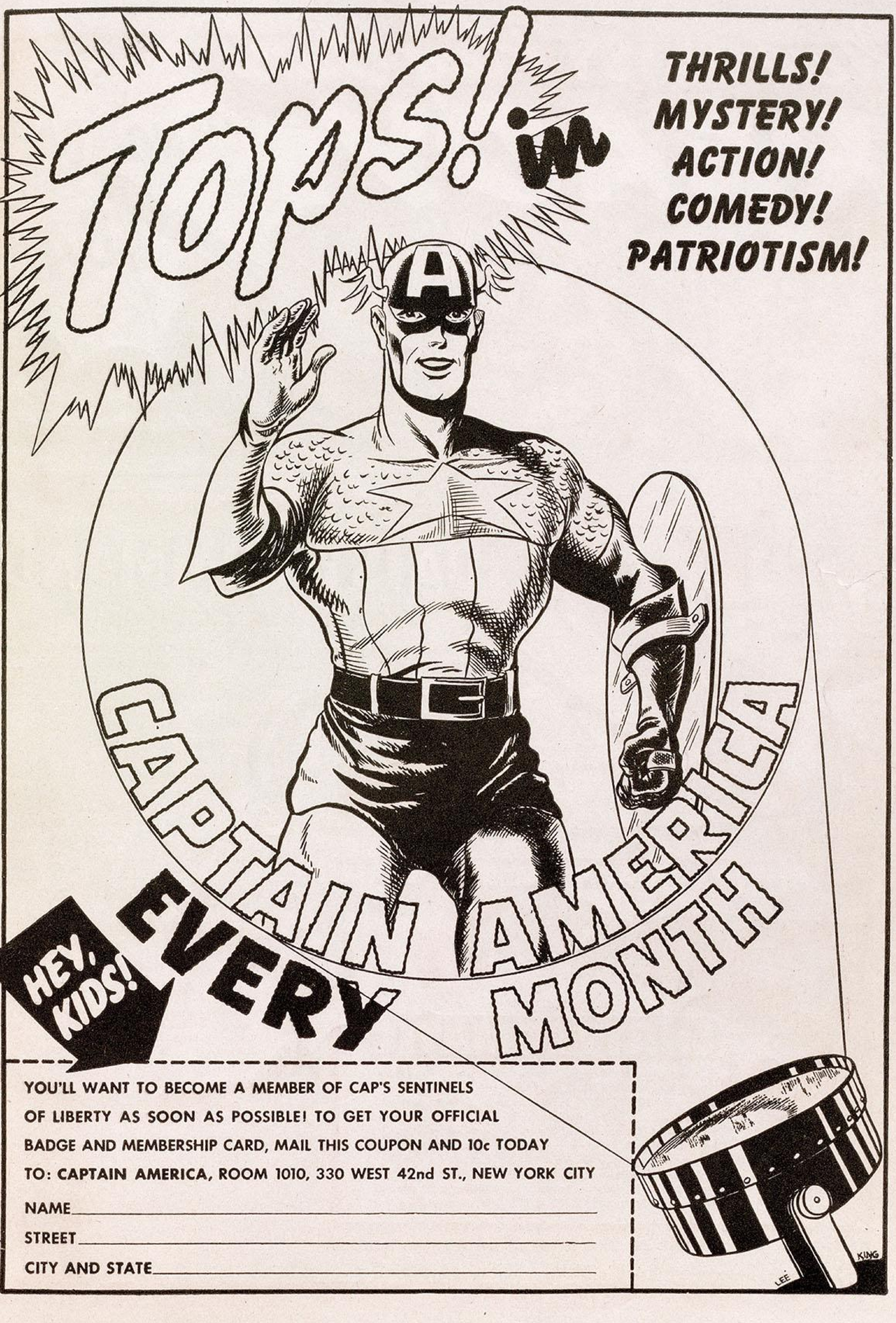

HEY, YOU HOOLIGAN HEDGE HOPPER! HAWL YOUR HIDE INTO THIS HUT!
WHAT'S MATERIALIZING IN YOUR MASTERFUL MIND, MAJOR?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHAT'S YOUR GAME?
FAWNING FEMALES FITTINGLY REFER TO ME AS "FLAP" FLIPFLOP, THE FLYING FLASH!
WANTED A GUY TO FLY A PBY.
NOTICE DO NOT CRASH THRU THE DOOR WITH A B-24!
BUNK! YOU CAN'T FLY ANY BETTER THAN A SKUNK, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE CRASHED THAT HEAP OF JUNK ON ITS TRUNK, PUNK!
WAR MAP
YEAH?
I ALWAYS LAND LIKE THAT, YOU OLD BAT! IT SAVES WEAR ON MY TIRES!
I STILL DON'T THINK YOU CAN FLY, GUY!
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO PRODUCE PROOF, GOOF!
WHAT'S THAT?
FLY PAPER, GAPER!
AND THIS IS HOW IT WORKS, JERKS!
FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!
GET IN A FEW LICKS WITH A B-26!


DOES THIS CONVINCE YOU I CAN FLY?
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! OPERATOR! CONNECT ME WITH WASHINGTON!
FLAP! FLAP!
HEDGE HOPPER
GEORGE WASHINGTON SPEAKING! IS THAT YOU, MARTHA?
HUH?
OPERATOR! I MEANT WASHINGTON, D.C.!
F.D.R.? THIS IS MAJOR MUSH! LISTEN, FRANK! THERE'S A GUY HERE WHO CAN FLY WITH FLY PAPER! IT'LL REVOLUTIONIZE AVIATION! IT'LL—
BETTER TRY IT OUT YOURSELF BEFORE YOU GET IN A RUSH TO GUSH! WHEN YOU DO, DON'T MASH YOUR MUSH, MAJOR MUSH!
CLICK!
GIMME THAT FLY PAPER!
TOO MUCH WEIGHT, MATE!
FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!
SPLAT!
OUT, LOUT, BEFORE I CLOUT YOUR SNOUT!
DON'T SHOUT! I CAME HERE TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE! WHERE'S AN ENTRY BLANK, CRANK?
GIVE ME A P-43 BY GEE!
YOU IN THE AIR FORCE? WHAT A FARCE! YOU'LL NEVER BE IN THIS FARCE— —ER- I MEAN FORCE!
NOTICE TO AVIATORS DON'T STICK YOUR EARS IN YOUR MOTOR GEARS, OLD DEARS.
HEY! ENEMY PLANES ARE APPROACHING FROM THE EAST, OLD BEAST!


THIS IS A NAUSEATING SITUATION! I SENT ALL OUR AIRPLANE MOTORS THRU THE ROCK CRUSHER DOWN BY THE RIVER! THEY NEEDED A QUICK VALVE GRIND!
DON'T MOPE AND MURMUR, MAJOR! I'LL MEANDER OUT AND MEET THOSE MALEVOLENT MUTTS!
POOEY! IT'S IMPRUDENT TO POKE YOUR PAN INTO SUCH A PERILOUS PREDICAMENT!
?
TURN THOSE YELLOW BELLIES GREEN WITH A BROWN B-17!
SWISH
NO TIME TO LOSE-
ZIP!
-EVEN THOUGH ROCKS DO OOZE INTO MY SHOES!
ZIP
REAL GROUND LOOPS ARE MORE FUN!
DUNK DUBBLE'S DYSPEPTIC DONUTS IN DUBBLE'S DISMAL DINGLEBERRY DYE!
ZOOM!
3
NOT FAR AWAY....
OH, SO! DISHONORABLE AIRPORT BELOW!
WE LET BOMB GO! CAUSE MUCH WOE! NO?
ITSI BITSI NIPS!


BATTLING BUZZARDS! IT'S YELLOW BUMS THAT HAVE COME TO BOUNCE BOMBS OFF OUR BEANS!
WOW! WHAT NOW?
I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!
NOW I'LL HEAVE THESE HOT HUNKS INTO THE HILLS WHERE THEY WON'T BE HARMFUL!
FEEL FAGGED? FLOP IN FINK'S FUDDLE FLUID!
BELOW...
THIS IS AMAZING, PROFESSOR PLOOP! WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE ANCIENT BONES OF A PREHISTORIC PLODIGNXFTBCHJIXOSAURUS!
TOO TRUE, PROFESSOR PLIP! BUT IT WILL TAKE MONTHS TO DIG UP THE WHOLE SKELETON!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
BOOM!
WHAT HAPPENED, PROFESSOR PLOOP?
APPARENTLY WE PUNCTURED A GAS POCKET, PROFESSOR PLIP!
DELIGHTFUL! WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANY DIGGING!
8
HONORABLE BOMBS EXPLODE IN HILLS! CONFUSING! HOW COME?
OBSERVE! DISHONORABLE ENEMY SHIP SLIP AND DIP! WE NIP!
TSK! TSK! I OUGHTA TAKE A PECK AT EACH NECK!


COME ON, CLAMMY CLAWS, AND COLLECT A CRIMP IN THE CONK!
HELP, I YELP!
WHACK!
NOW FOR THE OTHER BROTHER!
OW! SUFFERING SONS OF THE SINKING SUN! I'M SUNK!
SPLAT!
ZIP!
THAT'S GETTING TOGETHER, GUYS!
SWISH!
CRASH!
ZIP!
LOVELY! THAT LITTLE LUNATIC LAID 'EM LOW!
STAY ALIVE! NEVER DIVE AT A B-25!
LATER....
HOORAY FOR THE LITTLE LOUT WITH THE BIG SNOUT!
NOW DO I GET TO JOIN UP, MAJOR?
SURE! I KNEW ALL ALONG YOU HAD WHAT IT TAKES! I'LL MAKE YOU FIRST LIEUTENANT RIGHT AWAY!
THAT WART SAVED THE AIRPORT, MORT!
SOME SPORT, I RETORT!
THE FIRST LIEUTENANT! IMAGINE THAT! AND I THOUGHT THE AIR FORCE ALREADY HAD AT LEAST TWO, BECAUSE I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT A SECOND LIEUTENANT!
DON'T FAIL TO FOLLOW "FLAP" FLIPFLOP AND HIS FURIOUS FLYING IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

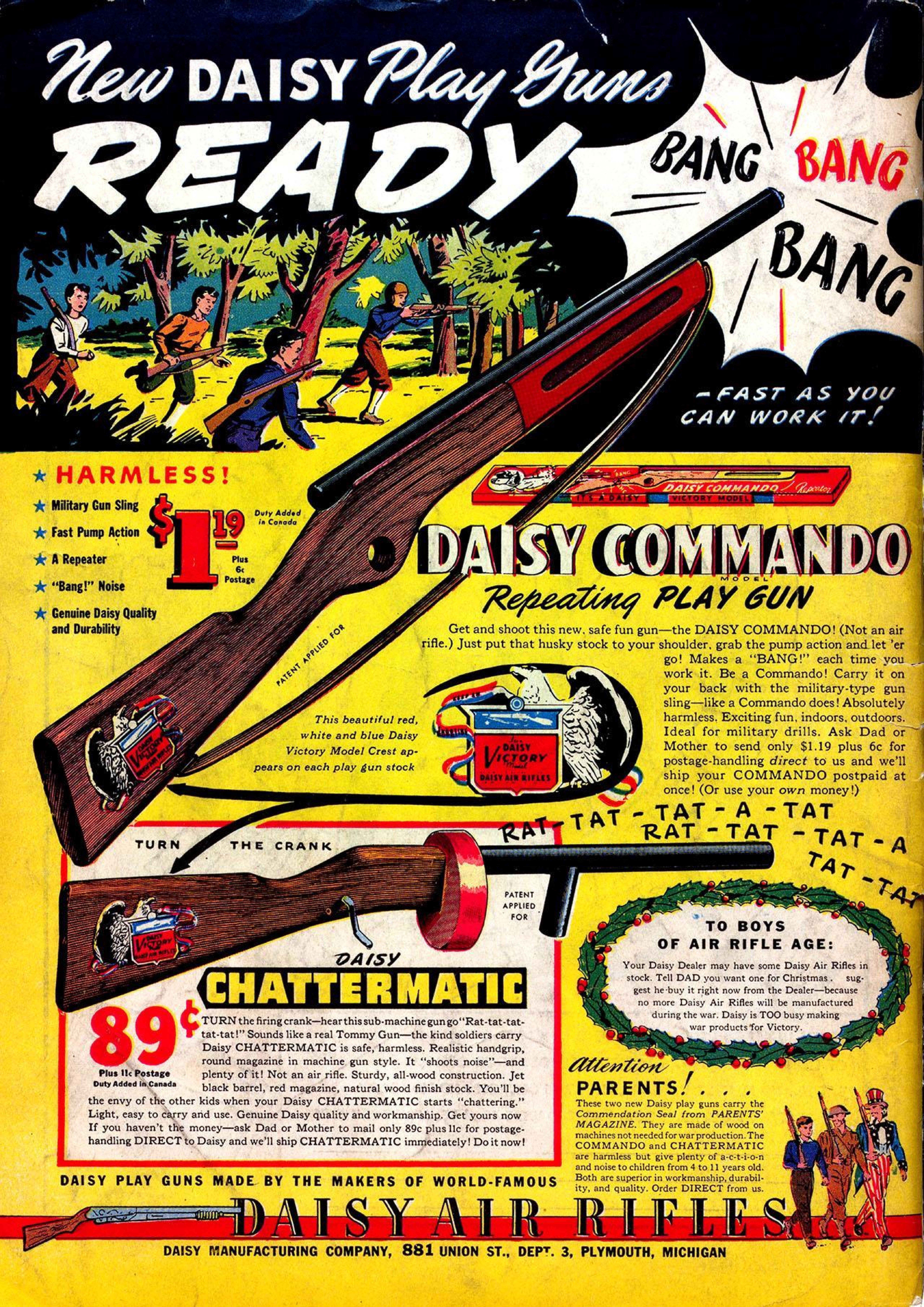

TOPS! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH
LEE
KING

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY AND STATE____________________



New DAISY Play Guns READY

—FAST AS YOU CAN WORK IT!

★ **HARMLESS!**

- ★ Military Gun Sling
- ★ Fast Pump Action
- ★ A Repeater
- ★ "Bang!" Noise
- ★ Genuine Daisy Quality and Durability

$1.19 Duty Added in Canada Plus 6c Postage

DAISY COMMANDO MODEL

Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only $1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling *direct* to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your *own* money!)

This beautiful red, white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crest appears on each play gun stock

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 11c Postage
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas. Suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

Attention PARENTS! . . .

These two new Daisy play guns carry the *Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE.* They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.

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